SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1887. No. 3.

THE STABILITY OF THE EARTH.

By N. S. Shaler.

HUMAN society is organized for a stable earth; its whole machinery supposes that, while the other familiar elements of air and water are fluctuating and untrustworthy, the earth affords a foundation which is firm. Now and then this implied compact with nature is broken, and the ground trembles beneath our feet. At such times we feel a painful sense of shipwrecked confidence; we learn how very precious to us was that trust in the earth which we gave without question. If the disturbance be of a momentary and unimportant kind we may soon forget it, as we forget the rash word of a friend; if it be violent, we lose one of the substantial goods of life, our instinctive confidence in the earth beneath our feet.

Although we know as yet little concerning the continent of North America, our experience has taught us that it is subject to frequent earthquake shocks; it is, therefore, worth our while to prepare to meet them by studying their nature, their dangers, and, so far as they exist, their remedies. In this way we shall at least escape from the fear which comes with unknown evils; we may, perhaps, be prepared to mingle a little philosophy with the tribulations which these disturbances bring to us.

The notion that the ground is naturally steadfast is an error—an error which arises from the incapacity of our senses to appreciate any but the most palpable and, at the same time, most exceptional of its movements. The idea of terra firma belongs with the ancient belief that the earth was the centre of the universe. It is, indeed, by their mobility that the continents survive the unceasing assaults of the ocean waves, and the continuous down-wearing which the rivers and glaciers bring about.

Were it not that the continents grow upward, from age to age, at a rate which compensates for their erosion, there would be no lands fit for a theatre of life; if they had grown too slowly, their natural enemies, the waves and rain, would have kept them to the ocean level; if too fast, they would lift new surfaces into the regions of eternal cold. As it is, the incessant growth has been so well measured to the needs, that for a hundred million years, more or less, the lands have afforded the stage for prosperous life. This upward growth, when measured in terms of human experience, is slow; it probably does not exceed, on the average, one foot in three or four thousand years. The rate varies in times and places. Under varying conditions, as when a glacial sheet is imposed on the continent—as it was, in the immediate past, on the northern part of North America—a wide area of the ice-laden land sank beneath the sea, to recover its level when the depressing burden was removed. Still the tendency of the continents is to elevation, and even the temporary sinking of one portion of their area is probably, in all cases, compensated by uplifts on another part by which new realms are won from the sea.

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Street in Charleston

Showing the relative effect of a moderately strong earthquake on timber and masonry buildings.

Although access to the deeper earth is denied us, we are probably safe in our belief that this steadfast upward growth of the lands is due to a simple cause, which is as follows, viz.: The diameter of the earth depends, in part, upon the amount of heat it contains. This heat is constantly flying out into space. Each moment, from every part of its surface; some portion of the original store escapes into the cold realms of space. With every volcanic eruption a great outrush of heat occurs. Thus, the earth is steadfastly shrinking: each age, it is girdled by a shorter line. If, by this escape of heat, every part of the earth were equally cooled, there would be no continents, for the whole mass would fall equally toward the centre; but the deeper parts of the earth lose by far the most heat, for the simple reason that they have the most to part with. The superficial portions long since parted with the larger part of their original caloric.

Thus, this upper portion, or crust, as it is commonly called, does not contract as much as the interior mass, and therefore the inner part tends to leave the outer crust behind. But for the weight of this outer section, it would be left more or less separated from the interior mass; but as its weight is much greater than it can sustain, it is compelled to wrinkle, or, in other words, to form the great ridges and furrows which constitute the continents and the ocean basins. Geologists are still in debate as to the precise manner in which this wrinkling comes about, and as to the way in which it has effected the construction of continents and mountains; but they very generally believe that it is due to the cause above mentioned—*i.e.*, to the loss of heat, which is greater from the interior than from the superficial parts of the earth. In a rough way, this folding of the outer part of the earth may be compared to the wrinkling of the skin of a dried apple; only in the fruit the shrinkage of the interior is due to the escape of water, while in the case of the earth it is due to the loss of energy in the form of heat.

It is easy for the reader to see that

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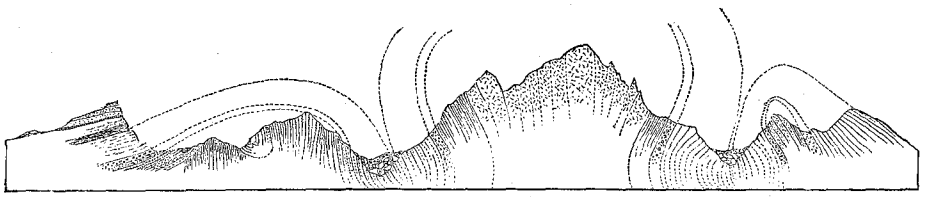
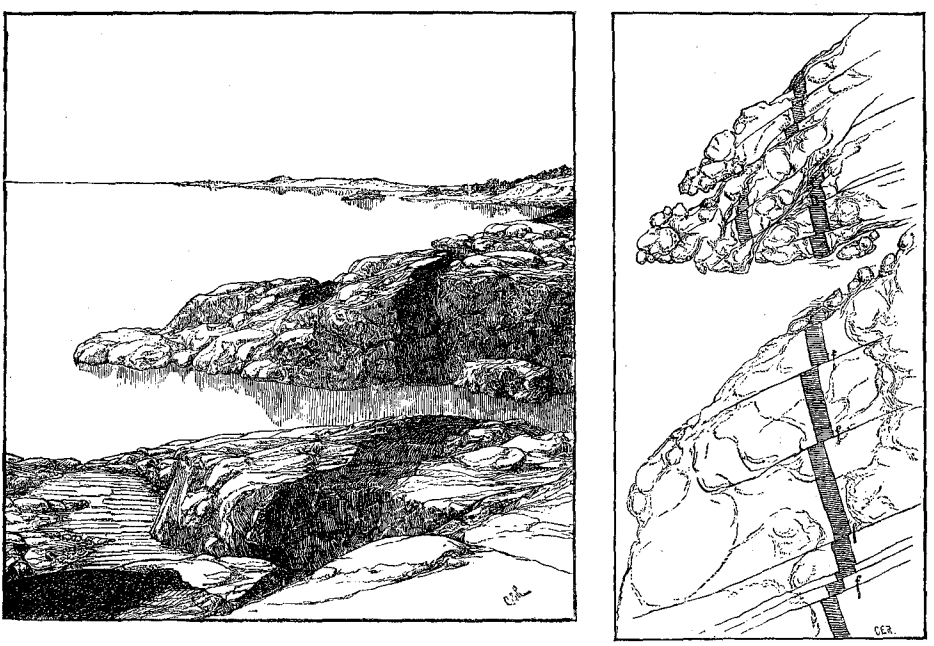
this wrinkling sets a vast amount of machinery in operation, and compels the movement of masses which cannot be expected to stir without shock. In the upward folding of continents and of mountains the rocks must bend and break, masses of rock must slide over each other, making such flexures as are seen on existing mountains, or in regions where mountains have once lifted their ridges, though they may now be worn down to their roots, and no longer have any trace of their original altitude. This folding is titanic work, and the movements at great depths beneath the surface made necessary by this wrinkling demand very extensive disturbances of vast masses of the earth; these uplifted arches of the mountains have to be underpinned, or supported from below, else they would crush down by their own weight; this support from beneath demands the transfer from considerable distances within the crust on either side of the mountain of great masses of rocky matter. Although this rock is greatly heated, it is probably not, in a strict sense, fluid, and so moves with a certain difficulty, and only under the compulsion of inconceivably great strains which cannot be expected to act without a certain measure of disturbance. Thus, by the folding, breaking, and slipping in-



Section through Mont. Blanc, Switzerland,
Showing folds of strata in a mountain.



Dyke of Volcanic Rock,
In lignite on the shore, in Marblehead, Mass. The horizontal plan shows many small faults which have been formed since the Dyke was made, each giving rise to an earthquake.

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volved in the production of the greater reliefs of the earth, a certain amount of sudden and irregular motion is necessarily brought about.

Beneath the sea and along the shores we have another disturbing agent in the volcanic impulse. On the sea-floors the mountain and continent-building forces appear in the main to be wanting, while the volcanic conditions are at rest beneath the interior of the continents. The conditions producing volcanoes appear to originate in the following manner: The deposits of sedimentary matter which are constantly making in the sea-floors contain a great deal of water; from five to twenty per cent. of their mass consists of the fluid which is imprisoned between the grains of mud or sand as the beds are formed. When, in time, any of these beds become deeply buried, they become greatly heated by the heat of the earth's interior, the exit of which is hindered by the strata laid down after the lower beds were formed. When, in this way, a bed is buried to the depth of twenty thousand feet or more, the imprisoned water may be raised to a temperature far above its ordinary boiling-point.

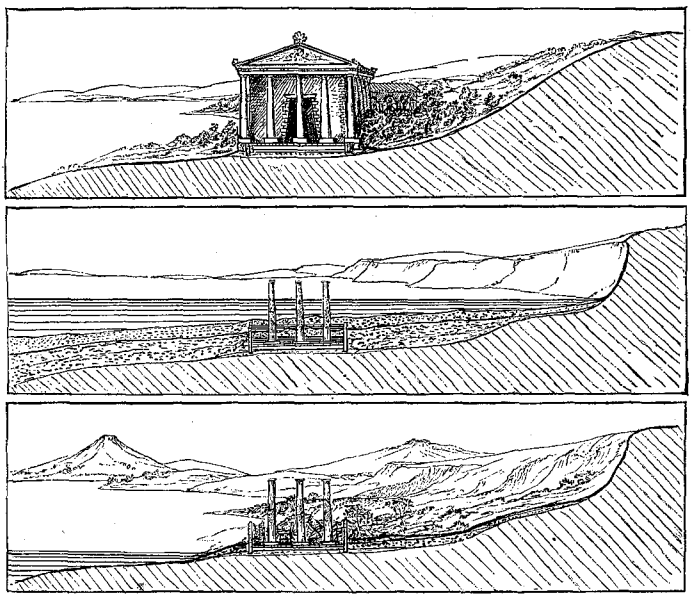

Diagram showing the Geological History of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis.

The first figure shows the original position of the temple; the second, the condition at the time of the greatest submergence; the third, the present position of the ruins.

Into this region of deeply buried water-charged beds the heat comes, not only by conduction from the earth's interior, but also by the action of streams of molten rock, which rush upward from below, forming dykes or veins of lava, such as may often be seen when ancient and once deeply buried strata are disclosed to view by the wearing away of the deposits which formerly lay upon them.

This greatly heated water of the rocks is constantly seeking to pass into the state of vapor; if it finds any line of weakness, it rends it open, with more than the energy of exploding gunpowder, and forms a volcano. Volcanoes are essentially gigantic explosions, such as are faintly imitated in bursting steam-boilers. In the volcanic explosion the steam is so hot that it may melt the rocks through which it passes, or drive those beds in which it was formed upward to the surface in the form of lavas or finely divided dust.

Thus in the upgrowing of the lands to replace the continued down-wearing which assails them, and in the outbreaks of the heated water deeply buried in the sediments derived from these worn lands, we have two evident sources of earthquake movements. These disturbances express themselves on the surface simply as movements, with no distinct evidence as to the origin of the shock; just as when we hear a loud noise we may find it to be due to any one of many causes—to a falling meteor, a cannon-shot, a bursting boiler, or something else in the way of sound-producing action—so with these earthquake shocks; they tell us little of their causation; that is the subject for troublesome and often baffling inquiry. Leaving aside the great

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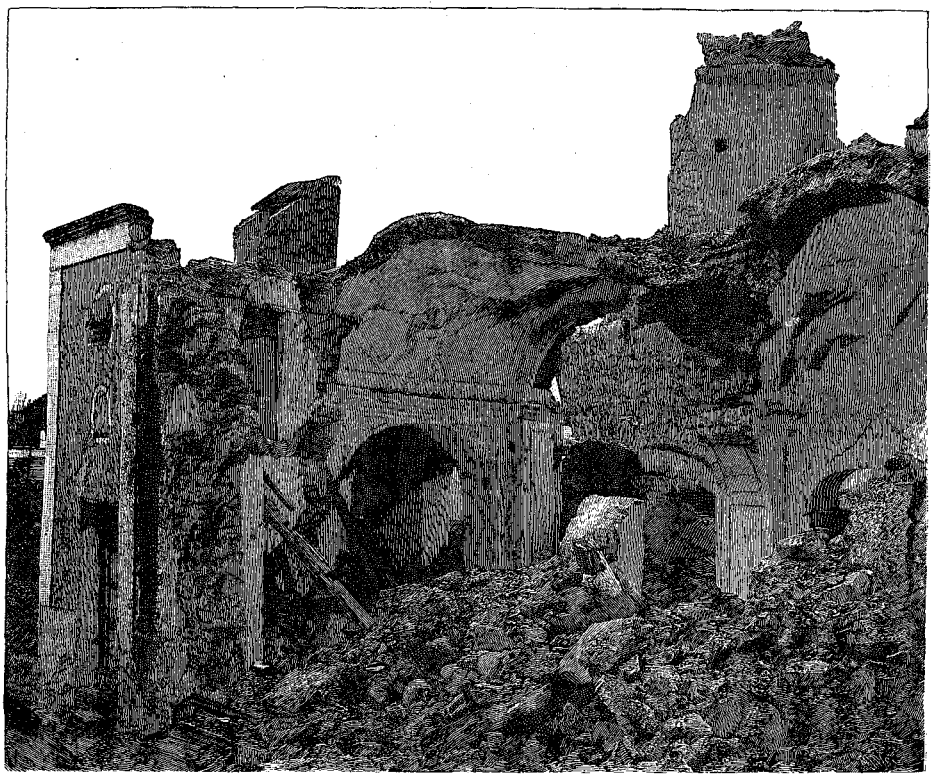
slow movements of the lands which we cannot feel, and can only infer from geological monuments, such as ancient shore-lines, or the marine fossils in the rocks which compose high mountains, and considering only the sensible movements of the earth's crust, we find several distinct classes of motions by which the earth is affected. Arranging these in the order of their magnitude and the time occupied by their movements, we have the groups noted below.

First among these oscillations of the earth we may notice the slow up or down movements, which are probably of the same general nature and of the same origin as the movements which build the continents, only much more rapid; so rapid, indeed, that they may be observed from decade, to decade, or, at least, from century to century. In this class we include the down-sinking of the coast of New Jersey, the uprising of the northern part of Scandinavia, or the oscillations of the shore on the coast of the Bay of Naples. These movements which, though in a geological sense rapid, rarely change the level of the land more than a foot or two in a century, appear to be divided into three distinct classes as follows: First, those which are due to the imposition of a heavy weight upon the earth's surface, or to the removal of such a weight. A good case of this is the deep depression of the northern part of North America where the glacial sheet came upon it, and its rapid re-elevation when the ice melted away. Next, those which are due to the formation of a great fault or break through the rocks as they are shoved about by the compressive forces which build mountain chains. And, finally, those which are due to the movements of volcanic gases and the lava which they propel toward the crater, whence, in time, they are to be discharged.



Effect of a Powerful Earthquake on Massive Masonry, Italy.

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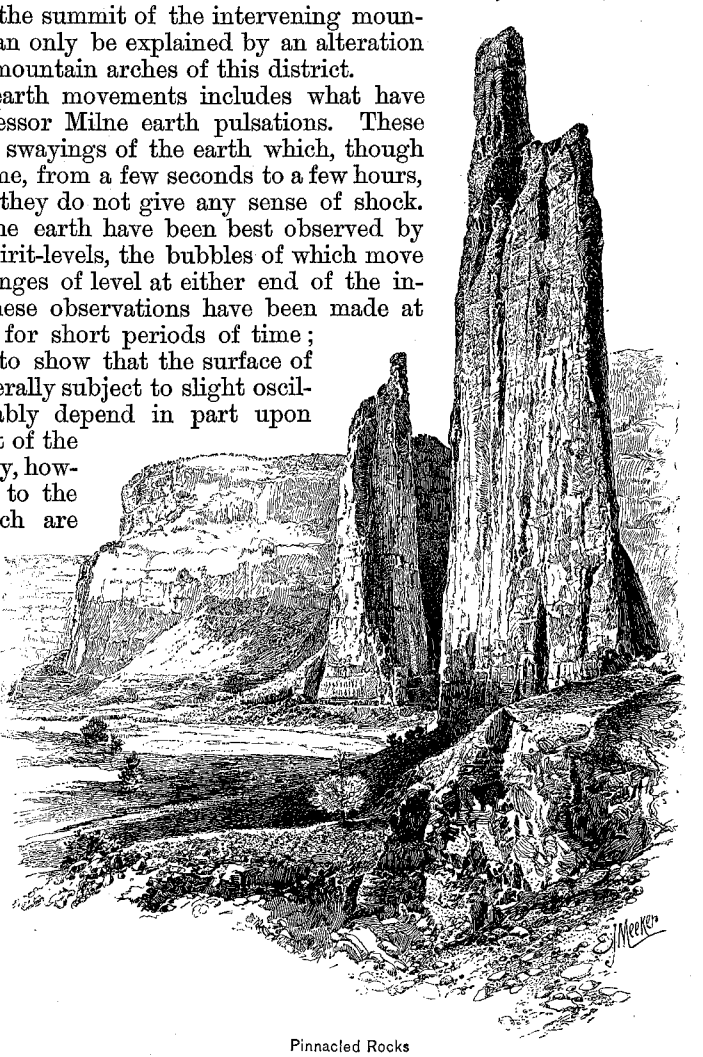
Of these slow movements the most interesting, because the best known, is that which is shown by the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Naples. We see by the evidence of these ruins that the temple has sunk down since the Christian era, so that the marine animals bored into the marble columns at the height of more than twenty feet above the present level of the sea; it then rose up to its original level, and is now again sinking at the rate of one inch in three or four years. A similar movement connected with the process of mountain-building has been observed at Subiaco, about forty miles to the north of Rome. A hundred years or so ago the church of Jenne was invisible from Subiaco, while now it is in plain view over the summit of the intervening mountain. This change can only be explained by an alteration in the height of the mountain arches of this district.

Another class of earth movements includes what have been called by Professor Milne earth pulsations. These are temporary slight swayings of the earth which, though occupying a short time, from a few seconds to a few hours, are still so slow that they do not give any sense of shock. These swayings of the earth have been best observed by means of delicate spirit-levels, the bubbles of which move with very slight changes of level at either end of the instrument. So far these observations have been made at but few points and for short periods of time; they serve, however, to show that the surface of the earth is very generally subject to slight oscillations, which probably depend in part upon changes in the weight of the atmosphere; they may, however, in part, be due to the varying strains which are produced by the continent- and mountain-building process, and perhaps, in certain regions near the shore, by the action of the volcanic forces as well.



Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of powerful earthquakes. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

Another class of movements has received the name of earth tremors. These are very slight jarrings of the earth, too trifling to make any impression on the unaided senses; in fact, only made sensible by means of very delicate pendulums and other contrivances of that nature. Whenever such observations have been carefully undertaken, it has been found that the surface of the earth is in a state of recurrent or continuous movement. In Italy, where these inquiries have been most continually and skilfully made—where, indeed, this branch of geologic study originated—these tremors, though observable at nearly all times, are characterized by fluctuations in their frequency and intensity. During a time of great

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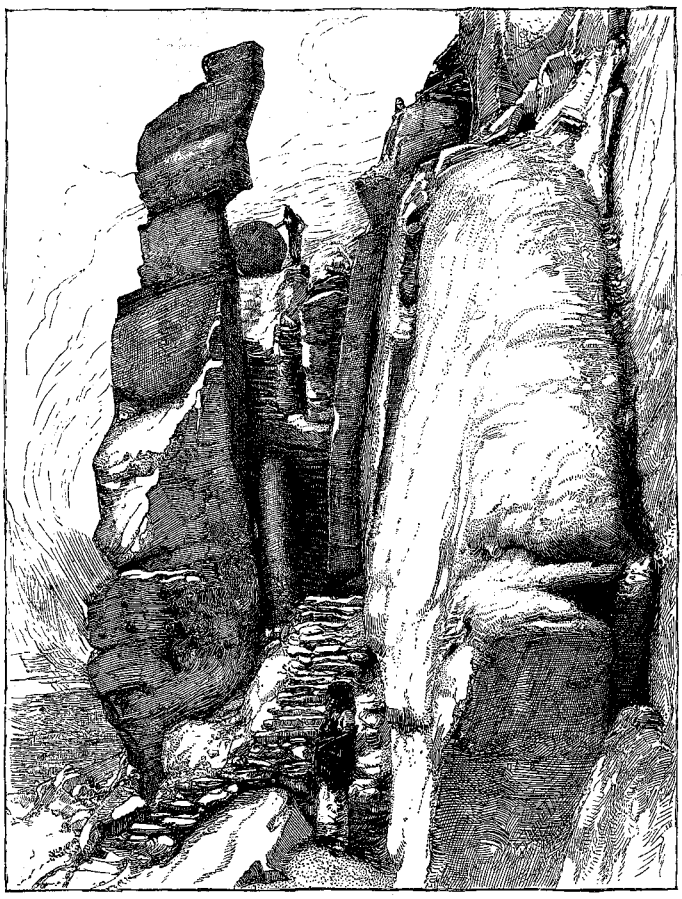
barometric disturbance the oscillations of the pendulum are often very marked. It seems certain that a cause apparently as slight as the sudden changes in the weight of the atmosphere in the tumult of a gale is sufficient to cause the elastic crust of the earth to tremble. Again, in the days preceding a sensible earthquake, especially one of any violence, the instruments show a great increase in the trembling movement. It appears, indeed, as if in time we may be able to foretell the occurrence of important shocks by their forerunners in the shape of microscopic movements of the earth's crust.

With the microphone, that microscope of the ear, it has been shown that in Italy, and probably wherever these little earthquake waves occur, the earth sends forth a medley of confused sounds—crackings and snappings—probably caused by the rocks creeping toward relief from the strains which urge them to change their position. It is hardly too much to say that this method of observing the earth has enabled us in part to perceive the constant working of the great telluric machinery which continually builds our lands.

Between the class of earth tremors and earthquakes proper there is no other difference, save in the violence of the shock. As long as the movements are imperceptible to the unaided human senses, we, for convenience, place them in the former group; when they are great enough to excite our senses they are called earthquakes.



Steepled Rocks and Erosion Boulder
Indicating exemption of district from violent earthquakes. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

What has been already said has probably made it clear to the reader that an earthquake shock, like any other jar, is only the result of some disturbance, and not in itself an original fact. In order fully to understand what happens in any shock, it is necessary to look a little more closely at the nature of these vibrations of the rocks which constitute earthquakes. The ordinary experiences of life make us in many ways familiar with the elasticity of common substances; a boy's marble, which is composed either of compact limestone or of glass, though not evidently elastic to a pressure of the fingers, will bounce like a rubber ball if thrown upon a pavement of hard stone. A bullet fired against a stone wall will, as many a boy has noticed, be hurled back with menacing

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velocity. Such facts show us that if rocks are struck a blow of sufficient violence they act as very elastic substances. Further experiments, also familiar in the arts, extend this conception. When a strong blast of gunpowder or other similar explosive is fired, as in quarries or mines, the shock extends for great distances. Thus in the last great explosion in the mines used for the destruction of the reefs at Hell Gate, near New York, the shock was distinctly perceptible at a distance of more than one hundred miles from the point where the blow was struck, and was possibly evident nearly two hundred miles away.

Returning to the instructive experiment with the marble, we observe that its elasticity is not manifested by a single bounce, but that it again and again rebounds from the stone floor before it comes to rest. This is because gravity impels it downward after each blow sends it up; but if we could suspend the ball in air after its first rebound, we should see that the little sphere vibrated for some time after the blow; we should, under favorable circumstances, see that it simply changed its form from a sphere to a spheroidal shape in a regular pulsating way. If we observe the rocks near a blast discharged in a quarry or mine, our instruments show us that the rocks of the earth's crust vibrate in essentially the same manner as the marble—it swings to and fro until the force which set it in motion is exhausted in the frictions which the impulse encounters.

One more peculiar experiment will enable the reader to complete his conception of the important features of earthquake waves. It is easy to remember what happens if we jar the centre of a still basin of water, as we do when we apply a certain amount of force to it by tossing a pebble upon its surface—wavelets are formed, which roll away from the centre. We can easily see that these wavelets are mere wrinkles in the water, created like those we may form in a strip of carpet when we shake it on the floor. If in their ongoing these water-waves strike against any body which does not move with them—a floating cake of ice, for instance—other little waves start back from the resisting objects, which cross and mingle with the original waves and partly destroy them. It is now, we may hope, not difficult to conceive that the waves started in a mass of rock, which are, in a certain general way, like the undulations of the water, may move in any direction from the point where they were created by the jar, until they come to the earth's surface, or are worn out by the frictions which they have to overcome. We also can conceive that diverse accidents in the rocks may much affect the movement of these waves of elastic compression, as they are called, which constitute an earthquake. When the rock is much rifted, they may be extinguished; when it is spongy and inelastic, they may die away. It is less easy to see that when a vibration is running through rock of a given elasticity, and encounters, as it well may, a kind of rock of another degree of elasticity, it will have its waves reflected, much as those of the pool of water are reflected from a floating cake of ice, and so make a confusion of cross-vibrations, which may very much vary the action of the original movements.

We turn now to consider more in detail the causes of earthquakes. We have seen that the power which urges the continents into their great folds, or the mountains into the lesser corrugations, afford a simple and, indeed, necessary cause of certain violent strains, which in their action tend to compress the rocks into a less bulk than they originally occupied. Under the influence of these strains, any one or more of the following accidents may occur: The rocks may wrinkle into folds like those we find in mountains; they may be broken along their natural joints or fracture-planes, and the sundered parts may slip over each other, or the rocks may be squeezed out like dough under the cook's roller, and so escape to a region of less pressure. In taking any of these methods of relief, the rocks are necessarily liable to many sudden starts, each accompanied by rendings and other violent movements.

When, in winter, the frozen ground rives asunder, though the crevice is but a small fraction of an inch wide, and a foot or two deep, the ground is often so violently jarred that a sensible earth-

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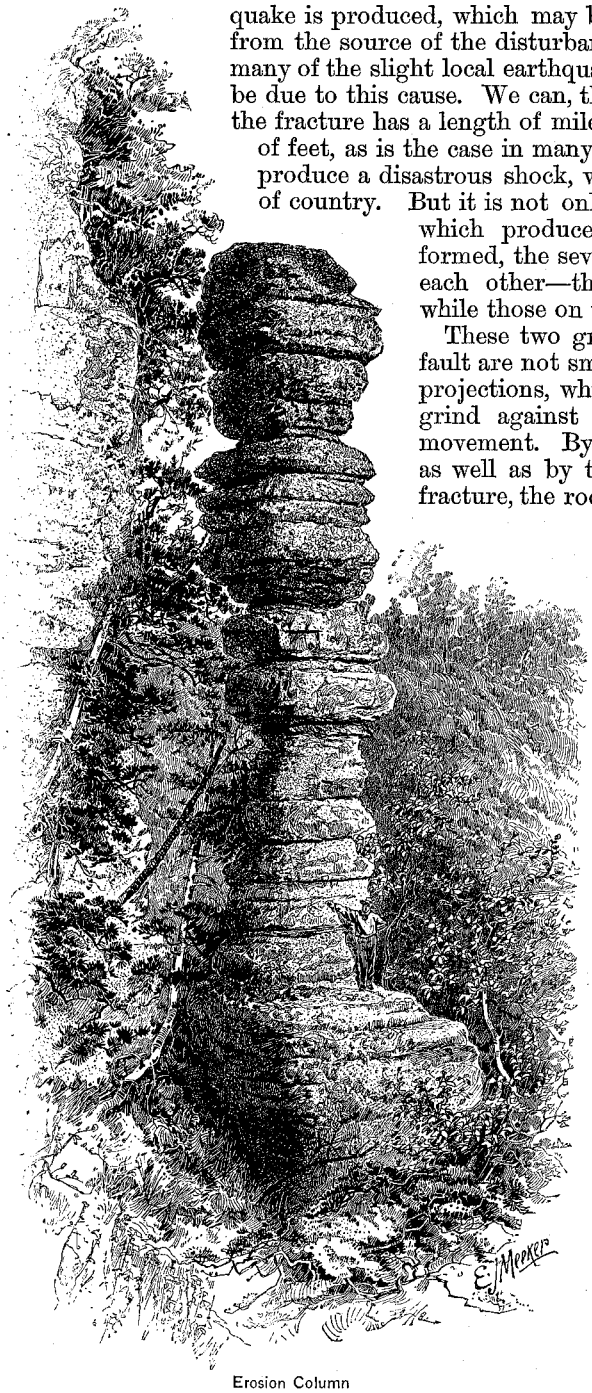
quake is produced, which may be felt hundreds of feet away from the source of the disturbance. It is, indeed, likely that many of the slight local earthquakes which are chronicled may be due to this cause. We can, therefore, readily see that when the fracture has a length of miles, and the depth of thousands of feet, as is the case in many faults, the jar occasioned may produce a disastrous shock, which may involve a great area of country. But it is not only the rending of the fissures which produces the jar; after the rift is formed, the severed masses of rock slip over each other—the rocks on one side rising, while those on the other side slip down.

These two great walls on either side of the fault are not smooth, but each is jagged with projections, which are often ruptured as they grind against each other in their opposed movement. By each of these minor rendings, as well as by the formation of the principal fracture, the rocks are set a-quivering like the bounced marble of our previous illustration. These faults are, indeed, earthquake factories. The greatest shock is produced at the time of their formation; but from time to time they are freshly ruptured, perhaps after a vein deposit has bound their adjacent walls together, and the disturbance is again and again renewed. It is evident that many great faults—those in which the slipping of the sides on each other has amounted to a thousand feet or more—have moved only a few inches at any one time, so that a single such fracture may have given rise to hundreds, if not thousands, of earthquake shocks. So, too, when beds are not broken, but are bent into an arch, the rocks must slip over each other. The reader will see this illustrated if he bends the hundred pages he is reading into a sharp fold. Supposing the pages were from the great stone-book of the earth's crust, and the thickness of each leaf many feet, and of the whole many tens of thousands of feet, it is easy to conceive that the motion would not take place silently, but with much perturbation. There is in mountain-building a chance for many slight shocks, with but a small amount of motion. In the formation of such folds as those of



Erosion Column

From the Cañon of the Kentucky River, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

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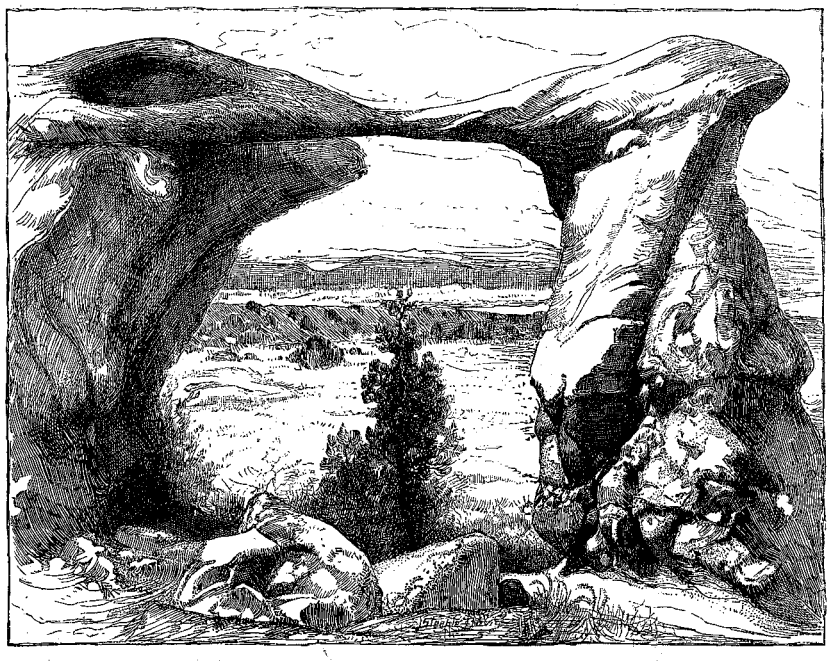

Erosion Arch

Showing a type of structure likely to be destroyed by powerful shocks.

Mont Blanc the tremors may have been numbered by the million.

Another most evident class of shocks have their origin in the movement of rocks which have been melted by volcanic action, and driven on hurried incursions into crevices which are formed in the deep buried parts of the earth's crust. To see the origin of these disturbances, we have only to visit any of those regions of the earth once deeply covered by strata which have been worn away, revealing to us rocks which, by their crystalline structure, indicate their long sojourn in the depths where the volcanic forces are developed.

We find, in almost any region where these crystalline rocks are well exposed to view, many long tongues of lava, which have been violently driven into fissures of the rock, riving them with destructive power. The formation of such a dyke-fissure and the inrush of the lava must have occasioned a very great jarring of the earth's surface beneath which the movement occurred. If the reader is familiar with the sea-shore, he must often have noticed, in times of storm, the quiver which the stroke of a great wave gives to the rocks when it rushes into some crevice or chasm, and is tossed into spray by the blow. This phenomenon will help him to fancy how great must be the disturbance when a molten lava, three or four times as heavy as water, is driven into the rocks, perhaps with a greater impulse than that which propels the ball from a cannon.

These dykes are, like the faults, inconceivably numerous. All the evidence goes to show that they exist to the number of hundreds beneath each square mile of the earth's surface. In certain places, the rocks are fairly laced with them.

Leaving out of account the minor sources of disturbance which come from the tumult of volcanic explosions, and the stresses arising from the change in the volume of rocks undergoing alterations in chemical composition, and from loss and gain of heat, we see that in the evident mechanism of the earth we have the natural source of innumerable earthquake shocks. It is almost certain that at one time or another every portion of the earth's surface has felt these disturbances; it is equally clear that the shocks have not at any time been equally com-

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mon on all parts of the earth's surface, for the reason that the machinery which produces them is often dormant for long periods over large areas. A mountain system, after continuing to grow for ages, may for ages cease to grow; the relief of the pressure which led to its construction being afforded by foldings of the crust at other points, sometimes far away from the original seat of disturbance. So, too, that other class of disturbing actions involved in the formation of dykes appears to be only locally active in any geological period, though in the succession of the ages it probably affects every part of the crust.

In the present condition of the earth's crust, so far as the brief historic record goes to show, earthquakes of an intensity menacing to man are limited to certain regions, which probably do not altogether include more than one-fourth of the area of the lands, though shocks of a less degree of violence appear to be common to every part of the surface of the continents. The regions of recurrent shocks of considerable violence are so irregularly distributed that they cannot be adequately noted in this brief essay. They include, in Europe, Iceland, Portugal, Spain, and Southern Italy; the region of the Lower Danube, and some of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. In Asia, the larger part of Asia Minor, several limited areas in Hindostan, the greater part of the eastern littoral region of Asia, and the islands of the Japanese and Malayan Archipelagoes are subjected to destructive shocks.

In Africa there is, save in Egypt, little architecture to suffer from earthquake disturbance, and even little history to record it. Egypt seems to have been, on the whole, singularly exempt from great earthquakes, while the western portion of the Mediterranean face of the continent shares the disturbances from which the Spanish peninsula has repeatedly suffered. The vast Australian and Polynesian district of the Pacific affords a number of regions of great earthquake activity, of which New Zealand is the only one where we have anything like good observations for even a few score years. It may be said, however, that the greater part of this vast area seems to be more ex-

Pinnacle Rock at Cumberland Gap
Likely to be overturned by a violent earthquake.

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Spring Hole

Formed during the Charleston earthquakes of 1886. Type of fissure springs formed by earthquakes when the soil is very deep.

empt from these indications of activity in the crust than any other equally extensive part of the earth's surface.

We come now to the twin continents, North and South America. The obvious resemblances in the physical configuration of these continents lead us to expect a likeness in their conditions of stability. This resemblance in a certain measure exists. The western shore of both of these continents, the seaward face of the great Cordilleran range of mountains, is the seat of the most frequent and, on the whole, the most energetic disturbances which occur within their limits, while the eastern shore of each is comparatively little assailed by shocks. The northern, or Venezuelan, district of South America, which is apparently the seat of an active mountain growth, of which there is no parallel in the northern continent, is a district of recurrent shocks of great violence, such as have never been observed in high latitudes on our own continent. On the other hand, the region from the mouth of the Amazon to the La Plata River, which corresponds to our sea-board Atlantic States and the provinces of Canada, enjoys an immunity from disturbances probably not exceeded by any other equally extensive area occupied by the Aryan race, while the corresponding region in North America is much less fortunate.

It is worth our while to look more closely to the seismic history of our own continent than we have been able to do in the case of other lands, not alone because of our momentary personal interest, but because it is the future dwelling-place of our race and the home of the type of civilization which that race is developing.

There can be no question that where a people is exposed to recurrent and overwhelming danger, such as menace the inhabitants of Peru, Venezuela, or Calabria, a danger which as yet is not foretold by science or effectively guarded against by art, the conditions will tell upon its character. "To the firm ground of nature trusts the hand that builds for aye," is true in a real as well as in a

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metaphoric sense. This trust in a stable earth is a necessary element in much that is noblest and most aspiring in the life of men. Expose a people to constant devastations from an overwhelming force, whether it be in the form of an human enemy or a natural agent, and their state of mind becomes unfavorable for the maintenance of a high civilization. The best conditions of the state can only be secured when the laborer toils with the assurance that his work will endure long after his own brief life is over.

Earthquake shocks may, for convenience, be divided, according to the violence of the disturbance, into the following classes:

First, the shocks of extreme intensity, in which the most perfectly constructed masonry is destroyed; semidetached masses of stones along the faces of cliffs thrown down, and the soil-covering of the earth shaken as in a sieve. Of this group the greater earthquakes of Peru and that of New Madrid, Mo., may serve as examples.

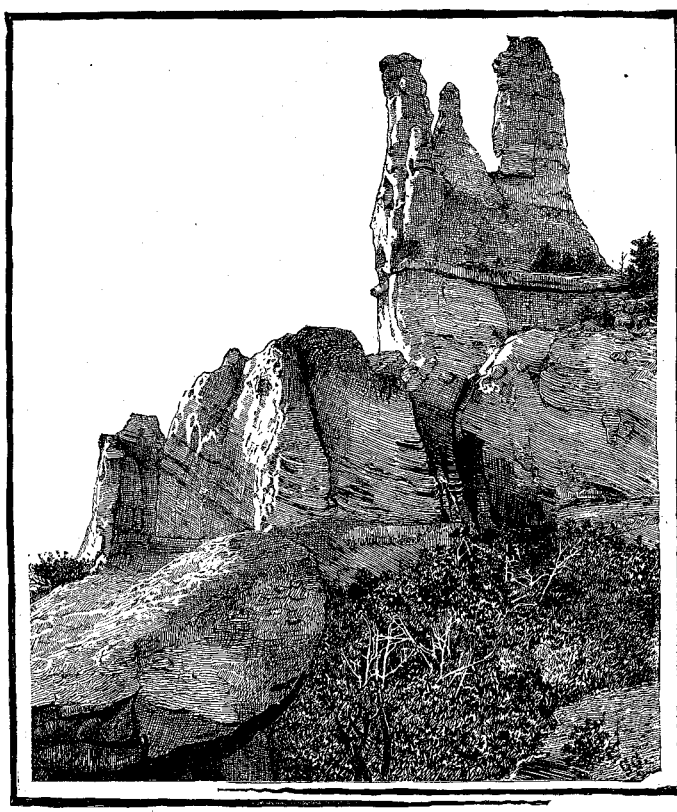
Second, shocks of great intensity, in which all but the strongest edifices are overthrown, frail pinnacles of rock overturned, and the soil frequently rent by fissures. In this group the late earthquake at Charleston may find a place, though it probably belongs in the next lower division.

Third, shocks of moderate intensity, when the weaker buildings alone are seriously damaged, and the natural features of the surface not much affected. In this group we may fairly place the Massachusetts earthquake of 1755, and probably that of Charleston in 1886.

Fourth, shocks distinctly perceptible to the senses, but of slight effect even on weak architecture and without distinct influence upon the natural features of the earth's surface.

It should be understood that these divisions are merely for convenience of description—in fact earthquakes form a continuous series, grading from the slightest to the most violent shocks.

In endeavoring to determine the degree to which the different parts of North America have been subjected to devastating earthquake shocks, or to those which would prove disastrous in a country occupied by a complicated society, we find ourselves met with the difficulty which arises from the brevity of our historic records, concerning the greater part of this continent. It is true that in Mexico, and the peninsula dis-



"Navaho Church" Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of earthquakes of the second order of violence.

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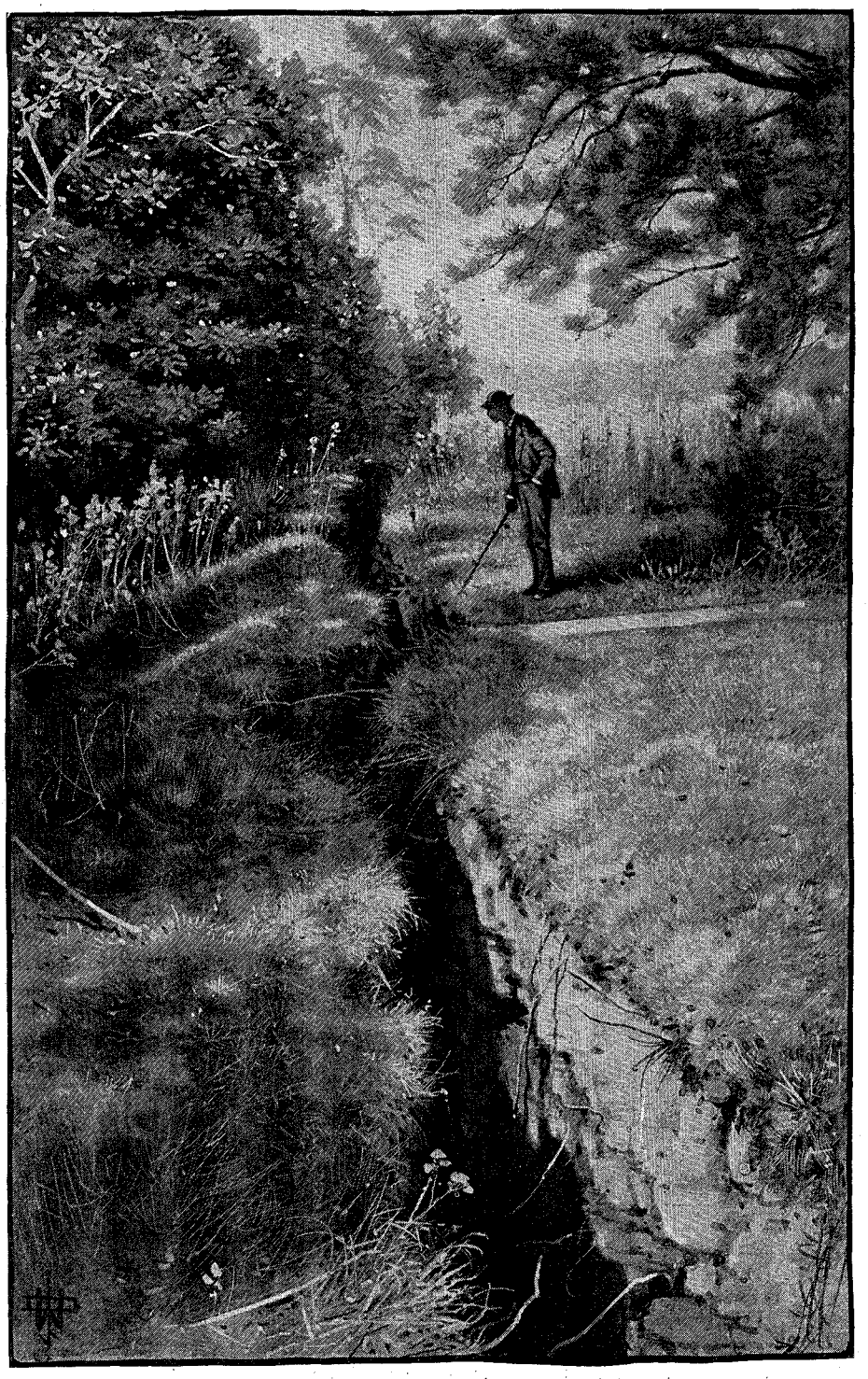

Crack in the Ground,
Produced by the Charleston Earthquake of 1886.

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trict to the southward, we have a record which comprises nearly five hundred years; but of the rest of the continent our longest records are only of about half that duration, and these concern only a little strip of country along the Atlantic coast of the continent; for the remainder the information is for a brief term of a single century. It has occurred to the present writer that it may be possible to supplement this extremely imperfect historical record by an examination of the very numerous poised blocks as well as the detached and frail columns of stone which abound in many districts, natural monuments which would be overturned by a succession of great earthquakes as easily as a Gothic steeple or other frail work of human architecture. Although little has been done with this method of investigation, it will be possible to make some use of it in extending an inquiry which, if it rested on human testimony alone, would be extremely imperfect and unsatisfactory.

These natural indices of a quiet earth have been formed in two different ways, viz.: in the glaciated districts, which practically comprise the northern half of the continent, including all of New England, New York, a great part of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and the northern tier of the Western States and Territories, to the Pacific, as well as all the vast territory to the northward of the United States, we often find perched boulders, or erratics, left upon the surface at the melting of the glacial sheet. These blocks not infrequently were dropped in positions from which a great earthquake shock would easily dislodge them; occasionally we find a large block which, when the ice melted away, came to be lodged on supporting stones, or on the summit of a rocky hill, in a very insecure position. Yet more often we find a spheroidal block, say two or three feet in diameter, perched on a larger boulder. In great part these poised stones have been overturned by snow-slides and falling trees; those which escaped these mischances have often fallen a prey to boys who take a natural delight in assisting gravitation. In New England and other glaciated districts, the present writer has observed many hundreds of such natural indications of immunity from earthquakes. The other class of these indicators is that of columns or other unstable masses of rock which have been preserved, while the surrounding rock has been worn away, either by the action of rain and streams, or, more rarely, by the beating of the ocean waves when the sea was higher than it is at present. All these pinnacled rocks date from times which, in a historic sense, are very ancient, perhaps hundreds of times as remote as the first written records of this continent. The most of these pillared stones having a height of twenty feet, may be safely reckoned as of an age of at least twenty thousand years, and thus give us evidence of long-continued immunity from shocks of the first or second order in the districts in which they are found.

It is to be noted that many of the pinnacled rocks, such as are figured in these pages, are much more substantial than they seem, and that they may on that account survive the assault of a single shock of considerable violence, just as detached chimneys withstood the late Charleston shock with little injury. But it seems certain that these frail and time-worn columns, such as those figured from the gorge of the Kentucky River or from Cumberland Gap, could not have endured the frequent and violent movements to which they would have been subjected if they occupied a region liable to great earthquakes.

It is true that in those regions where these pinnacles stand as witnesses of a quiet earth, the long dormant movements of the nether world may at any time be awakened. But it is clear that where a region has enjoyed an immunity from violent earthquake shocks during a period of twenty thousand years or more, we may safely trust it for another millennium. At any rate, the natural evidence, despite its occasional obscurity, deserves to be taken into account along with the historic record of the earthquakes of any country.

Proceeding in this way, by combining the natural and the historic evidence, we find that this continent is as diverse as any other of the great land masses in the distribution of the earthquakes of dangerous intensity. Leaving out the districts of Central America and Mexico,

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where the distribution of shocks is extremely complicated, and where they are not likely to be a matter of practical importance to our English race, we may advantageously consider, first, the Atlantic sea-board region; then, in succession, the Mississippi Valley and the great lakes basin, the Rocky Mountain district; and, lastly, the border region of the Pacific.

For our purpose it is necessary to divide the Atlantic sea-board region of North America into a number of districts: First of these is the country north of the St. Lawrence, a district doomed to sterility, where earthquakes might well be allowed to rage, but which appears to be exempt from such disturbances. In the southern part of this region, on the Mingan shore of Labrador, there are many slender columns of rock which attest a long-continued exemption from earthquake shocks.

Next we have the maritime provinces of Canada, which, by the historical as well as the natural evidence, appear long to have enjoyed an equal freedom from severe shocks. Still farther south we have the New England district, extending from the Bay of Fundy to the Hudson. This region, from the natural evidence, appears to have been pretty generally exempt from severe shocks; this evidence is clearest on the coast of Maine, where there are numerous poised boulders and, on Mount Desert, occasional columnar masses, detached by the action of the sea, where many thousand years ago it stood at higher levels than it does at present. The other parts of New England afford frequent poised blocks, which lead us to the conclusion that the whole of this district has, since the glacial time, escaped severe earthquakes, though the evidence on this point is less conclusive than in the region along the shore to the northward.

It is to be noted, however, that since the settlement of this New England country there have been several shocks of an alarming nature, which have principally affected the State of Massachusetts. That of 1727 and several following years was one of the most peculiar disturbances which have ever been recorded. The first movements of this long-continued series of shocks disturbed a tolerably large area; but in a short time the shocks became confined to the region near the old town of Newbury, Mass., where, from 1727 to 1740, each shock, though the motion was slight, was accompanied by loud and terrifying sounds proceeding from the depths of the earth. We have the story of this strange convulsion from the journal of the Rev. Matthias Plant, the pastor of the Puritan church at Newbury. Although he viewed the matter rationally, many people believed that the tumult was caused by the devil at work in his nether realm.

In 1755, almost coincidently with the great Lisbon earthquake, Central New England was visited by a disturbance of considerable violence, one which, though a single shock, was probably nearly, if not quite, as violent as any of the several movements which have recently occurred in South Carolina. This disturbance, though not hurtful to life or limb, did a good deal of minor damage to the buildings of Boston and vicinity; a good part of the chimneys were overturned, and wherever a heavy weight was supported on a tall, frail base the effects were considerable. John Winthrop, then professor of physics and astronomy in Harvard College, one of the few eminent American men of science of the eighteenth century, states that the bricks from the chimney of his house, in Cambridge, the top of which was thirty-two feet from the ground, were thrown to a point thirty feet from the base of the structure. If we may trust this observation, it is clear that the shock, though not of great violence, was of sufficient force to bring havoc to many flimsy structures of the present day. Since 1755 there has been no earthquake in this district, which can be termed menacing in its violence, though movements of slight importance have been numerous.

We may reasonably conclude that while the New England district has probably long been exempt from disturbances of great severity, the Massachusetts district appears to be liable to shocks of a violence sufficient to wreck buildings which are not well fitted to sustain such assaults.

From the Hudson southward to the

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James River, and westward to the meridian of Cincinnati, we have a region which, from the natural as well as the historic evidence, we may consider as far free from earthquake action of a dangerous sort as any part of the United States. In this region frail pinnacled rocks and those remnants of old caves, the so-called *natural bridges*, themselves often very frail, abound, and afford good evidence that earthquakes of great force, those which we have classed as of the first and second order, have for many thousand years been wanting in this district. Moreover, the historic evidence goes to show that for two centuries or so there have been no disturbances of importance in this region.

South of the James River we enter upon the wide lowlands of the Atlantic shore. In this region, owing to the low nature of the topography, there can be none of the natural shock-indicators which we have sought to use in exploring the past history of earthquakes. Parts of this region have been twice shaken with considerable violence—first in the earthquake of 1811, which mainly affected a small area on the borders of the Mississippi, but propagated its waves to this part of the Atlantic sea-board; and again in the late Charleston earthquake. That of Charleston, though in violence not to be compared with the greater shocks of South America, Jamaica, or Central America, was, next to that of 1811, the most violent which within the historic period has ever affected any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Still it probably should be classed as of the third order in violence. If the edifices of Charleston had been built according to the rules which should guide architects who intend to guard against such calamities, it seems certain that the disastrous consequences of that shock would have been avoided.

The sea-board section of the Gulf States, like that of the Carolinian region, affords us no satisfactory geological evidence as to its earthquake history. But the mountainous region of the southern Appalachians, which is not far removed from this district, abounds in spire-shaped rocks which are delicately poised on their bases and appear to show that great shocks have long been unknown in those uplands. They especially abound in the valleys in which flow the upper tributaries of the Tennessee River. The greater part of the Mississippi Valley, as far as the natural and historic evidence goes to show, appears to be the seat of but slight disturbances; but in the central portion of that area, from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers southward, in a region where the natural indices of the earth's stability are wanting, we have the seat of the greatest disturbance that has been recorded on any part of this continent north of the district of the isthmus.

The shocks of 1811–13 are, by their violence and continuity, to be ranked among the first score of recorded earthquakes. Save perhaps that which, in 1819, disturbed the delta of the Indus, in Western Hindostan, the Mississippi earthquake of 1811 directly produced more extensive and permanent local geographical changes than any other of which we have an account; so violent and continuous were the shakings that the alluvial land in the neighborhood of New Madrid was lowered below its previous level, and into the depressed region the stream of the Mississippi poured in such violence that for a time its lower waters, for a considerable part of their course, turned backward toward their source. Although the colonizing of the district had just begun, the area of country already cleared by settlers which was converted into morasses by the shock was so great that the Government was compelled to furnish some hundreds of thousand acres of new lands on higher ground to those whose dwelling-places had been made uninhabitable. It seems likely that an area of not less than five thousand square miles was, on the average, though irregularly, lowered to the depth of ten feet below its original level. The energy of these shocks was so great that the low, strongly built cabins of the frontiermen were wrecked, the forest-trees were beaten against each other, and their branches interlocked as they swung to and fro. The irregular movements of the ground led to the formation of numerous great crevices, from which turbid waters were thrown up to a considerable height. To protect

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themselves from being engulfed in these fissures, the people felled trees so that they lay on the ground at right angles to the general trend of the fissures, and built places of refuge on the broad foundations which they thus secured. There can be no question that a disturbance of this magnitude would, in the present condition of the region where it occurred, cause greater destruction than did that which recently occurred at Charleston, S. C.

These two series of shocks, that of 1811 and 1886, have a close general relation to each other. So alike are they, indeed, as to suggest that the great series of repeated shocks, gradually diminishing in intensity, may be the type of disturbance characteristic of the lowland districts of the southern part of this continent. The New Madrid earthquake of 1811 was, however, by far the more extended phenomenon; the shocks were more frequent and of much greater violence, and the period during which they recurred was far longer than in the Carolinian disturbances.

North of the Ohio and Missouri Rivers we have no historic record of decided seismic disturbances. In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois the natural evidence is obscure, there being few detached columns of rock which could serve as indices of the past condition of the country. In the district about the upper great lakes the natural evidence coincides with the historic record in showing that great disturbances have not occurred in that section. Of the region of the great plains, including Texas, there is no information of much value, though in an indecisive way the topographic evidence is in favor of the conclusion that it has not been seriously shaken for a considerable period.

The topography of the central and eastern section of the Rocky Mountains gives fairly clear evidence that the surface of that region has been, as a whole, tolerably exempt from great shocks. The light rainfall of that part of the continent causes the erosion which produces pinnacled rocks and steep-walled cañons to take place in a much less rapid manner than in the Appalachians, yet parts of this region abound in such pinnacles, which are evidently very ancient, though often extremely susceptible to strong shocks.

The western coast-line region of the Cordilleras district, from Northern California southward to the Mexican line, is more or less subjected to earthquakes of considerable energy, as is shown by historic records. One, in 1812, destroyed a church in Los Angeles, Cal., killing a score or more people. Together with the late Charleston earthquake, this shock is entitled to a peculiar place in our history; these two shocks being the only earthquakes which have caused any loss of life in this country. There have been several considerable shocks in the region about San Francisco, of which that in October, 1868, caused the overthrow of many frail buildings, and led to precautions in the construction of important edifices which seem likely to ensure them from serious accidents.

The vast district of the North American Cordilleras contains so many separate centres of action of the mountain-building and volcanic forces, which have evidently been, in some cases, active in very recent times, that it will not do to extend the conclusions obtained from poised and pinnacled rocks very far from the places where these features occur. It may well be the case that many limited areas in this field are at present liable to shocks of a severe nature.

This brief and unsatisfactory review of the seismology of North America clearly indicates that while the region of the United States and, we may say, of the habitable part of the continent north of Mexico, has many districts which are subjected to earthquake shocks of moderate intensity, by far the greater part of its surface shows, within the narrow limits of historic records, no evidence of great seismic dangers, and indicates by its topographical features that it has long been preserved from the action of very violent shocks. The only region which we can say has ever been exposed to shocks of anything like the first magnitude is a district probably including an area of not exceeding twenty thousand square miles, with its centre about fifty miles below the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers. Shocks of the second order are almost

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equally rare; those of California in 1812 and 1868 may have been of this degree of force, but the evidence is too incomplete for accurate determination. Those of the lesser order, but still of a degree calculated to be destructive to weak architecture, are more common; that of 1755 in New England, several on the Pacific coast, and that of Charleston, S. C., may be placed in this category.

Limiting ourselves to historic evidence alone, we may consider that shocks of the third degree of violence are likely to happen in Central New England, the Pacific coast south of Oregon, and in the southern lowlands of the United States, and are probably to be expected in other areas. The natural evidence, though it clearly indicates that the more violent shocks have not been common in the larger part of our territory, does not show that these minor, but still possibly devastating shocks, were wanting.

Although there are no natural monuments in the lowland region of the Mississippi which serve us as proof as to the violence of the seismic power in pre-historic times, there seems to be some evidence to show that the great disturbance of 1811 was exceptional in its nature and not a frequently recurrent phenomenon in the region where it took place. The remarkable settlement of the soil which was the most conspicuous feature among the effects of this shock was probably due to the fact that the alluvial deposits covering the country in which it occurred were, from the circumstances of their formation, very open structured, and became condensed by the shaking to which they were subjected, just as any other loose earth compacts when frequently jarred. If this were the case, and there are many facts to prove it which cannot be discussed here, then we may presume that ages of comparative quiet had gone by during which this unconsolidated alluvial matter was forming, and that ages may again elapse before a similar accident recurs in that region.

We should note the fact that over the surface of the world in general the great earthquakes do not often sporadically occur, though there are some cases of considerable disturbances which have not been repeated, even after many centuries. Thus the shock which in the year 1185 overthrew the cathedral at Lincoln in England, that which in 1208 in good part destroyed the cathedral at Wells, and that which in 1510 destroyed the town of Nordlingen in Bavaria, are the only historic shocks of great force which have affected the regions in which these accidents occurred. It may, perhaps, reasonably be hoped, though it cannot fairly be reckoned, that the shocks of New Madrid and Charleston were in the nature of such isolated disturbances.

It is satisfactory to find that, within the area of the United States, two centuries of historic record and much natural evidence go to show that great earthquakes are exceptional, but this should not blind us to the fact that large areas are already known to have suffered from movements which may bring widespread destruction, where the builder takes no account of any other disturber of stability save gravitation. It is not likely that we as yet know, by experience, the full extent of country which is subject to this order of shocks; our historic perspective is very short, and the natural evidence does not give us any assurance concerning disturbances of this lesser order. It is clear that we cannot, in this country, reckon on an earth as stable as that of the northern region of Europe, where our race was bred and our building system developed. It is equally clear that the mode of construction should be adapted to the new needs which the less firm ground of this country imposes on us.

As long as the building material most commonly in use was timber, and the masonry structures of a low and substantial nature, they were fairly fitted to afford the resistance required to withstand the shocks which could be expected to come upon them. But the combination of ambition and economy which is filling the land with lofty and flimsy structures invites calamity on the least disturbance of the earth. The shock of 1755, which did little more than stir the fears, shake down the chimney-tops of the old town of Boston, and afford a text for many interesting sermons, would be extremely disastrous to the higher and weaker structures of to-day.

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The prescriptions which the architect has to follow in preparing his buildings to resist the strains of a moderate earthquake are simple, and do not require any great increase in the cost of construction. It is well to understand that the actual movement of the ground, even in violent shocks, is slight. In those which we have termed of the first order it is doubtful if the movement ever amounts to a foot in amplitude, while the shocks which we may anticipate in this country, such as have recently occurred in Charleston for instance, probably swing the earth to and fro within the space of an inch. The destruction is done in part by the suddenness of the to-and-fro motion, which breaks the foundation from the superstructure, but in larger measure by the pendulum-like vibration which is set up in the building. This pendulum movement may cause an oscillation of one inch at the foundations to be several feet in a sixth floor, or, say one hundred feet above the ground. The rending effect of this pendulum-like swinging, especially in weak masonry, may easily be imagined.

Many well-considered directions for the protection of buildings from earthquake shocks have been given: of these the best may be found in the excellent, though imperfectly phrased, work on earthquakes by Professor John Milne, of Tokio University, Japan.* From these directions we extract the following, which seem applicable to our conditions:

1. "So arrange the openings in a wall that for horizontal stresses the wall shall be of equal strength for all sections at right angles."

2. "Place lintels over flat arches of brick or stone."

3. "Let all portions of a building have their natural periods of vibration nearly equal."

4. "Avoid heavy topped roofs and chimneys."

5. "In brick or stone work use good cement."

6. "Let archways curve into their abutments."

7. "Let roofs have a low pitch, and their tiles, especially upon the ridges, be well secured."

It is also important where the prevailing direction of motion of the shocks is known to have the blank walls of the house placed so as to be parallel to the course of the shocks. It is also worthy of note that generally hill-tops are more shaken than the ground at the base, for the same general reason that the upper part of a house swings more during a shock than the basement. Last of all, the higher the edifice the more risk of disastrous oscillation and the more need of binding its parts firmly together.

Besides the immediate effect of earthquakes on the surface of the land there are certain secondary consequences, of importance to man, arising from the action of the sea when considerable shocks originate beneath its floor. When a strong disturbance is produced beneath the sea-floor it is propagated for a great distance through the water in exactly the same way as it is through rock. When a ship is near above the point where the earthquake occurs her people feel a sensation as if the vessel had run upon a rock. The vessel may be dismasted or her seams opened by the blow. There are many stories extant which recount the narrow escape of vessels from destruction by these submarine earthquakes, and it seems most probable that many good ships which have disappeared in the deep have been overwhelmed by such calamities.

The most important results of great earthquakes beneath the sea are the broad waves which they produce; waves which may run for thousands of miles before they break upon the shore. We may fairly represent the formation of these waves by a simple experiment. Taking a flat-bottomed, wide pan, of any sheet metal, partly filled with water, let us strike a sharp, upward blow upon its base. We see that the water rises in the centre and rolls off in a broad circular wave toward the margin. In the seas this wave may have a diameter of some scores of miles, though its height probably never exceeds a few feet. It is so wide and low that as long as it is in deep water it may slip unnoticed beneath a ship; but when the front edge of the wave comes into the shallows

* Earthquakes and other Earth Movements. By John Milne. (International Science Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

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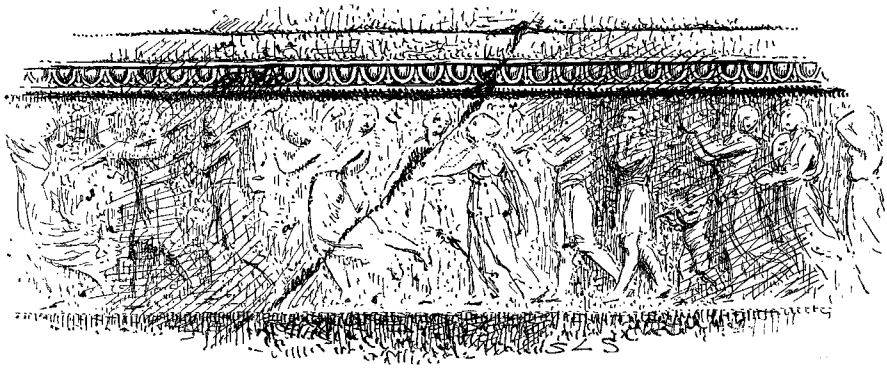
near the shore, its advance is somewhat retarded by the friction of the bottom, while the part which is farther out to sea retains its swift motion. The wave is thus crowded into a less space, and so becomes constantly higher until, when it rushes on the shore, it may have attained a height of fifty feet or more. These waves are, as may be imagined, exceedingly destructive: on the western coast of South America, and elsewhere, they constitute one of the most fearful incidents of great earthquake shocks.

It is a matter for congratulation that the coasts of the United States appear to be exempt from disasters of this nature. Slight movements of the sea, produced in the manner above described, occasionally visit the Pacific shores; but they appear to be derived from shocks which have taken place at great distances from that coast-line. The Atlantic shore of the United States, and indeed the whole shore-line of that ocean north of the Antilles and of Portugal, appear to be free from this danger. The present writer has observed along the rocky portion of the Atlantic shore, from New York to Nova Scotia, a great number of delicately poised blocks, resting at a height a little above the present level of the surf, which clearly indicate that, for a very long period in the past, this coast has been free from such violent incursions of the sea. Similar and even more conclusive evidence, to show the exemption of this shore from these violent invasions of the sea, is afforded by the delicately moulded surfaces of glacial debris which are found just above high water along the Atlantic coast, from New Jersey northward. These curiously combined ridges and pits, termed by geologists, *Kames*, are as frail as footprints on the sand. They could not have survived a single flooding by such resistless waves. Thus the natural as well as the historic evidence points to the conclusion that the North Atlantic sea-bed is not at present the seat of violent earthquakes.

We may sum up the foregoing considerations as follows: The continent of North America north of Mexico seems, from historic as well as natural evidence, to be in the main free from any considerable danger of earthquakes which are necessarily destructive to architecture. Nevertheless, a large part of its surface appears to be liable to shocks, which though slight may be very destructive to life and property, if we persist in our present flimsy methods of architectural construction. Good fortune has given us a tolerably safe abiding-place for our race in this country. We can almost everywhere safely put our trust in it, provided we are willing to take some care as to methods of constructing buildings.

When we consider the magnitude of the work done by the subterranean forces, we are impressed with the slight nature of the disturbance by which their activity is manifested to us. It is only in a limited portion of the earth's surface where these disturbances are a serious menace to man. The damage they cause to human life is far less than that brought about by war or preventable disease; and the injury to edifices, though appalling by its suddenness, is on the whole less detrimental than that arising from bad methods of construction.



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AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

It is curious how the smallest incident, the most unimportant circumstance, will recall old friends and old associations. An old gentleman, who is noted far and near for his prodigious memory of dates and events, once told me that his memory, so astonishing to his friends and acquaintances, consisted not so much in remembering names, and dates, and facts, as in associating each of these with some special group of facts and events; so that he always had at command a series of associations to which he could refer instantly and confidently. This is an explanation of the system of employing facts, but not of the method by which they are accumulated and stored away.

I was reminded of this some years ago by a paragraph in one of the county newspapers that sometimes come under my observation. It was a very commonplace paragraph; indeed, it was in the nature of an advertisement—an announcement of the fact that orders for "gilt-edged butter" from the Jersey farm on the Tomlinson Place should be left at the drug-store in Rockville, where the first that came would be the first served. This business-like notice was signed by Ferris Trunion. The name was not only peculiar, but new to me; but this was of no importance at all. The fact that struck me was the bald and bold announcement that the Tomlinson Place was the site and centre of trading and other commercial transactions in butter. I can only imagine what effect this announcement would have had on my grandmother, who died years ago, and on some other old people I used to know. Certainly they would have been horrified; and no wonder, for when they were in their prime the Tomlinson Place was the seat of all that was high, and mighty, and grand in the social world in the neighborhood of Rockville. I remember that everybody stood in awe of the Tomlinsons. Just why this was so, I never could make out. They were very rich; the Place embraced several thousand acres; but if the impressions made on me when a child are worth anything, they were extremely simple in their ways. Though no doubt they could be formal and conventional enough when occasion required.

I have no distinct recollection of Judge Addison Tomlinson, except that he was a very tall old gentleman, much older than his wife, who went about the streets of Rockville carrying a tremendous gold-headed cane carved in a curious manner. In those days I knew more of Mrs. Tomlinson than I did of the judge, mainly because I heard a great deal more about her. Some of the women called her Mrs. Judge Tomlinson; but my grandmother never called her anything else but Harriet Bledsoe, which was her maiden name. It was a name, too, that seemed to suit her, so that when you once heard her called Harriet Bledsoe you never forgot it afterward. I do not know now, any more than I did when a child, why this particular name should fit her so exactly; but, as I have often been told, a lack of knowledge does not alter facts.

I think my grandmother used to go to church to see what kind of clothes Harriet Bledsoe wore; for I have often heard her say, after the sermon was over, that Harriet's bonnet, or Harriet's dress, was perfectly charming. Certainly Mrs. Tomlinson was always dressed in the height of fashion, though it was a very simple fashion when compared with the flounces and furbelows of her neighbors. I remember this distinctly, that she seemed to be perfectly cool the hottest Sunday in summer, and comfortably warm the coldest Sunday in winter; and I am convinced that this impression, made on the mind of a child, must bear some definite relation to Mrs. Tomlinson's good taste.

Certainly my grandmother was never tired of telling me that Harriet Bledsoe was blessed with exceptionally good taste and fine manners, and I remember

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that she told me often how she wished I was a girl, so that I might one day be in a position to take advantage of the opportunities I had had of profiting by Harriet Bledsoe's example. I think there was some sort of attachment between my grandmother and Mrs. Tomlinson, formed when they were at school together, though my grandmother was much the older of the two. But there was no intimacy. The gulf that money sometimes makes between those who have it and those who lack it lay between them. Though I think my grandmother was more sensitive about crossing this gulf than Mrs. Tomlinson.

I was never in the Tomlinson house but once when a child. Whether it was because it was two or three miles away from Rockville, or whether it was because I stood in awe of my grandmother's Harriet Bledsoe, I do not know. But I have a very vivid recollection of the only time I went there as a boy. One of my playmates, a rough-and-tumble little fellow, was sent by his mother, a poor, sick woman, to ask Mrs. Tomlinson for some preserves. I think this woman and her little boy were in some way related to the Tomlinsons. The richest and most powerful people, I have heard it said, are not so rich and powerful but they are pestered by poor kin, and the Tomlinsons were no exception to the rule.

I went with this little boy I spoke of, and I was afraid afterward that I was in some way responsible for his boldness. He walked right into the presence of Mrs. Tomlinson, and, without waiting to return the lady's salutation, he said in a loud voice:

"Aunt Harriet, ma says send her some of your nicest preserves."

"*Aunt Harriet*, indeed!" she exclaimed, and then she gave him a look that was cold enough to freeze him, and hard enough to send him through the floor.

I think she relented a little, for she went to one of the windows, bigger than any door you see nowadays, and looked out over the blooming orchard; and then after awhile she came back to us, and was very gracious. She patted me on the head, and I must have shrunk from her touch, for she laughed and said she never bit nice little boys. Then she asked me my name; and when I told her, she said my grandmother was the dearest woman in the world. Moreover, she told my companion that it would spoil preserves to carry them about in a tin bucket, and then she fetched a big basket and had it filled with preserves, and jelly, and cake. There were some ginger-preserves among the rest, and I remember that I appreciated them very highly; the more so, since my companion had a theory of his own that ginger-preserves and fruit-cake were not good for sick people.

I remember, too, that Mrs. Tomlinson had a little daughter about my own age. She had long yellow hair and very black eyes. She rode around in the Tomlinson carriage a great deal, and everybody said she was remarkably pretty, with a style and a spirit all her own. The negroes used to say that she was as affectionate as she was wilful, which was saying a good deal. It was characteristic of Harriet Bledsoe, my grandmother said, that her little girl should be named Lady.

I heard a great many of the facts I have stated from old Aunt Fountain, one of the Tomlinson negroes, who, for some reason or other, was permitted to sell ginger-cakes and persimmon-beer under the wide-spreading China trees in Rockville on public days and during court-week. There was a theory among certain envious people in Rockville—there are envious people everywhere—that the Tomlinsons, notwithstanding the extent of their landed estate and the number of their negroes, were sometimes short of ready cash, and it was hinted that they pocketed the proceeds of Aunt Fountain's persimmon-beer and ginger-cakes. Undoubtedly such stories as these were the outcome of pure envy. When my grandmother heard such gossip as this, she sighed and said that people who would talk about Harriet Bledsoe in that way would talk about anybody under the sun. My own opinion is, that Aunt Fountain got the money and kept it; otherwise she would not have been so fond of her master and mistress, nor so proud of the family and its position. I spent many an hour near Aunt Fountain's cake and beer-stand, for I liked to hear her talk. Be-

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sides, she had a very funny name, and I thought there was always a probability that she would explain how she got it. But she never did.

I had forgotten all about the Tomlinsons until the advertisement I have mentioned was accidentally brought to my notice, whereupon memory suddenly became wonderfully active. I am keenly alive to the happier results of the war, and I hope I appreciate at their full value the emancipation of both whites and blacks from the deadly effects of negro slavery, and the wonderful development of our material resources that the war has rendered possible; but I must confess it was with a feeling of regret I learned that the Tomlinson Place had been turned into a dairy-farm. Moreover, the name of Ferris Trunion had a foreign and an unfamiliar sound. His bluntly worded advertisement appeared to come from the mind of a man who would not hesitate to sweep away both romance and tradition if they happened to stand in the way of a profitable bargain.

I was therefore much gratified, some time after reading Trunion's advertisement, to receive a note from a friend who deals in real-estate, telling me that some land near the Tomlinson Place had been placed in his hands for sale, and asking me to go to Rockville to see if the land and the situation were all they were described to be. I lost no time in undertaking this part of the business, for I was anxious to see how the old place looked in the hands of strangers, and unsympathetic strangers at that.

It is not far from Atlanta to Rockville—a day and a night—and the journey is not fatiguing; so that a few hours after receiving my friend's request I was sitting in the veranda of the Rockville Hotel, observing, with some degree of wonder, the vast changes that had taken place—the most of them for the better. There were new faces and new enterprises all around me, and there was a bustle about the town that must have caused queer sensations in the minds of the few old citizens who still gathered at the post-office for the purpose of carrying on ancient political controversies with each other.

Among the few familiar figures that attracted my attention was that of Aunt Fountain. The old China tree in the shade of which she used to sit had been blasted by lightning or fire; but she still had her stand there, and she was keeping the flies and dust away with the same old turkey-tail fan. I could see no change. If her hair was grayer, it was covered and concealed from view by the snow-white handkerchief tied around her head. From my place I could hear her humming a tune—the tune I had heard her sing in precisely the same way years ago. I heard her scolding a little boy. The gesture, the voice, the words were the same she had employed in trying to convince me that my room was much better than my company, especially in the neighborhood of her cake-stand. To see and hear her thus gave me a peculiar feeling of homesickness. I approached and saluted her. She bowed with old-fashioned politeness, but without looking up.

"De biggest uns, dee er ten cent," she said, pointing to her cakes; "en de littlest, dee er fi' cent. I make um all myse'f, suh. En de beer in dat jug—dat beer got body, suh."

"I have eaten many a one of your cakes, Aunt Fountain," said I, "and drank many a glass of your beer; but you have forgotten me."

"My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat." She shaded her eyes with her fan, and looked at me. Then she rose briskly from her chair. "De Lord he'p my soul!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "W'y, I know you w'en you little boy. W'at make I ain' know you w'en you big man? My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat. Well, suh, you mus' eat some my ginger-cake. De Lord know you has make way wid um w'en you wuz little boy."

The invitation was accepted, but somehow the ginger-cakes had lost their old-time relish; in me the taste and spirit of youth were lacking.

We talked of old times and old friends, and I told Aunt Fountain that I had come to Rockville for the purpose of visiting in the neighborhood of the Tomlinson Place.

"Den I gwine wid you, suh," she cried, shaking her head vigorously. "I gwine wid you." And go she did.

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"I bin layin' off ter go see my young mistiss dis long time," said Aunt Fountain, the next day, after we had started. "I glad I gwine deer in style. De niggers won' know me skacely, ridin' in de buggy dis away."

"Your young mistress?" I inquired.

"Yes, suh. You know Miss Lady w'en she little gal. She grown oman now."

"Well, who is this Trunion I have heard of?"

"He monst'ous nice w'ite man, suh. He married my young mistiss. He monst'ous nice w'ite man."

"But who is he? Where did he come from?" Aunt Fountain chuckled convulsively as I asked these questions.

"We-all des pick 'im up, suh. Yes, suh; we-all des pick 'im up. Ain' you year talk 'bout dat, suh? I dunner whar you bin at ef you ain' never is year talk 'bout dat. He de fus' w'ite man w'at I ever pick up, suh. Yes, suh; de ve'y fus' one."

"I don't understand you," said I; "tell me about it."

At this Aunt Fountain laughed long and loudly. She evidently enjoyed my ignorance keenly.

"De Lord knows I oughtn' be laughin' like dis. I ain' laugh so hearty sence I wuz little gal mos', en dat wuz de time w'en Marse Rowan Tomlinson come 'long en ax me my name. I tell 'im, I did, 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan he deaf ez any dead hoss. He 'low, 'Hey?' I say, 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan say, 'Fountain! Huh! he quare name.' I holler en laugh, en w'en de folks ax me w'at I hollerin' 'bout, I tell um dat Marse Rowan say I'm name Fountain. Well, suh, fum dat day down ter dis, stedder Flew Ellen, I'm bin name Fountain. I laugh hearty den en my name got change, en I feard ef I laugh now de hoss'll run away en turn de buggy upperside down right spang on top er me."

"But about this Mr. Trunion?" said I.

"Name er de Lord!" exclaimed Aunt Fountain, "ain' you never is bin year 'bout dat? You bin mighty fur ways, suh, kaze we all bin knowin' 'bout it fum de jump."

"No doubt. Now tell me about it."

Aunt Fountain shook her head and her face assumed a serious expression.

"I dunno 'bout dat, suh. I year tell dat niggers ain' got no business fer go talkin' 'bout fambly doin's. Yit dar wuz yo' gran'mammy. My mistiss sot lots by her, en you been bornded right yer 'long wid um. I don't speck it'll be gwine so mighty fur out'n de fambly ef I tell you 'bout it."

I made no attempt to coax Aunt Fountain to tell me about Trunion, for I knew it would be difficult to bribe her not to talk about him. She waited awhile, evidently to tease my curiosity; but as I betrayed none, and even made an effort to talk about something else, she began:

"Well, suh, you ax me 'bout Marse Fess Trunion. I know you bleeze ter like dat man. He ain' b'long ter we-all folks, no furder dan he my young mistiss ole man, but dee ain' no finer w'ite man dan him. No, suh; dee ain'. I tell you dat p'intedly. De niggers, dee say he mighty close en pinchin', but deze is mighty pinchin' times—you know dat yo'se'f, suh. Ef a man don't fa'rly fling 'way he money, dem Tomlinson niggers, dee'll say he mighty pinchin'. I hatter be pinchin' myse'f, suh, kaze I know time I sell my ginger-cakes dat ef I don't grip onter de money, dee won' be none lef' fer buy flour en 'lasses fer make mo'. It de Lord's trufe, suh, kaze I done had trouble dat way many's de time. I say dis 'bout Marse Fess Trunion, ef he ain' got de blood, he got de breedin'. Ef he ain' good ez de Tomlinsons, he lots better dan some folks w'at I know."

I gathered from all this that Trunion was a foreigner of some kind, but I found out my mistake later.

"I pick dat man up myse'f, en I knows 'im'most good ez ef he wuz one er we-all."

"What do you mean when you say 'you picked him up?'" I asked, unable to restrain my impatience.

"Well, suh, de fus' time I see Marse Fess Trunion wuz terreckerly atter de Sherman army come 'long. Dem wuz hot times, suh, col' ez de wedder wuz. Dee wuz in about er million un um look like ter me, en dee des ravage de face er de yeth. Dee tuck all de hosses, en all de cows, en all de chickens. Yes, suh; dee cert'n'y did. Man come 'long, en 'low, 'Aunty, you free now,' en den he tuck all my ginger-cakes w'at I bin bak-

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in' 'g'inst Chris'mus'; en den I say, 'Ef I wuz free ez you is, suh, I'd fling you down en take dem ginger-cakes 'way fum you.' Yes, suh. I tole 'im dat. It make me mad fer see de way dat man walk off wid my ginger-cakes.

"I got so mad, suh, dat I foller 'long atter 'im little ways; but dat ain' do no good, kaze he come ter whar dee wuz some yuther men, en dee 'vide up dem cakes till dee want no cake lef'. Den I struck 'cross de plan'ation, en walked 'bout in de drizzlin' rain tell I cool off my madness, suh, kaze de flour dat went in dem cakes cos' me mos' a hunderd dollars in good Confedrick money. Yes, suh; it did dat. En I work for dat money mighty hard.

"Well, suh, I ain' walk fur 'fo' it seem like I year some un talkin'. I stop, I did, en lissen, en still I year um. I ain' see nobody, suh, but still I year um. I walk fus' dis away en den dat away, en den I walk 'roun' en 'roun', en den it pop in my min' 'bout de big gully. It ain' dar now, suh, but in dem days we call it de big gully, kaze it wuz wide en deep. Well, suh, 'fo' I git dar I see hoss-tracks, en dee led right up ter de brink. I look in, I did, en down dar dee wuz a man en a hoss. Yes, suh; dee wuz bofe down dar. De man wuz layin' out flat on he back, en de hoss he wuz layin' sorter up en down de gully en right on top er one er de man legs, en eve'y time de hoss'd scramble en try fer git up de man 'ud talk at 'im. I know dat hoss mus' des a nata'lly groun' dat man legs in de yeth, suh. Yes, suh. It make my flesh crawl w'en I look at um. Yit de man ain' talk like he mad. No, suh, he ain'; en it make me feel like somebody done gone en hit me on de funny-bone w'en I year 'im talkin' dat away. Eve'y time de hoss scuffle, de man he 'low, 'Hol' up, ole fel, you er mashin' all de shape out'n me.' Dat w'at he say, suh. En den he 'low, 'Ef you know how you hurtin', ole fel, I des know you'd be still.' Yes, suh. Dem he ve'y words.

"All dis time de rain wuz a-siftin' down. It fall mighty saft, but 'twuz monst'ous wet, suh. Bimeby I crope up nigher de aidge, en w'en de man see me he holler out, 'Hol' on, aunty; don't you fall down yer!'

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marster, is you hurted much?' Kaze time I look at 'im I know he ain' de villyun w'at make off wid my ginger-cakes. Den he 'low, 'I speck I hurt purty bad, aunty, en de wuss un it is dat my hoss keep hurtin' me mo'.'

"Den nex' time de hoss move it errortate me so, suh, dat I holler at 'im loud ez I ken, 'Wo dar, you scan'lous villyun! Wo!' Well, suh, I speck dat hoss mus' a-bin use'n ter niggers, kaze time I holler at 'im he lay right still, suh. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch holter dat bridle——I don't look like I'm mighty strong, does I, suh?" said Aunt Fountain, pausing suddenly in her narrative to ask the question.

"Well, no," said I, humoring her as much as possible. "You don't seem to be as strong as some people I've seen."

"Dat's it, suh!" she exclaimed. "Dat w'at worry me. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch dat hoss by de bridle. De man say, 'Watch out dar, aunty! don't let he foot hit you. Dee one cripple too much now.' I ain' pay no' 'tention, suh. I des grab de bridle, en I slew dat hoss head roun', en I fa'rly lif' 'im on he foots. Yes, suh, I des lif' 'im on he foots. Den I led 'im down de gully en turnt 'im a-loose, en you ain' never see no hoss supjued like dat hoss wuz, suh. Den I went back whar de man layin', en ax 'im ef he feel better, en he 'low dat he feel like he got a big load lif' offen he min', en den, mos' time he say dat, suh, he faint dead away. Yes, suh. He des faint dead away. I ain' never is see no man like dat, w'at kin be jokin' one minnit en den de nex' be dead, ez you may say. But dat's Marse Fess Trunion, suh. Dat's him up en down.

"Well, suh, I stan' dar, I did, en I ain' know w'at in de name er de Lord I gwine do. I wuz des ez wringin' wet ez if I'd a-bin baptize in de water; en de man he wuz mo' wetter dan w'at I wuz, en goodness knows how long he bin layin' dar. I run back ter de big-'ouse, suh, mighty nigh a mile, en I done my level bes' fer fin' some er de niggers en git um fer go wid me back dar en git de man. But I ain' fin' none un um, suh. Dem w'at ain' gone wid de Sherman army, dee done hide out. Den I went

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in de big-'ouse, suh, en tell Mistiss 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en how he done hurted so bad he ain' kin walk. Den Mistiss—I speck you done fergit Mistiss, suh—Mistiss, she draw herse'f up en ax w'at business dat man er any yuther man got on her plan'ation. I say, 'Yassum, dat so; but he done dar, en ef he stay dar he gwine die dar.' Yes, suh; dat w'at I say. I des put it at mistiss right pine-blank.

"Den my young mistiss—dat's Miss Lady, suh—she say dat dough she spize um all dez bad ez she kin, dat man mus' be brung way from dar. Kaze, she say, she don't keer how yuther folks go on, de Tomlinsons is bleeze to do like Christun people. Yes, suh. She say dem ve'y words. Den Mistiss, she 'low dat de man kin be brung up en put in de corn-crib, but Miss Lady, she say no, he mus' be brung en put right dar in de big-'ouse in one er de up-sta'rs rooms, kaze maybe some er dem State er Georgy boys mought be hurted up dar in de Norf, en want some place fer stay at. Yes, suh. Dat des de way she talk. Den Mistiss, she ain' say nothin,' yit she hol' her head mighty high.

"Well, suh, I went back out in de yard, en den I went 'cross ter de nigger-quarter, en I ain' gone fur tell I year my ole man prayin' in dar some'r's. I know 'im by he v'ice, suh, en he wuz prayin' des like it wuz camp-meetin' time. I hunt 'roun' fer 'im, suh, en bimeby I fin' 'im squattin' down behime de do'. I grab 'im, I did, en I shuck 'im, en I 'low, 'Git up fum yer, you nasty, stinkin' ole villyun, you!' Yes, suh; I wuz mad. I say, 'W'at you doin' squattin' down on de flo'? Git up fum dar en come go 'long wid me!' I hatter laugh, suh, kaze w'en I shuck my old man by de shoulder, en holler at 'im, he put up he two han', suh, en squall out, 'Oh, pray, marster! Don't kill me dis time, en I ain' never gwine do it no mo'!'

"Atter he 'come pacify, suh, den I tell him 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en yit we ain' know w'at ter do. My ole man done hide out some er de mules en hosses down in de swamp, en he feard ter go atter um, suh, kaze he skeerd de Sherman army would come marchin' back en fine um, en he 'low dat he mos' know dee er comin' back atter dat man down dar. Yes, suh. He de skeerdest nigger w'at I ever see, ef I do say it myse'f. Yit, bimeby he put out atter one er de hosses, en he brung 'im back; en we hitch 'im up in de spring-waggin, en atter dat man we went. Yes, suh; we did dat. En w'en we git dar, dat ar man wuz plum ravin' deestracted. He wuz laughin' en talkin' wid hese'f, en gwine on, tell it make yo' blood run col' fer lissen at 'im. Yes, suh.

"Me en my ole man, we pick 'im up des like he wuz baby. I come mighty nigh droppin' 'im, suh, kaze one time, wiles we kyarn 'im up de bank, I year de bones in he leg rasp up 'g'inst one er n'er. Yes, suh. It make me blin' sick, suh. We kyard 'im home en put 'im up st'ars, en dar he stayed fer many's de long day."

"Where was Judge Tomlinson?" I asked. At this Aunt Fountain grew more serious than ever—a seriousness that was expressed by an increased particularity and emphasis in both speech and manner.

"You axin' 'bout Marster? Well, suh, he wuz dar. He wuz cert'n'y dar wid Mistiss en Miss Lady, suh, but look like he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. *Some* folks 'low, suh, dat he ain' right in he head, but dee ain' know 'im—dee ain' know 'im, suh, like we-all. Endurin' er de war, suh, he wuz strucken wid de polzy, en den w'en he git well, he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. Dey'd be long days, suh, w'en he ain' take no notice er nobody ner nuttin' but Miss Lady. He des had dem spells; en den, ag'in, he'd set out on de peazzer en sing by hese'f, en it make me feel so lonesome dat I bleeze ter cry. Yes, suh; it's de Lord's trufe.

"Well, suh, dat man w'at I fin' out dar in de gully wuz Mars Fess Trunion. Yes, suh; de ve'y same man. Dee ain' no tellin' w'at dat po' creetur gone thoo wid. He had fever, he had pneumony, en he had dat broke leg. En all 'long wid dat dee want skacely no time w'en he want laughin' en jokin'. Our w'ite folks, dee des spized 'im kase he bin wid Sherman army. Dee say he wuz Yankee; but I tell um, suh, dat ef Yankee look dat away dee wuz cert'n'y mighty like we-all. Mistiss, she ain'

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never go 'bout 'im wiles he sick; en Miss Lady, she keep mighty shy, en she tu'n up her nose eve'y time she year 'im laugh. Oh, yes, suh. Dee cert'n'y spize de Yankees endurin' er dem times. Dee hated um rank, suh. I tell um, I say, 'You-all des wait. Dee ain' no nicer man dan w'at he is, en you-all des wait tell you know 'im.' *Shoo!* I des might ez well talk ter de win', suh—dee hate de Yankees dat rank.

"By de time dat man git so he kin creep 'bout on crutches, he look mos' good ez he do now. He wuz dat full er life, suh, dat he bleeze ter go down-sta'rs, en down he went. Well, suh, he wuz mighty lucky dat day. Kaze ef he'd a run up wid Mistiss en Miss Lady by hese'f, dee'd er done sumpn' ner fer ter make 'im feel bad. Dee cert'n'y would, suh. But dee wuz walkin' 'roun' in de yard, en he come out on de peazzer whar Marster wuz sunnin' hese'f en singin'. I wouldn' b'lieve it, suh, ef I ain' see it wid my two eyes; but Marster got up out'n he cheer, en straighten hese'f en shuck han's wid Mars Fess, en look like he know all 'bout it. Dee sot dar, suh, en talk en laugh, en laugh en talk, tell bimeby I 'gun ter git skeerd on de accounts er bofe un um. Dee talk 'bout de war, en dee talk 'bout de Yankees, en dee talk politics right straight 'long des like Marster done 'fo' he bin strucken wid de polzy. En he talk sense, suh. He cert'n'y did. Bimeby Mistiss en Miss Lady come back fum dee walk, en dee look like dee gwine drap w'en dee see w'at gwine on. Dem two mens wuz so busy talkin', suh, dat dee ain' see de wimmen folks, en dee des keep right on wid dee argafyin'. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee ain' know w'at ter make er all dis, en dee stan' dar lookin' fus' at Marster en den at one er n'er. Bimeby dee went up de steps en start to go by, but Marster he riz up en stop um. Yes, suh. He riz right up en stop um, en right den en dar, suh, he make um interjuced ter one an'er. He stan' up en he say, 'Mr. Trunion, dis my wife; Mr. Trunion, dis my daughter.'

"Well, suh, I wuz stannin' back in de big hall, en w'en I see Marster gwine on dat away my knees come mighty nigh failin' me, suh. Dis de fus' time w'at he reckermember anybody name, an de fus' time he do like he useter, sence he bin sick wid de polzy. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee come 'long in atter w'ile, en dee look like dee skeerd. Well, suh, I des fa'rly preach at um. Yes, suh; I did dat. I say, 'You see dat? You see how Marster doin'? Ef de han' er de Lord ain' in dat, den he han' ain' bin in nuttin' on de top side er dis yeth.' I say, 'You see how you bin cuttin' up 'roun' dat sick w'ite man wid yo' biggity capers, en yit de Lord retch down en make Marster soun' en well time de yuther w'ite man tetch 'im. Well, suh, dey wuz dat worked up dat dey sot down en cried. Yes, suh; dey did dat. Dey cried. En I ain' tellin' you no lie, suh, I stood dar en cried wid um. Let 'lone dat, I des fa'rly boohooed. Yes, suh; dat's me. W'en I git ter cryin', sho' nuff, I bleeze ter boohoo.

"Fum dat on, Marster do like hese'f en talk like hese'f. It look like he bin sleep long time, suh, en de sleep done 'im good. All he sense come back; en you know, suh, de Tomlinsons, w'en dey at deese'f, got much sense ez dee want en some fer give way. Mistiss and Miss Lady, dee wuz mighty proud 'bout Marster, suh, but dee ain' fergit dat de yuther man wuz Yankee, en dee hol' deese'f monst'ous stiff. He notice dat hese'f, en he want ter go 'way, but Marster, he 'fuse ter lissen at 'im right pine-blank, suh. He say de dead Tomlinsons would in about turn over in dee graves ef dee know he sont a cripple man 'way from he 'ouse. Den he want ter pay he board, but Marster ain' lissen ter dat, en needer is Mistiss; en dis mighty funny, too, kaze right dat minnit dee want a half er dollar er good money in dee whole fambly, ceppin' some silver w'at I work fer en w'at I hide in er chink er my chimbly. No, suh. Dee want er half er dollar in de whole fambly, suh. En yit dee won't take de greenbacks w'at dat man offer um.

"By dat time, suh, de war wuz done done, en dee wuz tough times. Dee cert'n'y wuz, suh. De railroads wuz all broke up, en eve'ything look like it gwine helter-skelter right straight ter de Ole Boy. Dey want no law, suh, en dey want no nuttin'; en ef it hadn't er bin fer me en my ole man I speck de Tomlinsons, proud ez dee wuz, would er

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bin mightily pincht fer fin' bread en meat. But dee ain' never want fer it yit, suh, kaze w'en me en my ole man git whar we can't move no furder, Marse Fess Trunion, he tuck holt er de place en he fetcht it right side up terreckerly. He say ter me dat he gwine pay he board dat away, suh, but he ain' say it whar de Tomlinsons kin year 'im, kaze den dee'd a-bin a fuss, suh. But he kotch holt, en me, en him, en my ole man, we des he't eve'ything hot. Mo' speshually Marse Fess Trunion, suh. You ain' know 'im, suh, but dat ar w'ite man, he got mo' ways ter work, en mo' short cuts ter de ways, suh, dan any w'ite man w'at I ever see, en I done see lots un um. It got so, suh, dat me en my ole man ain' have ter draw no mo' rashuns fum de F'eedman Bureau; but dee wuz one spell, suh, w'en wuss rashuns dan dem wuz on de Tomlinson table.

"Well, suh, dat w'ite man, he work en he scuffle; he hire niggers, and he turn um off; he plan, en he projick; en 'tain' so mighty long, suh, 'fo' he got eve'ything gwine straight. How he done it I'll never tell you, suh; but do it he did. He put he own money in dar, suh, kaze dee wuz two times dat I knows un w'en he git money out'n de pos'-office, en I see 'im pay it out ter de niggers, suh. En all dat time he look like he de happies' w'ite man on top er de groun', suh. Yes, suh. En w'en he at de 'ouse Marster stuck right by 'im, en ef he bin he own son he couldn't pay him mo' 'tention. Dee wuz times, suh, w'en it seem like ter me dat Marse Fess Trunion wuz a-cuttin' he eye at Miss Lady, en den I 'low ter myse'f, 'Shoo, man! you mighty nice en all dat, but you Yankee, en you nee'nter be a-drappin' yo' wing 'roun' Miss Lady, kaze she too high-strung fer dat.'

"It look like he see it de same way I do, suh, kaze atter he git eve'ything straight he say he gwine home. Marster look like he feel mighty bad, but Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee ain' say nuttin' 'tall. Den, atter w'ile, suh, Marse Fess Trunion fix up, en off he put. Yes, suh. He went off whar he come fum, en I speck he folks wuz mighty glad ter see 'im atter so long, kaze ef dee ever wuz a plum nice man it wuz dat man. He want no great big man, suh, en he ain' make much fuss, yit he lef' a mighty big hole at de Tomlinson Place w'en he pulled out fum dar. Yes, suh; he did dat. It look like it lonesome all over de plan'ation. Marster, he 'gun ter git droopy, but eve'y time de dinner-bell ring he go ter de foot er de sta'rs en call out, 'Come on, Trunion!' Yes, suh. He holler dat out eve'y day, en den, wiles he be talkin', he'd stop en look roun' en say, 'Whar Trunion?' It ain' make no diffunce who he talkin' wid, suh, he'd des stop right still en ax, 'Whar Trunion?' Den de niggers, dee got slack, en eve'ything 'gun ter go een'-ways. One day I run up on Miss Lady settin' down cryin', en I ax her w'at de name er goodness de matter, en she say nuff de matter. Den I say she better go ask her pappy whar Trunion, en den she git red in de face, en 'low I better go 'ten' ter my business; en den I tell her dat ef somebody ain' tell us whar Trunion is, en dat mighty quick, dee won't be no business on dat place fer 'ten' ter. Yes, suh. I tol' her dat right p'intedly, suh.

"Well, suh, one day Marse Fess Trunion come a-drivin' up in a shiny double-buggy, en he look like he des step right out'n a ban'-box; en ef ever I wuz glad ter see anybody, I wuz glad ter see dat man. Marster wuz glad; en dis time, suh, Miss Lady wuz glad, en she show it right plain; but Mistiss, she still sniff de a'r en hol' her head high. 'Twant long, suh, 'fo' we all knowd dat Marse Fess wuz gwine marry Miss Lady. I ain' know how dee fix it, kaze Mistiss never is come right out en say she 'greeable 'bout it, but Miss Lady wuz a Bledsoe, too, en a Tomlinson ter boot, en I ain' never see nobody w'at impatient nuff fer ter stan' out 'g'inst dat gal. It ain' all happen, suh, quick ez I tell it, but it happen; en but fer dat, I dunno w'at in de name er goodness would er 'come er dis place."

A few hours later, as I sat with Trunion on the veranda of his house, he verified Aunt Fountain's story, but not until after he was convinced that I was familiar with the history of the family. There was much in that history he could afford to be proud of, modern though he

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was. A man who believes in the results of blood in cattle is not likely to ignore the possibility of similar results in human beings; and I think he regarded the matter in some such practical light. He was a man, it seemed, who was disposed to look lightly on trouble once it was over with, and I found he was not so much impressed with his struggle against the positive scorn and contempt of Mrs. Tomlinson—a struggle that was infinitely more important and protracted than Aunt Fountain had described it to be—as he was with his conflict with Bermuda grass. He told me laughingly of some of his troubles with his hot-headed neighbors in the early days after the war, but nothing of this sort seemed to be as important as his difficulties with Bermuda grass. Here the practical and progressive man showed himself; for I have a very vivid recollection of the desperate attempts of the farmers of that region to uproot and destroy this particular variety.

As for Trunion, he conquered it by cultivating it, for the benefit of himself and his neighbors, and I suspect that this is the way he conquered his other opponents. It was a great victory over the grass at any rate. I walked with him over the Place, and the picture of it all is still framed in my mind—the wonderful hedges of Cherokee roses, and the fragrant and fertile stretches of green Bermuda through which beautiful fawn-colored cattle were leisurely making their way. He had a theory that this was the only grass in the world fit for the dainty Jersey cow to eat.

There were comforts and conveniences on the Tomlinson Place not dreamed of in the old days, and I think there was substantial happiness there, too. Trunion himself was a wholesome man, a man full of honest affection, hearty laughter, and hard work—a breezy, companionable, energetic man. There was something boyish, unaffected, and winsome in his manners, and I can easily understand why Judge Addison Tomlinson, in his old age, insisted on astonishing his family and his guests by exclaiming "Where's Trunion?" Certainly he was a man to think about and inquire after.

I have rarely seen a livelier woman than his wife, and I think her happiness helped to make her so. She had inherited a certain degree of cold stateliness from her ancestors, but her experience after the war and Trunion's unaffected ways had acted as powerful correctives, and there was nothing in the shape of indifference or haughtiness to mar her singular beauty.

As for Mrs. Tomlinson—the habit is still strong in me to call her Harriet Bledsoe—I think that in her secret soul she had an ineradicable contempt for Trunion's extraordinary business energy. I think his "push and vim," as the phrase goes, shocked her sense of propriety to a far greater extent than she would have been willing to admit. But she had little time to think of these matters; for she had taken possession of her grandson, Master Addison Tomlinson Trunion, and was absorbed in his wild and boisterous ways, as grandmothers will be. This boy, a brave and manly little fellow, had Trunion's temper, but he had inherited the Tomlinson air. It became him well, too, and I think Trunion was proud of it.

"I am glad," said I, in parting, "that I have seen Aunt Fountain's Prisoner."

"Ah!" said he, looking at his wife, who smiled and blushed, "that was during the war. Since then I have been a Prisoner of Peace."

I do not know what industrial theories Trunion has impressed on his neighborhood by this time, but he gave me a practical illustration of the fact that one may be a Yankee and a Southerner too, simply by being a large-hearted, whole-souled American.

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REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE COMMUNE.

IT was not until Thursday evening, March 2d, 1871, that the details for the evacuation of Paris were regulated by the French and German military authorities. It was agreed that the evacuation should commence the next (Friday) morning at eight o'clock and terminate at eleven.

There was much disappointment felt in Paris at the delay which had taken place in respect to the official notice of the ratification of the treaty by the National Assembly. It had been supposed that the German troops would leave in the course of the afternoon of March 2d. They did not leave, however, and there seemed to be a larger number of them in the city then than at any time the day before. Nevertheless, everything continued to be perfectly quiet. The Champs Elysées, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, had been guarded by German soldiers, and in the afternoon I saw great numbers of French people on the Avenue mingling with them. The shops and restaurants in many parts of the city remained closed, but in other parts, more remote from the portion occupied by the Germans, everything was going on as usual. In driving out through the Boulevard du Temple to the Bastille, and returning by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli as far as the Hôtel de Ville, I found the stores all open, the omnibuses and carriages in the street as usual, and the streets filled with people. No one, in such a part of the city, would have supposed that the hated enemy of France held the town by military occupation. The day was remarkably pleasant. In all parts of the city where I went, in which circulation had not been interdicted by the military authorities, I found the streets crowded, but there was no unusual excitement anywhere.

The German troops commenced moving out at the appointed time on the next morning, marching up the Champs Elysées and passing under the Arc de Triomphe with great cheering. At eleven o'clock precisely the last German soldier passed through the Porte Maillot, and Paris breathed free. During the occupation there had been undoubtedly a good deal of suppressed excitement in some quarters, but there had been no serious disturbance anywhere. Indeed, everything had passed off much better than could have been anticipated. No sooner were the troops fairly on their way out of the city than the closed stores, cafés, restaurants, and hotels threw open their doors; the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was swept and sprinkled, and the magnificent fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play. At three o'clock in the afternoon (the day was splendid) all the invested parts of the city, which had for two days been, as it were, under a funeral pall, presented a most gay and cheerful aspect, and the people looked far happier than I had seen them for so many long months.

It was an extraordinary state of things which existed from the time the armistice was signed. There was great discontent among all the lower classes, and the immense force of the National Guard was insubordinate and lawless. The Government of the National Defence had been indorsed by a *plebiscite* of the people of Paris on the 1st of November, by a majority of nearly five hundred thousand votes, and for a time they tried to stem the tide, by always answering that they had bread enough

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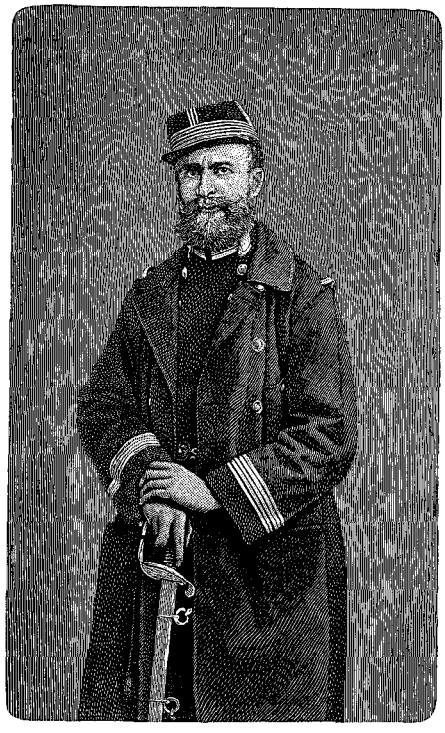

Gustave Flourens (from a photograph).

and to spare. But when that bread gave out and the rationing had to be resorted to, the public became violently agitated. Trochu was everywhere denounced for his lamentable failures in accomplishing military success, and for his general incapacity as the governor of Paris. He had sworn before the public that he would never capitulate. But that could not save him, and the Government of the National Defence decided to remove him as commander of the army of Paris and suppress his title and functions as governor of Paris. As a little sop to him, they declared that he should retain the presidency of the government. All power and authority of the Government of the National Defence seemed to be drifting away, and there was nothing to resist the current.

Among the most dangerous, active, and, it might be said, the most accomplished of the agitators and revolutionists was a young scholar by the name of Gustave Flourens. He had been arrested by the government for his participation in the affair of the 31st of October, and for other insurrectionary acts, and incarcerated in the prison of Mazas. On the 21st of January, 1871, a band of the insurrectionary National Guard broke into the prison and delivered Flourens and several other prisoners. His release was the forerunner of a very serious affair which took place at the Hôtel de Ville on the morning of the 22d of January. On every hand there was now disorder and incitation to violence, and on the 28th of January there appeared the germ of what became the Commune of Paris, which was the formation of what was called the *comité* of the National Guard—soon after moulded into a vast instrument that undertook to break down the government and to set up its own authority in Paris and in France.

At this time there was naturally the most intense excitement in the city. The proceedings of the National Assembly at Bordeaux attracted universal attention, and its election of M. Thiers as chief of the Executive power was well received by all the better classes. At the earliest moment possible after the organization of the Assembly the Government of the National Defence deposed its power into the Assembly's hands, but agreed to exercise its functions until another government could be established. Though Bordeaux was one of the first cities of France, it afforded very inadequate accommodations for the new legislative body, and for the vast numbers of people who congregated there. It was not strange, therefore, that as soon as the Assembly got through with the work which required immediate attention, it resolved to remove its sittings to Versailles. The question of this removal excited a good deal of feeling and discussion. The committee to which the question was referred made unanimous report in favor of removing the Assembly to Fontainebleau. Single-handed and alone, M. Thiers attacked the conclusions of the committee, and induced the Assembly to meet at Versailles about the middle of March, where it would sit, while the real seat of government would be at Paris. It was understood that M. Thiers would occupy the splendid hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that he would hold his

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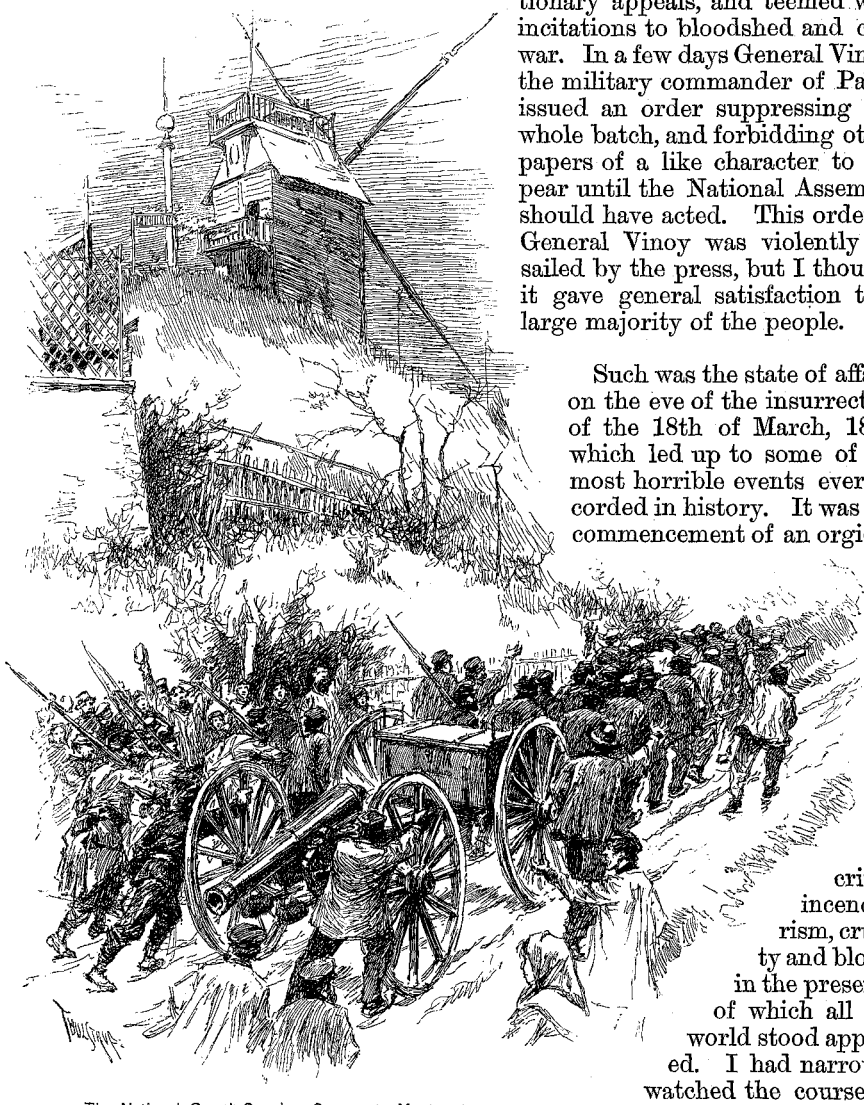
official receptions there. The Council of Ministers, however, was to hold its meetings at Versailles.

While everything at this time was in chaos and uncertainty so far as the government of the country was concerned, it was quite evident that the tendency of the people was to continue the republic as the only form of government which could be sustained in France. Yet it was very unsafe to make predictions as to what might happen later. After the siege was raised some half-dozen very violent newspapers had been established, which were daily filled with the most revolutionary appeals, and teemed with incitations to bloodshed and civil war. In a few days General Vinoy, the military commander of Paris, issued an order suppressing the whole batch, and forbidding other papers of a like character to appear until the National Assembly should have acted. This order of General Vinoy was violently assailed by the press, but I thought it gave general satisfaction to a large majority of the people.



The National Guard Carrying Cannon to Montmartre.

Such was the state of affairs on the eve of the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871, which led up to some of the most horrible events ever recorded in history. It was the commencement of an orgie of crime, incendiarism, cruelty and blood, in the presence of which all the world stood appalled. I had narrowly watched the course of events, and had, to some extent, foreseen the storm which was so soon to break upon Paris. On March 17th I had written a long account to my Government in respect to the state of things which existed in the city at that time, and had mentioned the fact that the National Guard had seized arms and ammunition, fortified themselves on the Butte Montmartre, and set up an insurrectionary government in opposition to the regular government. But

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I had no idea that such startling events were to be so soon precipitated upon us.

I shall describe briefly how the knowledge of them first reached me, and then return to the events themselves in more detail.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, who had remained in Paris throughout the whole siege, and from whom I had received so much hospitality, had a country-seat in the little village called Petit Val, some ten or fifteen miles from Paris. The Germans had been in possession of their house during the siege. Mrs. Moulton and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles J. Moulton, had invited me to go there with them on the 18th. On the morning of that day I received a despatch from Count Bismarck to be immediately delivered to M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs. On going to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at nine o'clock, to deliver my despatch, I found an unusual excitement. M. Thiers and all the members of the Cabinet were there, and also a large number of military men. I was not apprised of the gravity of the situation which had brought all these people together at that comparatively early hour in the morning. Taking a carriage at Mr. Moulton's, we started a little before noon on our trip. Everything was then comparatively quiet in Paris. There was no excitement in the streets, and there appeared to be nothing unusual going on, except at the Foreign Office. Just as we were starting, Mr. Moulton said there were rumors flying about that there had been a collision between the regular troops and certain insurrectionary forces at Butte Montmartre, and that two generals had been killed. As the city was always full of rumors, frequently of the most absurd and ridiculous character, which almost invariably turned out to be false, I paid no particular attention to them. And so we started on our little journey.

We remained at Petit Val nearly all day, and left at quite a late hour on our return home. We came into Paris about six o'clock in the evening by way of the Bastille. To my surprise I found the circulation of carriages interdicted on the principal streets, and I was obliged to turn into the by-streets. I soon found my way impeded by the barricades which had been improvised everywhere by the insurrectionary National Guard. After showing my card to the various commandants, I was enabled to go through the obstructed quarters. While I saw so many evidences of great public commotion, I had no adequate conception of how serious matters were until the next morning, when Mr. Riggs came to my house to give me information of what had happened the day before. This was Sunday morning. I immediately started for my legation, and found the city full of the most fearful rumors. It seemed that the government had made an attempt on the morning of Saturday, the 18th, to dislodge the insurgents from the Butte Montmartre and to get possession of the cannon there, which had been placed in position on Friday. The troops of the line fraternized with the National Guard, put their muskets *crosse en air*, and refused to fire upon them. All was lost from that moment, though the government did not appear to realize it. Various feeble demonstrations were made during the day to vindicate public authority, but they amounted to nothing. All day long, whenever the troops of the line and the National Guard came within reach of each other they reversed their muskets in token of peace.

Reaching my legation, I realized the serious character of the situation and at once took a carriage and started for the Foreign Office to find out what had really happened. There were a good many National Guards wandering about and Paris had a sinister appearance. A gentleman who had got into my carriage to go to the Foreign Office with me did not very much like the look of things, and as we were crossing one of the bridges over the Seine which led to the Foreign Office, at a slow pace, I found that he had quietly slipped out of the carriage, leaving me alone. I proceeded, however, on my mission. I drove into the court, and went into the building by the usual entrance. Entering the antechamber, I found therein the old messenger whose business it was to receive people and to take in their cards to the Minister. On addressing him, how great was my sur-

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prise when he told me that M. Jules Favre and the whole government had left Paris for Versailles at half-past nine the night before. He said that matters had been hastened by a battalion of the National Guard, which passed the Quai d'Orsay, in front of the Foreign Office, at four o'clock in the afternoon, uttering menacing cries. Leaving the magnificent palace, then utterly deserted, I went on to the Boulevard and to the Washington Club, and found that the news of the shooting of General Clement Thomas and Lecomte by the insurgent troops the day before was confirmed. Before I reached the legation I found out that the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Justice, as well as the Prefecture of Police, and the Hôtel de Ville, were all occupied by the insurgents. The regular government of France, constituted by the will of the people, as expressed through the National Assembly at Bordeaux, having been driven from Paris by the insurrectionary movement, had established itself at Versailles. That being the case, there was no longer a government at Paris with which I could hold any diplomatic relations; and it was the same with all the diplomatic corps. It therefore became necessary to follow the government to Versailles. I was obliged to leave, like the others of my colleagues, and I immediately sent my secretary to Versailles to secure a place for the legation. But the city was full, and he was only enabled to hire a small room in a side street. For the first time since the foundation of our Government was the Minister of the United States obliged to write his official despatches from any place in France other than the city of Paris. But, as I informed my Government, while my official residence and the legation would be technically at Versailles, I should go into Paris every day and occupy the actual legation, in which there had been no change whatever.

The Palace of Justice.

I shall now come to a fuller description of the insurrection itself which had so suddenly brought about these extraordinary results.

When M. Thiers and his Ministers came into Paris after the siege to take the reins of the government, there were two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the National Guard fully armed and equipped and drawing their regular pay

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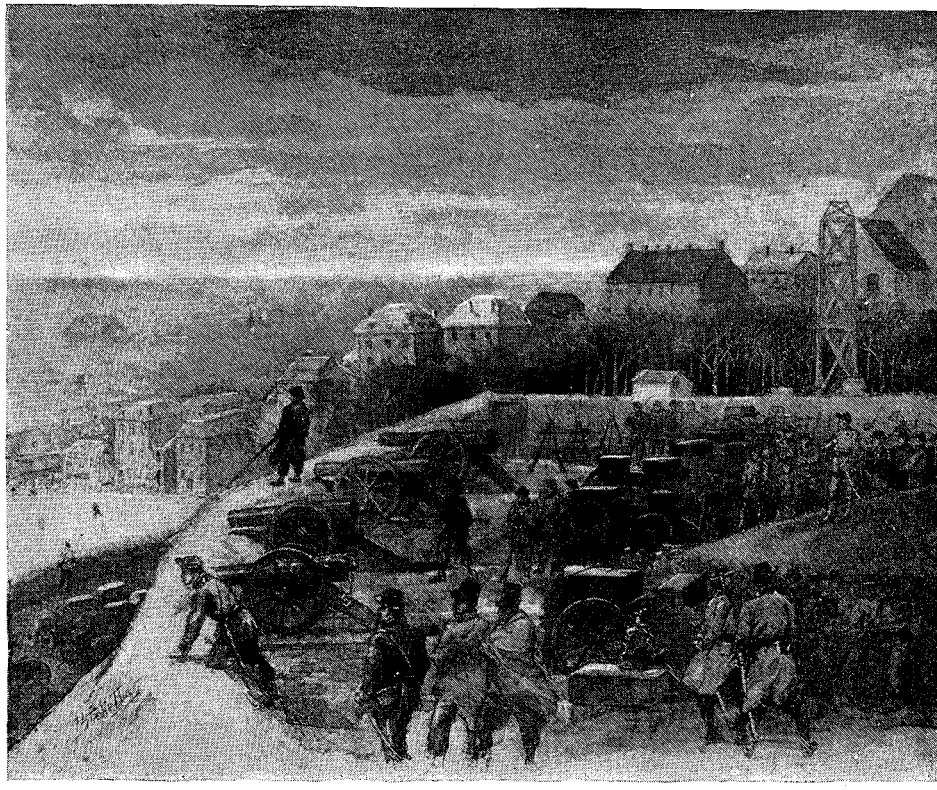

Fortified Camp of the Insurrectionary National Guard on the Butte Montmartre.

and rations. This force showed itself hostile to the government, and was unwilling to come under its supreme will. Unfortunately, the authorities not only did not at once disarm this National Guard, at whatever cost, but it took no resolute steps in that direction, and the spirit of insubordination grew by what it fed on. This weakness encouraged all the elements of discontent, and some of the National Guard defied all authority. The time coming when it was absolutely necessary that the government should try titles with the insurgents, it was found that the whole force had been tinctured with the revolutionary and insurrectionary spirit, and that no reliance could be placed upon it.

The new power of the "Central Committee of the National Guard," which was then formed, held its sitting in secret, and it was soon seen that its decisions became insurrectionary acts which overthrew all constituted authority. It was in vain that M. Ernest Picard, Minister of the Interior, issued his proclamation pointing out the lawless and insurrectionary acts of the central committee and appealing to all good citizens to aid in stifling in the germ such culpable manifestations. But the insurrectionists laughed at all these proclamations and appeals, holding, as it were, possession of Paris, and backed up by such a vast military force. The Butte Montmartre soon became a veritable camp of the insurrectionists. Guards were mounted regularly day and night, and like old campaigners were relieved at regular intervals. There were drummers and trumpeters. The officers, with broad red belts, high boots, and long swords, paraded with cigars in their mouths, and seemed almost overpowered with the importance of the high mission which had devolved upon them. The regular government was evidently afraid to confront the threatening state

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of things which had arrived; and this further weakness being disclosed, it was natural that the insurrectionists should take more and more courage and commence massing more and more cannon from different parts of the city.

On the 17th of March the government issued a stirring proclamation, which was followed by another proclamation the succeeding day. The commencement of the insurrection of the 18th of March was signalized by an act of brutality and madness almost without parallel. General Lecomte was charged with the command of a force destined to recapture the Butte Montmartre and take away the guns of the insurrectionary National Guard. This force, however, proved treacherous, insubordinate and disloyal, and after seizing the guns, they gave them up, and fraternized with the other side. General Lecomte himself was made a prisoner. Another force was sent to release him, but without making any serious effort to that end, this second force also quickly fraternized with the insurgents, and were soon found drinking with them in the wine-shops. It was a strange sight, to see the women and children all coming into the streets, taking part with the insurrectionary forces, and howling like a pack of wolves. There was a report that General Vinoy, who had gone into the vicinity, and who was on horseback, was surrounded by a mob of women who pelted him with stones and, as the deepest mark of insult, threw at him a cap. After Lecomte had been arrested, he was taken to the Château Rouge and held as a prisoner.

General Lecomte (from a photograph).

General Clement Thomas (from a photograph).

Among the men who returned to Paris after the fall of the Empire was Clement Thomas. After eighteen years of exile, he had come back to France to offer his sword to his country. He had been a life-long republican, a true patriot, and a serious and able man. He was sent out of France after the *coup d'etat* of the 2d of December, 1851, by the order of one of those terrible "mixed commissions" of Bonapartists, which drove out of France so many of its ablest, most distinguished and patriotic men. The mem-

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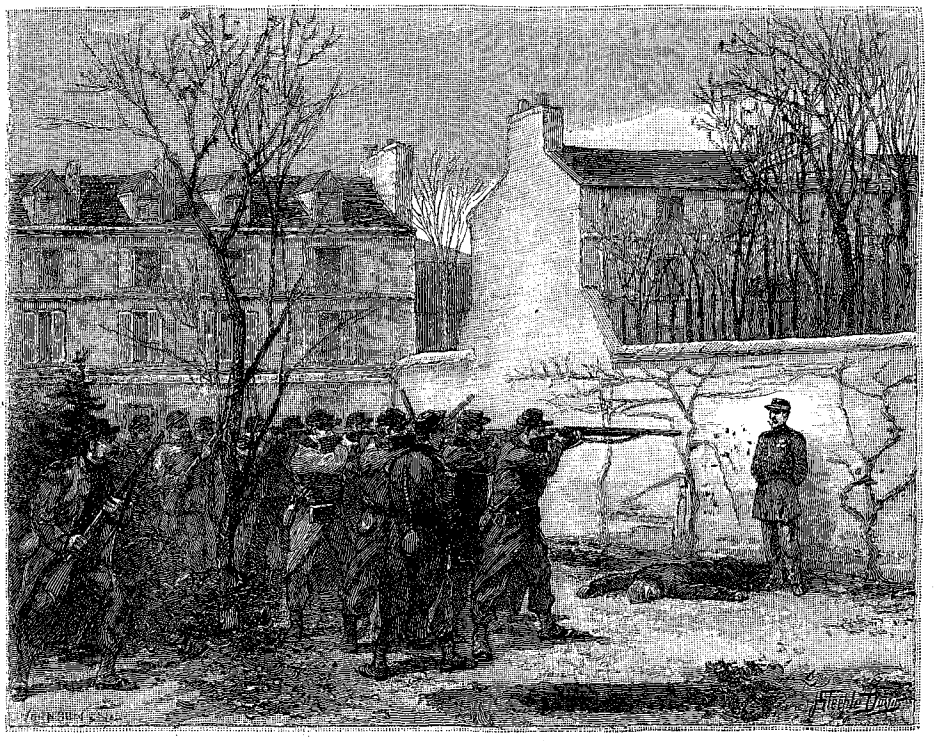
ory of these commissions will remain forever to dishonor the second empire. At the breaking out of the insurrection of the 18th of March, General Thomas, having learned that one of his old aides had been arrested by the insurgents, started off in citizen's clothes to go to Montmartre to look after him. troubles were over, I had the curiosity to visit the place. It was a good-looking house for that part of the city, and there was a large garden in front. In a small room in the house, on the first floor, which I entered, a mock tribunal, or a burlesque court-martial, assembled, which, without form or ceremony, and



The Shooting of Thomas and Lecomte (from photographs of sketches made at the time).

Reaching the Place Pigalle, a National Guard recognized him, from his long, white beard, and went up to him and said, "Are you not General Thomas?" The general answered, "Whatever be my name, I have always done my duty." "You are a wretch and a traitor!" cried the National Guard, and seizing him by the collar, took him to the Château Rouge, where General Lecomte had previously been imprisoned. In the course of that day, the 18th of March, a force of about one hundred National Guards went to their prison and escorted them to the top of Montmartre, where they stopped before an apartment-house, No. 6 Rue des Rosiers. After the without a hearing, decided, *séance tenante*, that the two generals should be immediately executed. Accordingly, a platoon of the assassin National Guard was at once called and the two men were taken into the garden, and Clement Thomas was ordered to take his place against the wall. The order was given, the report of muskets rent the air, and General Thomas fell with his face to the earth. "It is your turn now," said one of the assassins to General Lecomte. Standing near by, the general advanced, and, stepping over the body of General Clement Thomas, took his place with his back to the wall. The order "Fire!" was given, and General Le-

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comte fell dead beside the body of General Thomas.

The people of Paris looked with great interest for the appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday morning, the

Lieutenant La Grange (said to have ordered the shooting of Thomas).

19th. It was issued, as usual, by the government. It published a proclamation to the National Guard and commented editorially on the insurrectionary and criminal proceedings of the day before, and denounced the assassination of General Lecomte and General Clement Thomas. "That frightful crime," said the editorial, "accomplished under the eyes of the central committee, gave the measure of horrors with which Paris would be menaced if the savage agitators, who troubled the city and dishonored France, should triumph."

The appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday, with its proclamations and denunciations, suggested to the central committee how important it was that the insurrectionists should control this organ of the government. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, a squad of the National Guard broke into the printing-office of the paper. As soon as the number of the 19th of March had been made up, printed, and sent out, the employés and all connected with the office escaped to Versailles to join the government and the National Assembly. The invaders then took possession of the printing-presses and the official and non-official articles which had been set up in type and remained in the composing-rooms. From that time the office and the control of the *Journal Officiel* was in the hands of the insurrectionists, who issued the paper in regular form. The name was not changed, and in typographical appearance it was precisely the same as it had previously been, but its proclamations and editorials were issued as coming from the *Fédération Républicaine de la Garde Nationale*, and it was the organ of the central committee.

On the same day, Sunday, the 19th, the central committee of the National Guard issued a proclamation. "Citizens!" said the proclamation, "The people of Paris have taken off the yoke endeavored to be imposed upon them; the inhabitants of Montmartre and Belleville have taken their guns and intend to keep them. Tranquil in our strength, we have waited without fear, as without provocation, the shameless madmen who menaced the republic. This time our brothers of the army will not raise their hands against the holy Ark of Liberty. Thanks for all; let Paris and France unite to build a republic and accept with acclaim the only government that will close forever the floodgates of invasion and civil war. The

Assi (from a photograph).

state of siege is raised, the people of Paris are convoked in its sections to elect the Commune. The safety of all citizens is assured by the body of the National Guard."

This proclamation was given at the Hôtel de Ville, which the insurrection-

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ists had taken possession of. This central committee was composed of men

Lullier (from a photograph).

who were utterly unknown. They had emerged from total obscurity, and people asked with astonishment and stupor how it was possible that such men could possess themselves of such powers. Assi had been a prominent member of the International Society and had a deplorable notoriety, but he virtually became the first head of the "Commune." But he was overtaken by a fate which so often happens in time of revolution, insurrection, and public disorders. He was a man of action and had some ability. According to my recollection, he had headed a great strike at the mines of Creuzot and thereby acquired a certain reputation. In his position as chairman of the central committee he was one of the most violent and reckless. But in the end he was not able to keep up with the procession, and being accused of reaction, he was imprisoned by the Commune for lack of revolutionary energy, and, finally, when placed at liberty, he was relegated to a subordinate position. I do not remember ever having seen but two of the members of this central committee—Jourde, who afterward became the delegate of the Commune to the Ministry of Finance, and Charles Lullier.

On Tuesday, the 21st, Paris was in full revolt and under the absolute control of a body of usurpers upheld by a vast military force. The government of the country had fled. The Chief of the Executive Power, M. Thiers, all the Ministers, and most of their attachés and employés had fled. There was not a shadow of a legal and responsible city or national government, and it was a state of things that I can but look back upon now as being full of the greatest peril which ever impended over a people. And yet how strange! The great mass of the Parisians sat quietly down under that condition of matters. In the afternoon of that day I took a long drive through the most important quarters of Paris and through many important business streets. The stores were all open, the omnibuses were all running, the streets were full of people, and no one would have imagined, from what was seen on all sides, that we were in a city of two millions of people practically without any government whatever. There was a considerable demonstration, in the afternoon, by persons calling themselves "friends of order."

Jourde (from a photograph).

They were men of property and character who went entirely unarmed. The effect of that demonstration was to inspire some confidence among the or-

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derly people of the city, but at the same time it served to exasperate the insurgents. As its effect seemed on the whole good, however, it was determined to repeat it on the next day, Wednesday, the 22d.

On that day I went to Versailles to make final arrangements for changing my official residence to that place. While there, in the afternoon, news came that there had been a shocking occurrence in the Rue de la Paix. It was bad enough at the best, but with the exaggerations which surrounded the intelligence it seemed absolutely terrible. Returning to the city late in the day, I found the excitement intense, and no one knew what was to take place, or what would come next. This demonstration of the "friends of order" had been a much larger one than that of the day before, and composed of thousands of the best citizens of Paris. They had rendezvoused at a certain point, and, without arms, formed themselves into squads and marched to the Rue de la Paix. In the procession there were many members of the National Guard, but they were mostly civilians, many of them carrying ordinary walking-sticks and in some cases umbrellas. The insurrectionary National Guard had possession of the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the Rue de la Paix. This demonstration was purely one of peace, by unarmed and patriotic men without any idea of violence, and made for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a law-and-order sentiment still existing in Paris. Proceeding down the Rue de la Paix in an orderly manner, toward the Place Vendôme, they were fired upon by the National Guard, and many were killed outright and a still larger number seriously wounded. Many prominent citizens of Paris were killed, among them Otto Hottinger, Regent of the Bank of France and a member of the great banking-house of Hottinger & Co. One American was killed, who, it turned out, was a young man from St. Louis who had come over to fight for the French in the war with Germany, and who had been in our service during the rebellion; and after all it was his fate to be shot down by the National Guard of Paris.

A Domiciliary Visit.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the condition of things as they were in Paris, for two or three days after the massacre in the Rue de la Paix. Some portions of the city were quiet and orderly, but in other portions nothing was seen but "grim-visaged war," barricades, regiments marching and countermarching, the beating of the rappel, the mounting guard, the display of cannon and mitrailleuses, and

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the interdiction of circulation in the streets. Numerous arrests were being made, mock trials were instituted, and executions were taking place. This condition of affairs was illustrated with sanguinary *naïveté* in a military report made on the 21st of March by the "General" commanding the National Guard at Montmartre, who had formerly been a dealer in cooking-utensils. He says, in the first place, that there is "nothing new; night calm and without incident." He then goes on to say that at five minutes after ten two sergeants were brought in by the *franc-tireurs* and immediately shot. He continued: "At twenty minutes after midnight, a guardian of the peace, accused of having a revolver, is shot." He closes his report of that calm night "without incident" by saying that the gendarme brought in by the guards of the twenty-eighth battalion at seven o'clock, is shot. Thus it was seen that in one night, in only one of the arrondissements, four officers of the law were deliberately murdered.

It was but a short time before the insurrectionists at the Hôtel de Ville commenced making requisitions, and issued a proclamation saying, that in case a requisition was not complied with, the "citizens" charged with the commission should have authority to call on the National Guard of the quarter for assistance. It was not a week after the 18th of March, the day of the breaking out of the insurrection, before the disorganization of Paris had become complete. There was no power to be applied to for the protection of life, liberty, or property. Anarchy, assassination, and massacre held high carnival, and whispers were heard everywhere of a "law of the suspect," of the drawing up of lists of proscriptions, and of domiciliary visits.

On the 24th of March the central committee had delegated the military power of Paris to three men—Brunel, Eudes, and Duval—to have the title of "General," and to act in concert until the arrival of General Garibaldi, who had been proclaimed as General-in-Chief. The new generals issued their proclamation, and further proclamations were issued by the central committee, which appeared in the *Journal Officiel* on the 25th of March. One of these proclamations definitely fixed Saturday, the 26th of March, for the municipal election to elect members of what was called an *Assemblée Communale*.

This election was called without the least pretence of authority by the *Comité Central*, in the hope of strengthening itself in its position by a pretended indorsement of the people of Paris. It had attempted to get the National Assembly to accede to the election. Many of the deputies of Paris in the Assembly united with many of the mayors of Paris to sustain it, but the great mass of the serious people, who justly appreciated what consequences would grow out of such a revolutionary action, were utterly opposed to having anything to do with such an election. The National Assembly repudiated it, but it was held all the same, and the day was one of fête. Being without a shadow of legality, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The whole vote not being sufficient under the law of the land to elect, the National Guard committee dispensed with that formality, and the result was that an *Assemblée Communale* was declared elected, which in no manner represented the people. Such was the smallness of the vote at the election, that it carried no moral force with it. Out of five hundred and fifty thousand voters, there were no more than a hundred and sixty-eight thousand votes cast. It was estimated that sixty thousand of such votes were given by men not in sympathy with the Commune movement, and if this were so, the central committee at the Hôtel de Ville was only backed by a little more than one-fifth of the whole number. Notwithstanding that, the insurgents claimed that they had been indorsed by the people of Paris, and the members elected were not slow to organize and to assume every power to rule and control the city. Great efforts were made by the insurgents of Paris to associate with themselves the revolutionary elements in other parts of France. The cry was raised that the National Assembly should be dissolved and that its members should be placed in accusation, where they should be "struck without pity." It was claimed that the Assembly was

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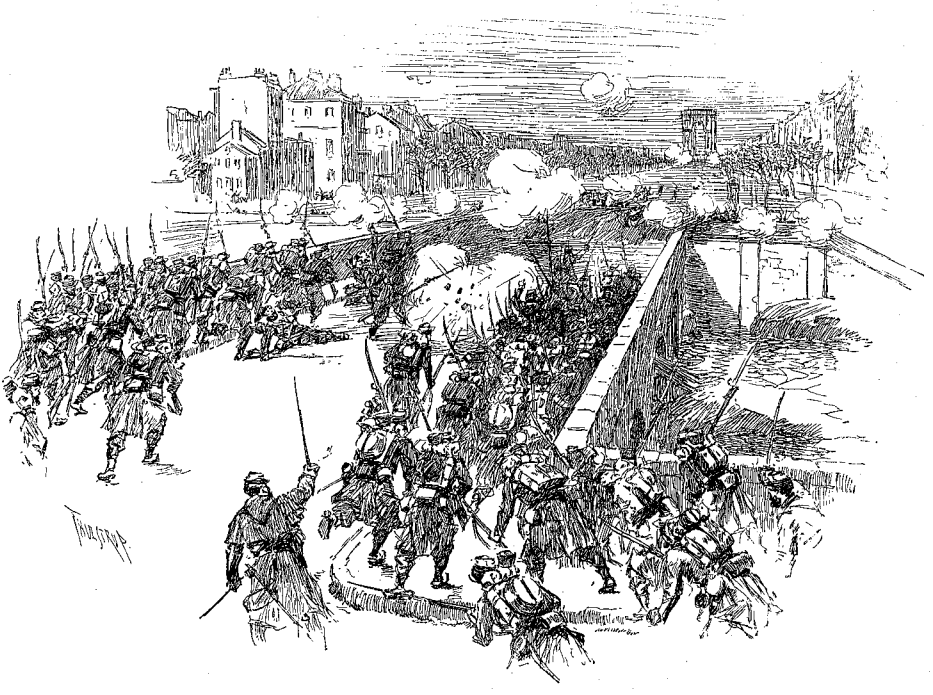
monarchical and reactionary, and that it intended to overthrow the republic.

In all this time the position of M. Thiers, the Chief of the Executive Power at Versailles, was most embarrassing. He did not propose to strike until he was prepared for it, and there was great impatience and he was subject to much



Skirmish with Government Troops at the Bridge of Neuilly.

denunciation; but he was calm under every provocation, and made most earnest appeals to the members of the National Assembly to be patient and to be silent. He denied, in the most emphatic terms, that the government intended to overthrow the republic. He said, "We have formed the republic and we will serve the republic;" and further declared that "our mission is to reorganize the country and bring back peace, activity, labor, and prosperity, if it be possible, and then to leave to France entire liberty as to the choice of its destinies."

And now it was, in the last days of March, that the hopes of so many of the best people of Paris almost died within them. The mail service had all been stopped, all the employés of the Post Office Department having been removed from Paris. Neither was there any telegraphic service, and it was very difficult either to get to Paris or to get out of it. Domiciliary visits had already commenced, and some of the worst of the Jacobin papers had demanded that the government of the Hôtel de Ville should inaugurate a "policy of suspicion," and that a committee of public safety should be created. The red flag had replaced the tri-color at the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, and the Tribunal of Commerce. And the spirit of insurrection and revolution seemed to be spreading over all France.

Entry in my diary:

"PARIS, Friday, March 31st, 1871.

"Was at the legation all day yesterday and very busy. The Commune is looming up and 'means business.' Everything has a more sinister look. Before I left my house this morning I had heard that all the trains were stopped and the gates closed. I have sent out to see what the real situation is, and to get a pass, for I must go to Versailles

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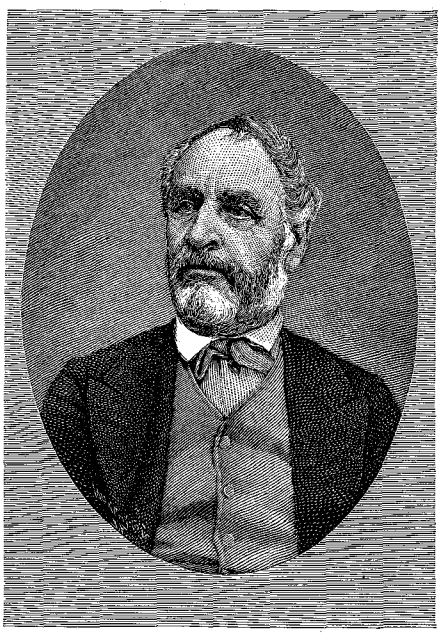
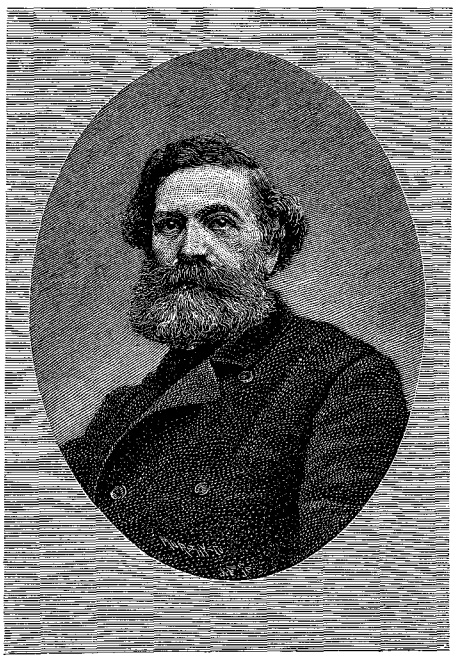


Delescluze.

to-day. The Post Office is 'burst up;' the Commune seized the whole concern, and all the employés have left. Everything now will have to go to Versailles to be mailed. There never was such a 'hell upon earth' as this very Paris. I don't know how soon I shall be obliged to take my family away. The Americans begin to be alarmed, and if the gates continue closed that alarm will increase to a regular panic. 'How long, oh, how long!'"

During this time many of the churches were open and service was held. There were funerals and weddings, but more of the former than of the latter. We would occasionally see a wedding-party on its way to the Mairie to a marriage. If you would peep into the first carriage you would see the prospective bride, young and pretty, as all brides are supposed to be, and generally, under these circumstances, in tears. In the second carriage you would find the prospective bridegroom looking distracted and anxious, for he was not certain as to what the condition of things might be at the Mairie.

The *Comité Central* had made a great parade by the surrender of its mandate of authority—such as it was—after the communal assembly should be elected. But this in reality was all pretence, and the controlling members of the committee never intended that the power should so far go out of their hands but that they would be enabled to control it in the communal assembly. The central committee was composed of thirty-seven members, and twenty out of the number managed to be elected as members of the Commune. The Commune, thus elected, was almost entirely composed of unknown and utterly obscure men, with but few exceptions. Those exceptions were men who had made themselves notorious, such as Felix Pyat, Delescluze, Blanqui, Flourens, and Gambon. This new and bogus city government was composed of one hundred and six members. It sat in one of the magnificent halls of the Hôtel de Ville, which had been occupied for municipal purposes previously by the city government of Paris. It is difficult to conceive what was the sensation of those wretched creatures, who found themselves the depository of an insurrectionary and lawless



Felix Pyat.

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power which was to end in lighting up Paris in flames and the commission of every crime which the imagination could conceive of. When the end came they had all retired but fifty. Some went out in disgust with their associates; others from a feeling of horror aroused by the murders and outrages constantly taking place, but the greater part of them were influenced by motives of prudence. They had sense enough to know that they were in an adventure which could but end in disaster and disgrace, and most likely in a merited punishment.

The members of the Commune were installed at the Hôtel de Ville on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, 1871. It was an immense popular demonstration. All the vast military force of the National Guard was invited to be present. At about four o'clock it began to arrive from every direction, drums beating and flags flying. Upon a platform in front of the Hôtel de Ville there was placed a large square table, which was surrounded by some members of the *Comité Central*, in citizens' dress, and many officers of the National Guard; all were distinguished by red scarfs. The proceedings were opened by a display of flags on every side and by repeated salvos of artillery, followed by great applause and cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" "*Vive la République!*" etc. Continuing to arrive, the National Guard completely packed the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. At a designated moment the soldiers placed their caps upon the points of their bayonets and raised their muskets in the air. Gabriel Renvier, who had been president of the *Comité Central*, opened the proceedings, and read the vast multitude a list of the names of the members elected to the Commune. Two other members of this committee then stepped forward and made brief speeches, which were received with loud cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" There were a great number of military bands which had been placed at the foot of the balcony, and whenever opportunity occurred they would strike up the "*Marseillaise*," the "*Chant du Départ*," and other revolutionary airs, when the entire assemblage would join in the chorus. Renvier having made his proclamation of the Commune, all the battalions which had been massed upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville defiled before the balcony to the cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" Few scenes have ever been enacted which were more extraordinary and exciting. More than one hundred thousand persons were present at the ceremony. All the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with spectators, the barricades were covered with people, and the gamins perched themselves in all the trees of the Avenue Victoria.

The Commune having been proclaimed in this manner, it met for the first time on the evening of that day in the Hall of the Municipality of the Hôtel de Ville. It had always been preached in Paris, by all people of liberal sentiments, and by all the journals, even of every shade of opinion, which were opposed to the *régime* of the empire, that the sittings of all representative bodies should be public, or at least that there should be a full publication in the Journal of their proceedings. It was, therefore, with almost universal astonishment that the people of Paris who had taken such great interest in the insurrection, found that the sessions of the Commune would be held in secret. Although there was talk outside of there having been great dissensions in the body, no one really knew what had actually taken place. A new journal had been established, called *La nouvelle République*, which was to become a semi-official organ of the Commune. This confirmed the report that the sittings of that body would not be public, and also intimated that there would not be a public report of its sittings, but only a daily publication of its decrees.

The government of the Commune seemed to be fairly installed. There was no *Journal Officiel de la France*, but it appeared as the *Journal Officiel de la Commune de Paris*. That change lasted, however, for only one day. It made the official announcement that the central committee had remitted its powers to the Commune of Paris, and published an address to the inhabitants of the city. It claimed, as I had supposed it would, that the vote of the 26th

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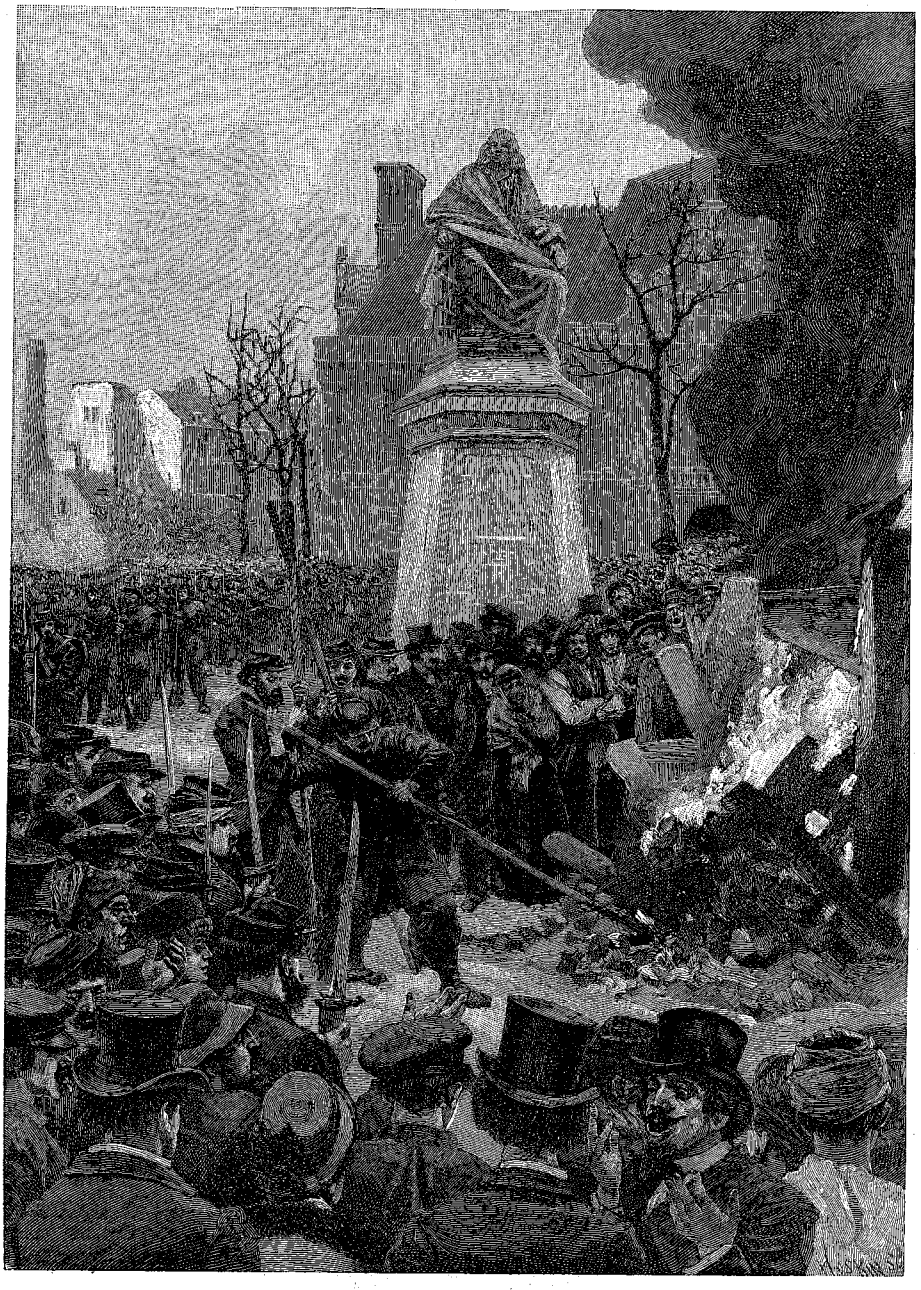

The Burning of the Guillotine before the Statue of Voltaire.

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of March sanctioned the insurrection of the 18th of March. It denounced the government at Versailles as criminal, and then proclaimed the work it was about to undertake. Already it had commenced issuing its decrees, the first of which abolished the conscription and declared that no military forces, other than the National Guard, should be created or introduced into Paris; and, further, that all able-bodied citizens should be enrolled for service in the National Guard. Impressment was soon resorted to, and here is a case of which I had personal knowledge. There was a reputable man, who had a large family, who kept a little store near my legation. He in no manner mixed in affairs, but remained at home quietly attending to his business. One day he was seized by a squad of the brigand National Guard, forcibly taken to headquarters, soldier's clothes put on him, put into the front rank, and marched out to fight against the government troops. In a few hours his dead body was brought back to his family.

There was also published a decree exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months, and if, perchance, any rent had been paid during that period, it was to be applied as a credit on future payments. All leases were cancelled at the will of the tenant for the period of six months from the date of the decree. Notices to quit were extended on demand of the tenant for the period of three months.

The "Journal of the Commune" of March 30th contained an announcement of the organization of the committees of the Commune, ten in number, and gave the names of the members of those committees. There was one on Foreign Affairs, of which the notorious Delescluze was the chairman. There was also an ominous committee of "public safety," and then there were committees of justice, of military affairs, of finance, of subsistence, and also the one that was termed the *Commission Executive*. The Paris Journal of that day stated that "General" Cluseret was a member of a committee that would have jurisdiction of all accusations of treason against the republic. The *Journal Officiel*, as the organ of the Commune, at a later date recommended all persons to murder the Duc d'Aumale and other princes, merely because they belonged to families connected with royalty. In the extraordinary state of things then existing, this incitation to murder did not seem to excite any very great degree of horror, for the people were beginning to look upon all such provocations to violence as matters simply incident to the times.

After the organization of the communal assembly and its installation at the Hôtel de Ville, that body might be said to be complete master of Paris, as there was no force to oppose it. There did not seem to be any further necessity for barricades, and they began slowly to disappear. The insurgents lost no time in taking possession of all the public places and public institutions. The General Post Office of Paris had fallen, and a member of the Commune had taken possession of that bureau. I did not intrust any more mail matter to the Paris Post Office, and all my letters were received and sent out at Versailles, or by the despatch-bag. Matters grew worse from day to day. A placard was soon put up in the quarter of Montmartre, informing the public that certain commissioners had been named to receive the denunciation of citizens suspected to be in complicity with the government at Versailles. That seemed to be the forerunner of a system of denunciations, the effect of which would be to fill all the prisons of Paris. I sent my private secretary, Mr. McKean, to the Prefecture on the 30th, and he found an enormous crowd of well-dressed people there, all of whom were looking for friends who had been arrested and taken away. On the 31st of March all the employés of the government in Paris left for Versailles and carried away all that was most necessary for them. On that day all the bureaus of the government in the various parts of the city were closed.

Entry in my diary:

"PARIS, Sunday, 1 P.M.,
"April 2d.

"Came in from Versailles last night, entering the city by the gate, at the Point du Jour, without any interruption. Leaving my home to come to the legation at half-past ten o'clock this morning, I

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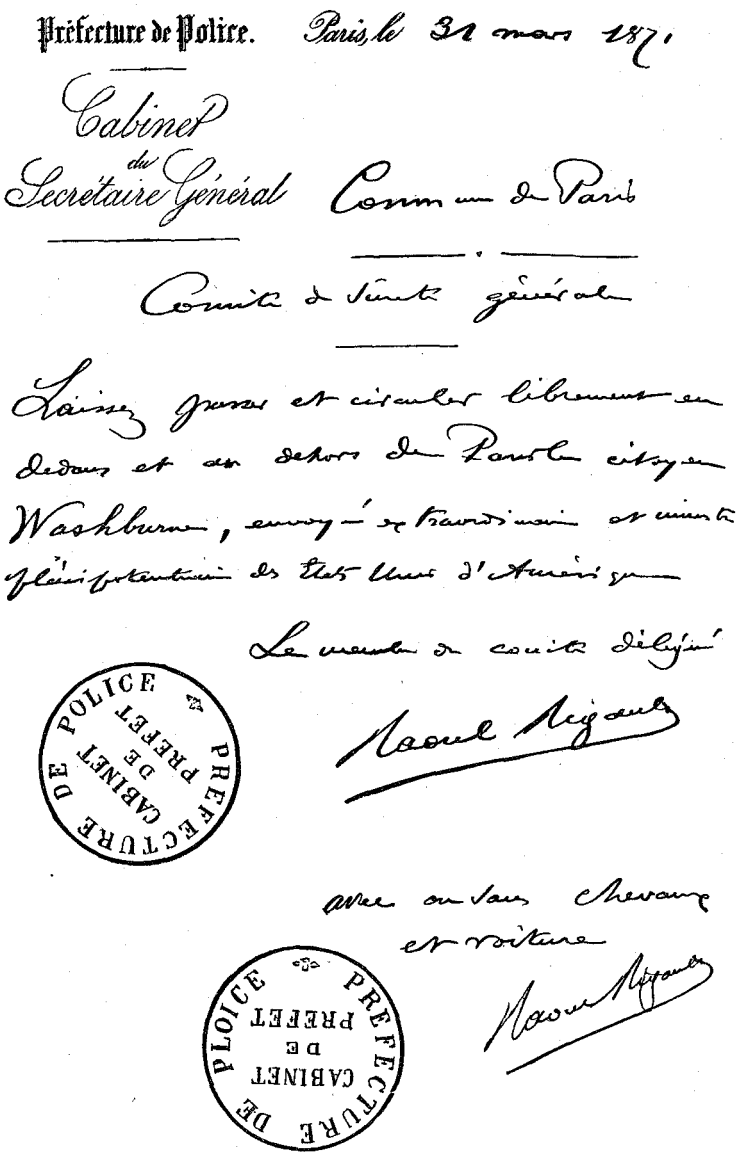
had not proceeded far when I heard the discharge of cannon, mitrailleuses, and musketry. Soon reports became more and more distinct, and it was quite evident that fighting was going on in the vicinity of the bridge of Neuilly, about


Préfecture de Police. Paris le 31 mars 187.

Cabinet du Secrétaire Général

Commune de Paris

Comité de Sûreté générale

Laissez passer et circuler librement en dedans et en dehors de Paris le citoyen Washburne, envoyé extraordinaire et ministre plénipotentiaire des États Unis d'Amérique

Le membre du comité délégué

Raoul Rigault

POLICE PRÉFECTURE DE CABINET DE PRÉFET

avec ou sans chevaux et voiture

Raoul Rigault

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE CABINET DE PRÉFET

Pass furnished to Mr. Washburne by the authorities of the Commune.

one mile and a half from the legation. A gentleman who has just come in from that vicinity says it is undoubtedly an engagement with some insurgent troops, who went out of the city last night in the direction of Versailles to meet the government forces. He was a good way to the front and several shells burst near him. Finding themselves opposed, the insurgents beat a hasty retreat, and came into town pell-mell by the gate of Maillot; and to be entirely safe they drew up the bridge and closed the gate after them.

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"All acknowledged that they had been badly handled, some attributing their disasters to one cause and some to another. Some said they were sent off without ammunition, and that they were therefore unable to return fire. Others declared that they were assured they would meet no opposition from the government troops, but, on the contrary, would be received with open arms. Instead thereof they were welcomed 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' One thing, however, is quite certain, the insurgents have met with a repulse which may possibly lead to important results. I went to the Champs Elysées at half-past twelve and found a regiment of the insurgent National Guard had advanced upon the avenue and halted near the Arc de Triomphe. On the other side of the Arc there was an immense crowd of people and National Guards, all looking in the direction where the firing had been going on within half an hour. While standing there, some excitement was created by a few artillery-men dashing along with a piece of six, and although they were yelling and brandishing their swords they failed to obtain anything but a feeble acclamation as they passed by the crowd, and a regiment of soldiers. The most distinct recognition that I heard was from an enthusiastic little Frenchman at my side, who cried out, '*Vive l'artillerie terrible!*'"

The 3d of April was a day of great excitement in Paris. The National Guards were roaming around everywhere, singly, in squads, in companies and regiments. In the afternoon a body of several hundred women formed at the Place de la Concorde and took up their line of march to Versailles, in poor imitation of those who marched upon the same place in the time of Louis the Sixteenth. They paraded up the Champs Elysées and through the Avenue Montaigne. A portion of them passed over the Pont de l'Alma, while the others took the route by the Point du Jour. Many of them wore the "*bonnet rouge*," and all were singing the Marseillaise. Whenever they met an omnibus they stopped it, caused the passengers to get out, and took possession themselves. One old woman, sixty years of age, mounted on the top of an omnibus, displayed the red flag and gave the word of command. How far they got and what became of them I did not know.

The greatest quiet prevailed throughout the 4th; but on the 5th I made this entry in my journal:

"All last night the cannon thundered on the site of Vanves and Issy forts. It was a regular artillery duel between these forts and the Versailles batteries. 'Nobody hurt,' as far as heard from. An American physician went out into the neighborhood of Issy with the ambulance carriage and got right under the fire. The ambulance party saw no wounded. The papers of this morning gave no account of the fighting; indeed, we shall not be likely to get at the truth in regard to operations, as the Commune will suppress every paper that tells the truth."

There was a curious proceeding on the 7th of April. The communards had conceived a great hatred for the guillotine (and for a good reason). It was denominated "an infamous instrument of monarchical domination," and the Commune, therefore, in order to emphasize its hatred for that instrument, decreed that one should be set up and burned before the statue of Voltaire in the Eleventh arrondissement, and this was made the occasion of a great ceremony. The guillotine was brought out and surrounded with huge pieces of wood and other combustible material. The order was given to burn this guillotine "for the purification of the arrondissement and for the preservation of the new liberty." This piece of foolery and absurdity attracted great attention. A vast crowd assembled to witness the spectacle, which was honored by the presence of a battalion of the National Guard. There was a large crowd of men, women, and children, who were very brave and shook their fists at the instrument which inspired in them so much hatred. At the proper time the fire was communicated and huge flames broke forth; and soon there was nothing but a heap of glowing ashes which the crowd looked upon with joy and sent up many huzzas.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER X.

THE FISHING PARTY.

THE young people were arranging, as Lemuel slunk past them in the dark, a fishing party for the following day. The proposal had been Isabel's—she had a fertile mind for pleasure-planning—and Annie and Seth were delighted with it. They would take a basket of food, and make the tea over a fire in the woods, and the two women could take turns in playing at fishing with a little rod which Seth had made for himself as a boy. It would be an ideal way of bidding good-by to Seth, said his pretty sister-in-law, and Annie, feeling more deeply both the significance of saying good-by and the charm of having a whole day to herself along the river, and in his company, had assented eagerly.

As for Seth, this sudden accession of feminine interest in, and concern for, him was extremely pleasant and grateful. The very suggestion of the trip, in his honor, was like a sweet taken in advance from the honeyed future which he was so soon to realize. Long that night, after he had walked over to the Warren gate with Annie, and returned to the unlathed attic where Milton lay already snoring, he thought fondly of the morrow's treat.

The morning came, warm but overcast, with a soft tendency of air from the west. "It couldn't have been better if it had been made to order," Seth said enthusiastically, when Isabel made her appearance before breakfast. "It will be good fishing and good walking, not too hot and not wet."

Albert smiled a trifle satirically when the project was unfolded to him—with that conceited tolerance which people who don't fish always extend to those who do. "You'll probably get wet and have the toothache," he said to his wife, but offered no objection.

The lunch was packed, the poles were ready, the bait-can stood outside the shed door, breakfast was a thing of the past, and Isabel sat with her sun-hat and parasol—but Annie did not come. Seth fidgeted and fumed as a half-hour went by, then the hour itself. It was so unlike Annie to be late. He made an errand to the hay-barn, to render the waiting less tedious, and it was there that Milton found him, rummaging among some old harness for a strap.

"Annie's come over," said Milton, "I heerd her say somethin' 'baout not goin' fishin', after all. Looks 'sif she'd be'n cryin' tew. I tole 'em I'd fetch yeh."

Seth came out into the light, slapping the dust off his hands. "What's that you say? Why isn't she going?"

"I dunnao nothin' more'n I've told yeh. Ask her yerself. I s'pose she's be'n cryin' at the thought of yer goin'. That'll be the eend o' ev'rythin' atwixt you two, won't it?"

"Oh, do mind your own business, Milton!" Seth said, and hurried across the barnyard to where the two young women stood, on the doorstep. "Why aren't you going, Annie? What's the matter?" he called out as he approached.

Poor Annie looked the picture of despair. Her face bore the marks of recent tears, and she hung her head in silence. Isabel answered for her.

"Going? Of course she is going. It would be ridiculous not to go, now that everything's arranged. Get the things together, Seth, and let us make a start."

"But Milton said she wasn't going," persisted Seth.

"Dear, dear, how downright you are! Don't I tell you that she *is* going, that there is nothing the matter, that we are waiting for you?" And there was nothing more to be said.

The sun came out before the trio had gone far, but not before they had begun to forget the cloud at the start. The grass in the pastures was not quite dry yet, but wet feet were a part of the fun of the thing, Isabel said gayly. The

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meadow larks careered in the air about them, and the bobolinks, swinging on the thistle-tops, burst into chorus from every side as the sunlight spread over the hill-side. There were robins, too, in the juniper-trees beyond the white-flowering buckwheat patch, Seth pointed out, too greedy to wait till the green berries ripened. A flock of crows rose from the buckwheat as they passed, and who could help smiling at Isabel's citified imitation of their strident hawing? They came upon some strawberries, half hidden in the tall grass beside the rail-topped wall, and Isabel would gather them in her handkerchief, to serve as dessert in their coming *al fresco* dinner, and Annie helped her, smiling in spite of herself at the city lady's extravagant raptures.

When they stopped to rest, in the fresh-scented shadow of the woods, and sat on a log along the path, two wee chipmunks came out from the brake opposite and began a chirping altercation, so comical in its suggestions of human wrangling that they all laughed outright. The sound scared away the tiny rodents in a twinkling, and it banished as swiftly the restraint under which the excursion had begun.

From that moment it was all gayety, jesting, enjoyment. Isabel was the life of the party; she said the drollest things, passed the quaintest comments, revealed such an inexhaustible store of spirits that she lifted her companions fairly out of their serious selves. Seth found himself talking easily, freely, and even Annie now and again made little jokes, at which they all laughed merrily.

The fisherman's judgment as to the day was honored in full measure. The fish had never bitten more sharply, the eddies had never carried the line better. It seemed so easy to let the line wander back and forth between the two currents, to tell when the bait was grabbed underneath, and to haul out the plunging, flapping beauty, that Isabel was all eagerness to try it, and Seth rigged the little pole for her, baited the hook self-sacrificingly with his biggest worm, which he had thought of in connection with a certain sapient father of all pike farther up the river, and showed her where and how to cast the line.

Alas, it was not so simple, after all, this catching of fish.

First she lost a hook on a root; then it seemed to her that ages passed in which nothing whatever happened, and this was followed by the discovery that her hook had been entirely stripped of bait without her suspecting it. At last there came a bite, a deep, determined tug, which she answered with a hysterical pull, hurling through the air and into the thistles far back of her a wretched little bull-head, which they were unable to find for a long time, and which miserably stung her thumb with its fin when she finally did find it.

After this exploit Annie must try, and she promptly twitched her line into the tree overhead. And so the day went forward, with light-hearted laughter and merriment, with the perfect happiness which the sunshine and color and perfume of June can bring alone to the young.

They grew a trifle more serious at dinner-time. It was in the narrow defile where the great jam of logs was, and where the river went down, black and deep, under the rotting wood with a vicious gurgle. Just above the jam there was a mound, velvety now with new grass, and comfortably shaded—a notable spot for dinner and a long rest, and there the girls could watch to much advantage Seth's fishing from the logs, of which great things were prophesied. Here, then, the cloth was spread on the grass, the water put on over a fire lighted back of the mound, and the contents of the basket laid in prandial array. It was, in truth, a meagre dinner, but were appetites ever keener or less critical?

Once during the forenoon, when allusion was made to Seth's coming departure, Isabel had commanded that nothing be said on that subject all day long. "Let us not think of it at all," she had said, "but just enjoy the hours as if they would never end. That is the only secret of happiness." But now she herself traversed the forbidden line.

"How strange it will all seem to you, Seth," she mused, as she poured out the tea. "As the time draws near, don't you almost dread it?"

"What I've been thinking most about to-day is your coming to the farm to

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live. It can't be that you are altogether pleased—after what I've heard you say?"

"Oh, yes, why not?" said Isabel. "My case is very different from yours. I shall be just as idle as I like. I shall have horses, you know, and a big conservatory, and a piano, and all that. We shall have lots of people here all summer long—just think what fishing parties we can make up!—and whenever it gets stupid we can run down to New York. Oh, I've got quite beyond the reconciled stage now. I am almost enthusiastic over it. When you come back in a year's time, you won't know the place. It will have been transformed into a centre of fashion and social display. I may get to have a veritable salon, you know, the envy and despair of all Dearborn County. Fancy Elhanan Pratt and Sile Thomas in evening dress, with patent-leather pumps and black stockings, scowling at Leander Crump, with a crushed hat under his arm, whom they suspect of watering his milk! Oh, we shall be gay, I assure you!"

Seth looked at her attentively, puzzled to know how much of this was badinage, how much sincerity. She smiled archly at him—what a remarkably winning smile she had!—and continued:

"Then Annie will be company for me, too. I mean to bring her out, you know, and make her a leader of society. In a year's time, when you come back, and I introduce you to her, you won't be able to credit your senses, her air will be so *distingué*, and her tastes so fastidious."

She ceased her gay chatter abruptly, for Annie had turned away and they could see that her eyes were filling with tears.

Seth bethought him of those earlier tears, the signs of which had been so obvious when they started, and it was natural enough to connect the two.

"Something *has* happened, Annie," he said. "Can't you tell us what it is?"

And then he bit his tongue at having made the speech, for Annie turned a beseeching look at him, then at Isabel, and burst into sobs.

"Isn't it reason enough that you are going away?" said Isabel. "What more could you ask?"

"No, it isn't that alone," protested Annie through her tears. Her pride would not brook the assumption. "There is something else; I can hardly tell you—but—but—my grandmother has suddenly taken a great dislike to Seth; if she knew where I was she would be very angry; I never deceived her, even indirectly, before, but I couldn't bear not to come after I got to the house, and if I've done wrong——"

"Now, now dear," cooed Isabel, leaning over to take Annie's hands, "what nonsense to talk of wrong; come now, dry your eyes, and smile at us, like a good girl. You are nervous and tired out with the task of tending your grandmother—that's all—and this day in the woods will do you a world of good. Don't let us have even the least little bit of unhappiness in it."

Seth watched his sister-in-law caress and coax away Annie's passing fit of gloom, with deep enjoyment. The tenderness and beauty of the process were a revelation to him; it was an attribute of womanhood the existence of which he had scarcely suspected heretofore, in his untutored bucolic state. Annie seemed to forget her grief quickly enough, and became cheerful again; in quaint docility she smiled through her tears at Isabel's command, and the latter was well within the truth when she cried:

"There! You have never looked prettier in your life!"

Seth nodded acquiescence, and returned the smile. But somehow this grief of Annie's had bored him, and he felt rather than thought that his country cousin, even in this radiant moment, was of slight interest compared with the city sister-in-law, who not only knew enough not to cry herself, but could so sweetly charm away tears from others.

Seth tested all the joints of his pole, and changed the hook and baited it with studious care, before he climbed out on the jam. Gingerly feeling his way from log to log, he got at last upon the wet mossy birch which projected like a ledge at the bottom of the pile. The women watched his progress from the mound, and gave a little concerted shout of triumph when, at the very first cast of his line into the froth of the dark

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eddy, it was caught and dragged swiftly across the stream, and a handsome pike a moment later paid the penalty.

"That's by far the biggest yet, isn't it?" Annie asked.

"Wait, there are bigger yet. Watch this!"

The line, thrown in again, had been sharply jerked, and was now being drawn up stream under the logs. Seth moved down to the end of the birch, stooping under the jutting heap of logs above, to be able to play the pole sidewise and save the fish. It was a difficult position to stand in; he held the rod far forward with one hand, and grasped a bough above for support as he leaned out over the stream.

The thing snapped—exactly how it was no one knew—a log released from its bondage shifted position, a dozen others rolled over it rumbling, and the women held their breath affrighted as they saw, without moving, the whole top of the jam tremble, lift a jagged end or two, and then collapse with a hollow noise. As they found voice to scream, the water was covered with floating *dêbris*, and the air filled with a musty fungus-like smell.

There was no sign of Seth.

The roar of the falling timber had scarcely died away before Annie had left the mound, had torn her way through the alders at the bottom, and stood panting on the wet, slimy rocks at the edge of the stream. She hardly heard the frightened warning which Isabel, pale and half-fainting, called out to her:

"Keep away from the water, Annie! You'll surely be drowned!"

She was painfully intent upon another thing, upon the search for some indication of her cousin. The logs were moving but slowly in the current, and were heaped so irregularly that no clear survey of the whole surface could be had. There seemed an eternity of suffering in every second which she spent thus, scanning the scene. Could the crush of logs have killed him? Even if he had escaped that, would he not be drowned by this time? The grinding of the logs against each other, the swash of the water at her feet, Isabel's faint moaning on the mound above, seemed to her dazed terror a sort of death dirge.

Oh, joy! She caught sight of something in cloth between two great tree-trunks, drenched, covered with the red grime of rotten wood, motionless; but it was Seth. His face she could not see, nor whether it was under water or not. She walked boldly into the stream—knee-deep at the outset, and the slippery rocks shelving off swiftly into unknown brown-black depths—but there was no hesitation. A half-dozen steps and she disappeared suddenly beneath the water. Isabel wrung her hands in despair, too deep now to find a voice; but Annie had only slipped on the treacherous slates, and found her footing again. The water came to her shoulders now, and was growing deeper steadily.

With a strength born of desperation she clambered up on the birch which floated nearest her, and pulled herself along its length, swaying as it rolled in the current under her weight, but managing to keep on top. It was nothing short of miraculous to Isabel's eyes, the manner in which she balanced herself, clambered from log to log, overcame all the obstacles which lay between her and the inanimate form at the other side. The distance was not great, and a swimmer would have made nothing of the feat, but for a girl encumbered with heavy wet skirts, and in deep water for the first time, it was a real achievement.

At last she reached Seth—her progress had covered three minutes, and seemed to her hours long—and, throwing herself across both logs, with a final effort lifted his head upon her shoulder.

"He is alive!" she said to Isabel, feebly now, but with a great sigh of relief.

The city woman ran down at this, all exultation. At Annie's suggestion she tied their two shawls together, fastened one end to a pole, and managed to fling the other over to the rescuer; it was easy work after that to draw the logs to the bank, and then Annie, standing knee-deep again in the water, made shift to get the heavy dead-weight safe on land. The two women tugged their burden through the alders, and up to the place where the dinner dishes still

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lay, with scarcely a word. Then exhausted, excited, overjoyed, Isabel threw herself in Annie's arms and they both found relief in tears.

Seth had been struck on the head and stunned by the first falling log; how much he had been in the water, or how near he had been to drowning could not be discovered.

He presently opened his eyes, and a smile came almost instantaneously to his face as he realized that his head was resting in Isabel's lap, that he was muffled up in her shawl, and that she was looking down upon him anxiously, tenderly. A second sufficed to bring the whole thing to his mind, or at least the fact that he had gone under with the logs and by some agency had been landed here safe and comfortable, if not dry—and to bring also the instinctive idea that it would be the intelligent part to lie still, and be petted and sympathized with.

Isabel scarcely returned his smile. She had not recovered from her fright.

"Oh, Seth," she asked earnestly, "are you hurt? Do you feel any pain?"

"Not a bit," he replied; "only dizzy like. By George! How they did come down though. I must have had a pretty narrow squeak of it. Funny—I don't remember coming out at all."

She smiled now. "I should think not. You lay perfectly senseless way out there among the logs. We fished you out, and dragged you up here. I feel like a heroine in a Crusader's romance, really!"

It entered Seth's mind to say something nice in reply, that she looked like one, or that they were not equal in those benighted ages to producing such women, or something of that sort; but his tongue did not seem to frame the words easily, and as he looked up at her he grew shy once again, and felt himself flushing under her smile, and only said vacuously, "Mighty lucky I wasn't alone, isn't it?"

Annie appeared on the scene now, her clothes steaming from the heat of the fire, over which she had endeavored to dry them, and her teeth displaying a spasmodic tendency to knock together between sentences. She, too, was full of solicitude as to Seth's condition, and to satisfy this he reluctantly sat up, stretched his arms out, felt of the bump on his forehead, beat his chest, and finally stood erect.

"I'm all right, you see," he said, "only, bo-o-o, I'm cold," and he made for the fire, upon which Annie had heaped brushwood, which crackled and snapped now, giving forth a furious heat.

They stood about the fire for a considerable time. Isabel was opposite Seth, rather ostentatiously drying sundry damp places in her dress which had come in contact with the rescued man's dripping hair and clothes. He was so interested in watching her, and in thinking—half-regretfully, half-jubilantly—that she had been put to this discomfort in saving his life, that he failed to notice how completely drenched his cousin had been. The conversation turned entirely, of course, upon the recent great event, but it was desultory and broken by long intervals of silence, and, somehow, Seth did not get any clear idea of how he was saved, much less of the parts the two women had respectively played in the rescue.

It would be unfair to say that Isabel purposely misrepresented anything; it is nearer the truth to describe her as confounding her own anxiety with her companion's action. At all events, the narrative to be gleaned from her scattering descriptions and exclamations had the effect of creating in Seth's mind the impression that he could never be sufficiently grateful to his sister-in-law.

As for Annie, the whole momentous episode had come so swiftly, had been so imperative, so exhaustive in its demands of all her faculties, and then had so suddenly dwindled to the unromantic conditions of drying wet clothes at a brush fire, that her thoughts upon it were extremely confused. She scarcely took part in the conversation. Perhaps she felt vaguely that her own share in the thing was not made to stand forth with all the prominence it deserved, but she took it for granted that, in his first waking moments, while he was alone with Isabel, Seth had been told the central fact of her going into the water for him, and, if he was not effusively

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grateful, why—it was not Seth's way to be demonstrative. Besides, she said to herself, she did not want to be thanked.

Still, late that night, long hours after Seth had said good-night to her at the Warren gate, and she had almost guiltily stolen up to her room without braving her grandmother's questions, Annie could not go to sleep for thinking:

"He might at least have *looked* some thanks, even if he did not speak them."

Three days later, Seth departed for the city. It was not a particularly impressive ceremony, this leave-taking, not half so much as he had imagined it would be.

He had risen early, dressed himself in one of the two new, ready-made, cheap suits Albert had bought for him at Thessaly, and packed all his possessions in the carpet satchel which had been in the family he knew not how long, and still found, when he descended the stairs, that he was the first down. It was a dark, rainy morning, and the living room looked unspeakably desolate, and felt disagreeably cold. He sat for a long time by a window pondering the last copy of John's *Banner*, and trying to thus prepare his mind for that immense ordeal of daily newspaper work, that struggle of unknown, titanic proportions, now close before him.

Alvira at last came in to lay the breakfast table.

"Hello, you up already?" was all she said; but he felt she was eyeing him furtively, as if even thus soon he was a stranger in the house of his birth.

Aunt Sabrina next appeared. "There! I knew it'd rain," she exclaimed. "I told Alviry so last night. When th' cords on th' curtains git limp, yeh can't fool me 'baout it's not rainin'. 'N' Seth, I hope you'll go to Church regular, whatever else you dew. 'N' ef yeh could take a class in th' Sunday-schewl, it'd go a long ways tow'rd keepin' yeh aout o' temptation. Will yeh go to th' Baptist Church, think? Th' Fairchilds 'v' allus be'n Baptists."

The breakfast passed in constrained silence, save for Albert, who delivered a monologue on the evils of city life, and the political and ethical debauchery of the press, to which Seth tried dutifully to pay attention—thinking all the while how to say good-by to Isabel, how to invest his words with a fervor the others would not suspect.

When the time came, all this planning proved of no avail. He found himself shaking hands as perfunctorily with her as with her husband, and his father and aunt. Only the latter kissed him, and she did it with awkward formality.

Then he climbed into the buggy, where Milton and the carpet-bag were already installed, and, answering in kind a chorus of "Good-byes," drove out into the rain—and the World!

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE WORLD.

SETH'S first impressions of the World, gathered when he found himself and his valise alone on the sidewalk of one of Tecumseh's chief streets, were distinctly gloomy.

Other passengers who had left the train here, and in whose throng he had been borne along thus far, started off briskly in various directions once they reached the busy thoroughfare, elbowing their way through the horde of clamorous hotel-porters much as one might push through a clump of obstructing bushes. He had firmly fixed in his mind the cardinal rule of travelling countrymen, that these shouting runners were brigands intent upon robbing him, and he was clear in his resolution to give them no hold upon him, not even by so much as a civil expression of countenance. He said "No, thank you!" sternly to at least a dozen solicitations, so it seemed to him, and walked away steadily, fearful that their practised eyes had detected in him an utter stranger, and intent only upon proving to them that he knew where he was going. When at last it seemed likely that they were no longer watching him, he stopped, put his bag down in a door-way, and looked about.

It was half-past six of a summer afternoon (for a failure to make connections had prolonged the sixty-mile journey over eight hours), and the sun, still

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high, beat down the whole length of the street with an oppressive glare and heat. The buildings on both sides, as far as eye could reach, were of brick, flat-topped, irregular in height, and covered with flaring signs. There was no tree, nor any green thing, in sight.

Past him, in a ceaseless stream, and all in one direction, moved a swarm of humanity—laborers and artisans with dinner-pails, sprucely dressed narrow-chested clerks and book-keepers, and bold-faced factory girls in dowdy clothes and boots run down at the heels—a bewildering, chattering procession. No one of all this throng glanced at him, or paid the slightest attention to him, until one merry girl, spying his forlorn visage, grinned and called out with a humorous drawl, "Hop-pick—ers!" and then danced off with her laughing companions, one of whom said, "Aw, come off! You're rushin' the season. Hops ain't ripe yet."

Seth felt deeply humiliated at this. He had been vaguely musing upon the general impudence of his coming to this strange city to teach its people daily on all subjects, from government down, while he did not even know how to gracefully get his bag off the street. This incident added the element of wounded self-pride to his discomfort—for even casual passers-by were evidently able to tell by his appearance that he was a farmer. Strange! neither Albert nor John had told him anything calculated to serve him in this dilemma. They had warned him plentifully as to what not to do. Indeed his head was full of negative information, of pit-falls to avoid, temptations to guard against. But on the affirmative side it was all a blank. John had, it was true, advised him to get board with some quiet family, but if there were any representatives of such quiet families in the crowd surging past, how was he to know them?

While he tormented himself with this perplexing problem, two clerks came out of the store next to which he stood, to pull up the awning and prepare for night. A tall young man, with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and a flat straw hat much on one side of his head, sauntered across the street to them, and was greeted familiarly.

"Well, Tom," shouted one of these clerks, "you just everlastingly gave it to that snide show to-night. *Wasn't* it a scorcher, though?"

The young man with the straw hat put on a satisfied smile. "That's the only way to do it," he said lightly. "The sooner these fakirs understand that they can't play Tecumseh people for chumps, the better. If the *Chronicle* keeps on pounding 'em, they'll begin to give us a wide berth. Their advance agent thought he could fix me by opening a pint bottle of champagne. That may work in Hornellsville, but when he gets to-night's *Chronicle* I fancy he'll twig that it doesn't go down here."

"Oh, by the way, Tom," said the other clerk, in a low tone of voice, "my sister's engaged to Billy Peters. I don't know that she wants to have it given away, that is, names, and everything, but you might kind o' hint at it. It would please the old folks, I think—you know father's taken the *Chronicle* for the last twenty years."

"I know," said Tom, producing an old envelope from a side pocket, and making some dashes on it with a pencil—"the regulation gag: 'It is rumored that a rising young hat-dealer will shortly lead to the altar one of the bright, particular social stars of Brewery Street,' eh? Something like that?"

"Yes, that's it. You know how to fix it so that everybody'll know who is meant. Be around at Menzel's to-night?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll look in. The beer's been fearfully flat there, though, this last carload. So long, boys!"—and Tom moved down the street while the clerks re-entered the store.

Seth followed him eagerly, and touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I heard you mention the *Chronicle* just now. I would be much obliged if you could tell me where the office is."

The young man turned, looked Seth over, and said, affably enough:

"Certainly. But you'll find it shut up. The book-keeper's gone home." Then he added, as by a happy afterthought: "If you want to pay a weekly subscription, though, I can take it, just as well as not."

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"No," answered Seth, "I've come to work on the *Chronicle*."

"Oh—printer? I guess some of the fellows are there still, throwing in their cases. If you like, I'll show you."

Seth replied, with some embarrassment: "No, I'm not a printer. I've come to be—to be—an editor."

Tom's manner changed in a twinkling from civility to extreme cordiality.

"Oh—ho! you're the new man from Thessaly, eh? Jack Fairchild's brother! By Jove! How *are* you, anyway? When did you get in? Where are you stopping?"

"I'm not stopping anywhere, unless it be this stairway here," Seth replied, pointing to his carpet-bag with a smile, for his companion's cheerfulness was infectious. "I came in half an hour ago, and I scarcely knew where to go, or what to do first. I gather that you are connected with the *Chronicle*."

"Well, I should remark!" said Tom, taking the bag up as he spoke. "Come along. We'll have some supper down at Bismarck's, and leave your grip there for the evening. We can call for it on our way home. You'll stop with me to-night, you know. It ain't a particularly fly place, but we'll manage all right, I guess. And how's Jack?"

In the delight of finding so genial a colleague, one, too, who had known and worked with his brother, Seth's heart rose, as they walked down the street again. He had been more than a little dismayed at the prospect of meeting those unknown writers whose genius radiated in the columns of the *Chronicle*, and in whose company he was henceforth to labor. Especially had he been nervous lest he should not speak with sufficient correctness, and should shock their fastidious ears with idioms insensibly acquired in the back-country. It was a great relief to find that this gentleman was so easy in his conversation, not to say colloquial.

They stopped presently at a broad open door, flanked by wide windows, in which were displayed a variety of bright-tinted play-bills, and two huge pictures of a goat confidently butting a small barrel. There was a steep pile of these little, dark-colored barrels on the sidewalk at the curb, from which came a curious smell of resin. As they entered, Seth discovered that this odor belonged to the whole place.

The interior was dark, and, to the country youth's eyes, unexpectedly vast. The floor was sprinkled with gray sand. An infinitude of small, circular oak tables, each surrounded with chairs, stretched out in every direction into the distant gloom. Away at the farther end of the place, somebody was banging furiously on a piano. In the middle distance, three elderly men sat smoking long pipes and playing dominoes, silently, save for the sharp clatter of the pieces. Nearer, three other men, seated about a table, were all roaring in German at the top of their lungs, pounding with their glasses on the resounding wood, and making the most excited and menacing gestures. While Seth stared at them, expecting momentarily to see the altercation develop into blows, he felt himself clutched by the arm, and heard Tom say:

"Bismarck, this is Mr. Fairchild, a new *Chronicle* man. You must use him as well as you do me."

Seth turned and found himself shaking hands with an old German, monstrous in girth, and at once fierce and comical in aspect, with short, upright gray hair, a huge yellowish-white mustache, and little piggish blue eyes nearly hidden from view by the wave of fat which rendered his great purple face as featureless as the bottom of a platter.

"Who effer vas Misder Vott's frent, den you bed he owens dis whole houwus," this stout gentleman wheezed out, smiling warmly, and releasing Seth's hand to indicate, with a sweeping gesture of his pudgy paw, the extent of Seth's new and figurative possessions.

On the invitation of the host they all took seats, and a lean, wolfish-faced young man named "Owgoost," who shuffled along pushing his big slippers on the floor, brought three tall, foaming glasses of dark-brown beer. Seth did not care for beer, and had always, in a general way, avoided saloons and drink, but of course, under these circumstances, it would be ridiculous not to do as the others did. The beverage was bitter, but not unpleasant, and with an effort he drank it half down at a time, as

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he saw his companions do. Then he looked about, while they discussed the merits of this new "bock," Tom speaking with an air of great authority, and pronouncing it better than the last, but a bit too cold.

The piano was still jangling, and the dominoes were being rattled around for a new game. The three noisy old men had grown, if possible, more violent and boisterous than ever. One of them now sprang to his feet, lifted his right hand dramatically toward the dusky ceiling, and bellowed forth sonorously something which Seth thought must be at least a challenge to immediate combat, while the others hammered their glasses vehemently, and fairly shrieked dissent.

"I'm afraid those men are going to fight," he said.

"Fight? Nonsense! They're rather quieter than usual," remarked Tom. "What are they chewing on to-night, Bismarck—the Sigel racket?"

"Yes," said their host, listening indifferently. "Dot's Sigel." Then, addressing Seth, he explained: "Somedimes it's Sigel, unt somedimes the reffolution uff forty-eighd, unt den somedimes der k-vestion of we haf a vood bafement by Main streed. It all makes no differunce to dem, vicheffer ding dey shdards mit, dey git yust so much oxcited. Dot rooster you see standing up mit der spegtacles, dot Henery Beckstein, he's a tailor; he sits mid his legs tvisted all day, den when night comes he neets some exercises. Efery night for tweluf years he comes here, unt has his liddle dalk, und de udders, dey alvays pitches into him. He likes dot better as his dinner. De vurst is, dey all don't know vat dey talk aboud. I bleef, so help me Gott, no one of 'em ever laid eyes by Sigel, unt dey all svear he was deir dearest frent. Now—hear dot! Dot Beckstein say uff he didn't shleep mid him four years in his dent, in de same bet! How was dot for lies, huh?"

The host, pained and mortified at this mendacity, left his seat and waddled over to the disputants, shouting as he went, and joined the conversation so earnestly that his little eyes seemed bursting from his beet-red face.

"Great old man, that," said Tom, pounding with his glass for the waiter; "there's no flies on *him!* I named him Bismarck three or four years ago—everybody calls him that now—and it tickled him so, there's nothing here too good for me. You like cheese, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I eat cheese sometimes."

Seth never *had* eaten this kind of cheese which Owgoost presently slapped down before them, along with a mustard cup, a long, bulging roll of black bread, and more beer. It was pale and hard and strong of scent, was cut in thick slabs, and was to be eaten, he judged from Tom's procedure, under a heavy top-dressing of the brown mustard. He liked it, though, and was interested to find how well beer went with it, or it went with beer. Then they had each a little pickled lamb's-tongue, pink and toothsome, to be eaten with plenty of salt, and it was quite remarkable how ideally beer seemed to go with this, too. In all, three large glasses went.

Tom was a delightful companion. It was simply charming to hear him talk, as he did almost continuously, describing the round of life in Tecumseh, relating gay little anecdotes of personal experience, and commenting trenchantly on various men as they came in. To some of these he introduced Seth. They seemed extremely affable young people, and some of them who took seats near by invited Tom and him with much fervor, and still greater frequency, to have their glasses filled up. The former accepted these proffers very freely, but the beer did not taste as good to Seth as it had during supper, and he kept to his one glass—the fourth—sipping at it from time to time. Tom was so urgent about it, though, that he did take a cigar, a dark, able-bodied cigar which annoyed him by burning up on one side.

The beer-hall presented a brilliant appearance now, with all the lights flaming, with most of the chairs filled by merry young men, with three or four white-jacketed waiters flitting about, bearing high in air both hands full of foaming glasses—a fine contrast to the dingy, bare interior of the twilight, with only the solitary Owgoost. Above the ceaseless hum of conversation and laughter rose, at intervals, the strains

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of lively music from the far-off piano, reinforced now by a harp and a flute.

After a time cards were proposed, and Tom made one of a quartette who ranged themselves at the table. Seth could not play, and so moved his chair back, to watch the game. His cigar burned badly and he relighted it. Then it tasted bitter, and, after some hesitation, he threw it away. The game, called seven-up, was one he had never seen before; the ten-spots were invested with a fictitious value which puzzled him. Tom, over whose shoulder he watched, had three of these tens, and silently indicated to Seth that they were of especial interest. Seth fixed his eyes upon them, to see how they were to be managed. They were very curious ten-spots, being made of beer-glasses running over with lambs'-tongues, with lambs chasing them to rescue their lamented members, and burly "Bismarck" striving in vain to secure order. General Sigel came to help him, and Tom dealt him a terrific blow. Here *was* a fight at last, and John Fairchild stood by, rapidly taking notes. Then it came bedtime, and—Seth was being shaken into sensibility by Tom, who said, between fits of chuckling:

"Wake up, old boy! Wake up!"

Another great change had taken place in the beer-hall—the lights were out, the music had ceased, the crowd was gone. A solitary gas-jet flickered from the chandelier over the table; the game was ended, and the players were standing ready to depart, and laughing. Fat Bismarck stood behind him, in the half-shadow, looking very sleepy, and he seemed to be grinning too.

Seth saw all this first. Then he discovered that he held his collar and necktie in his hand, and that his coat and waistcoat were on the table. He dimly began to understand that he had been asleep, and that, in the operation of his dream, he had commenced undressing. Everybody was laughing at him, his friend Tom, who now was helping him on with his coat, most heartily of all.

"I declare," Seth said, "I must have fallen asleep. I had no idea—I suppose I was dreaming of getting ready for bed."

"Oh, dots all right, dots all right," said Bismarck, heartily. "Ve don'd mind it a bit. You vas only dired owut."

"Yes, that's it," said Tom, "he's had a hard day of it, travelling all the way from Thessaly. Are you ready? We'll get the bag, and trot along home. Good-night, boys!"

Seth responded to the chorus of answering "good-nights," and the twain started out. Tom not only carried the bag, but took his companion's arm—much to Seth's satisfaction, for he felt very tired, and it seemed unusually difficult for him to shake off his sleepiness. Tom was more talkative than ever, and he seemed to be saying extremely clever things, but Seth somehow did not follow their meaning, and he could think of nothing to say in reply. They were in a dark side street now.

"Ah, I thought he'd be open!" said Tom, abruptly, stopping before a place, through the closed shutters of which long horizontal threads of light gleamed. "Let's go in and have a night-cap. It'll set you straight in a minute."

The curious reluctance to speak, of which Seth had felt vaguely conscious all along, now prompted acquiescence as the easiest course, and he followed Tom into a small, low room, thick with cigar-smoke and the odor of kerosene, where four or five men, with their hats tilted over their eyes, were playing cards: there was a pile of money in the centre of the table, to which each in turn seemed to be adding from a smaller heap before him. They were so much engrossed in the game that they only nodded at Tom, and Seth felt relieved at escaping the ordeal of being introduced to them. At Tom's suggestion he took a little glass of brandy—"to do their duty by the national debt"—whatever that meant. It was burning, nauseous stuff, which brought the tears to his eyes, but it made him feel better.

It especially enabled him to talk, which he proceeded to do now with a fluency that surprised him. Tom was evidently much impressed by his remarks, saying little, it is true, but gripping his arm more closely. Thus they walked to Tom's lodgings—a tall, dark, brick house opposite a long line of coal-sheds. The hall was so dark that Seth, in trying to

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follow his guide, stumbled over an umbrella-rack, and fell to the floor. Tom assisted him to rise, with a paternal "Steady now, steady; that's it, lean on me," and so helped him up the two flights of steep, narrow stairs. In all the world, it seemed to Seth, he could not have met a more amiable or congenial friend than Tom, and he told him so, as they climbed the stairs, affectionately leaning upon his arm, and making his phrases as ornate in diction and warm in tone as he could.

"Here we are," said Tom, opening a door and lighting a lamp which revealed a small, scantily furnished room, in extreme disorder. "Make yourself at home, my boy. Smoke a pipe before you go to bed?"

"Oh, mercy, no. I think—do you know I feel a little dizzy."

"Oh, you'll be all right in the morning. Just undress and pile into bed. I'll smoke a pipe first."

Half an hour after Seth's first day in the World had closed in heavy slumber, Tom looked at him before blowing out the light, and smiled to himself:

"He *is* about as fresh as they make 'em."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SANCTUM.

The young men dressed next morning in almost complete silence. Tom was still sleepy, and seemed much less jovial and attractive than he had been the previous evening; Seth, accustomed to far earlier rising, was acutely awake, but his head ached wearily and there was a dreadful dryness in his mouth and throat. They went through the forms of breakfast in the basement, too, without much conversation. Seth was ashamed of the number of cups of coffee he drank, and carried away only confused recollections of having been introduced to a middle-aged woman in black who sat at the head of the table, and of having perfunctorily answered sundry questions about business in Dearborn County, put by a man who sat next to him.

They were well on their way to the office before Tom's silent mood wore away.

"You must brace up!" he said. "Don't let Workman know that we were out together last night. He's a regular crank about beer—that is, when anybody but himself drinks it. What's the matter? You look as melancholy as a man going to be hanged."

"I suppose I'm nervous about the thing. It's all going to be so new and strange at the start."

"Oh, that'll be all right. You'll get the hang of it fast enough. They are rather decent fellows to work with upstairs, all but Samboye. He'll try to sit on you from the start, but if you hold your own with him you'll get along with the rest."

"Samboye — he's the editor, isn't he?"

"Yes. You don't know any of them, I suppose?"

"Not even by name."

"Well, after Workman, who's very rightly named, and who runs the thing, there's Samboye, who kootoos to Workman and bullies all the rest. He puts on more airs than a mowing-machine agent at a State fair. He makes *every*body tired. Next to him comes Tyler—Tony Tyler—you'll like him; that is, if he takes a fancy to you. He knows about eighteen hundred times as much as Samboye does, only somehow he hasn't the faculty of putting it on paper. Too much whiskey. Then there's Dent—he's a Young Man Christian; plays duets on the piano with his sister, you know, and all that sort of thing—but he's away now on his vacation. And then Billy Murtagh—he's a rattling good fellow if you don't let him borrow money of you. He does part of the telegraph and news. Those are the only fellows upstairs."

"But where do you come in?"

"Me? Oh, I'm the City Editor. I and my gang are downstairs. I made a strike to have you down with me, and put you on police court, but Workman wouldn't have it. It's all poppycock, for they've got more men upstairs now than they know what to do with. However, if Workman thinks the people want to read editorials on the condition of Macedonia more than they do local news,

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he can go ahead. It's none of my funeral."

"Do you know what special work I am to do?"

"From all I hear, it would be easier to tell what you're not to do. Everyone of them has got a scheme for unloading something on you. First, you're to do a lot of Dent's work, like the proofs and 'Agricultural' and 'Religious'; then Murtagh wants to put 'State News' on you, and Tyler tells me you've got to do the weekly as soon as you get your hand in, and 'Art, Music, and the Drama' is a thing that must go upstairs, now that the baseball season has begun, for I can't attend to it. But if they play it too low down on you, just you make a stout kick to Workman about it."

While Seth pondered this outlook and advice, they reached the *Chronicle* office, and presently, by a succession of dark and devious stairways, he found himself in an ancient cockloft, curiously cut up by low partitions into compartments like horse-stalls, each with a window at the end, and was introduced as "the new man" to Mr. Anthony Tyler, otherwise Tony.

This gentleman bore no outward signs of the excess of spirituous liquor, to which Tom had alluded, and was very cordial and pleasant. He was extremely dark in hair, beard, and eyes, seemed to be not more than thirty, and sat at a table piled high with books, clippings, and the like, and surrounded by great heaps of papers. Tom glanced over two or three of these latter, and then went off humming a tune lightly, and calling out to Seth, in imitation of a popular air, as he rattled downstairs, "I'll meet you when the form goes down."

Among other polite questions Tyler asked Seth where he was stopping.

"Nowhere permanently. I must find some place. I stopped last night with Mr. Votts."

"With whom?"

"With Mr. Votts, the gentleman who just left us."

"Oh, you mean Tom Watts. You've got his name wrong."

"Come to think of it, it was a German who called him that last evening, and I was misled by his pronunciation."

Mr. Tyler's face grew more serious.

"You are a stranger here. Let me give you some advice. Don't cultivate Mr. Watts's German friends. He's not a bad chap of his sort, but he drinks altogether too much beer. Who drinks beer, thinks beer, as Johnson says. Perhaps I can be of use to you in the matter of a boarding-house. Oh, here's Murtagh," he continued introducing Seth to another tall, slender young man, who had come up the stairs with an armfull of papers; "he will take you now, and give you an idea of your work." Whereupon Mr. Tyler turned again to his papers and shears, and Seth followed the new-comer to the farthest stall in the row, which was henceforth to be his own.

There came a brief quarter of an hour in the afternoon when what seemed to the novice a state of the wildest excitement reigned in the editorial room. An inky boy in a huge leather apron dashed from stall to stall shouting an interrogative "Thirty for you?" His master and patron, the foreman, also aproned from chin to knees, with shirt-sleeves rolled up to the biceps, followed with the same mysterious question, put in an injured and indignant tone. A loud, sharp discussion between this magnate and Tyler, profanely dictatorial on the one side, profanely satirical on the other, rose suddenly and filled the room with its clamor. An elderly man, bald as a billiard ball, and dressed like a clergyman, came bounding up the stairs, pulling out his watch as he advanced, and demanding fiercely the reason for this delay. There was an outburst of explanation, in which four or five voices joined, mingling personal abuse freely with their analysis of the situation. Tom Watts leaped up the stairs, four steps at a time, and hurled himself into the controversy. Seth could distinguish in this babel of exclamations such phrases as—

"You better get some india-rubber chases!" "If that fire's cut down, you might as well not go to press at all!" "If somebody would get down here in the morning, we could get our matter up in time." "I'm sick and tired of getting out telegraph for these chuckle-

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headed printers to throw on the floor!" "That Mayhew matter's been standing on the galleys so long already that it's got gray-headed!" "By the Lord Harry, I'll make a rule that the next time we miss the Wyoming mail it shall be taken out of your wages!"

Here the inky boy galloped through to Seth with a proof-sheet, shouting, "You've got a minute and a half to read this in!" The bald, elderly gentleman, who seemed to be Mr. Workman, came and stood over Seth, watch in hand, scowling impatiently. Under this embarrassment the wet letters danced before his eyes, and he could find no errors, though it turned out later that he had passed "elephant" for "elopement," and ruined Watts's chief sensation. A few minutes later, the clang of the presses in the basement shook the old building, and the inky boy bustled through the room again, pitching a paper into each of the stalls. There was a moment of silence, broken only by the soft rustling of the damp sheets. Then simultaneously from the several tables rose a chorus of violent objurgation.

Seth heard the voice which he had learned was Samboye's roar out, "What dash-dashed idiot has made me say 'our martyr President Abraham Sinclair?' Stop the press!" There were other voices: "Here's two lines of markets upside down!" "Oh, I say, this is *too* bad. *Môyen age* is 'mayonaise' in my Shylock notice, and it's Mrs. McCullough instead of Mr." "I'm dashed if the paper looks as if it had been read at all. We can't have such proof-reading as this!"

While these comments were still proceeding the noise of the press suddenly ceased. The silence was terrible to Seth's guilty consciousness, for he had heard enough to know that it was his fault. Mr. Workman entered the room again, and again Samboye's deep voice was heard, repeating the awful Sinclair-Lincoln error. Seth had looked at his fresh copy of the *Chronicle*, with some vague hope that the editor was mistaken, but, alas! it was too true. Mr. Workman came over to his stall; he had put his watch back in his pocket, but his countenance was stern and unbending.

"You are Mr. Fairchild, I presume," he said.

Seth rose to his feet, blushing, and murmured, "Yes, sir."

"I understood from your brother that you were used to newspaper work."

"Well, I thought I was. I have been around the *Banner of Liberty* office a great deal, but it seems so different on a daily."

"H'm—yes. Well, I dare say you'll learn."

Luckily the press started up again here, and Mr. Workman, looking at his watch once more, went downstairs.

Seth felt most grievously depressed. Looking back, his first day had been full of mortification and failure. The use of scissors and mucilage brush was painfully unfamiliar to his clumsy fingers. The scope and intention of the various news departments he had been told to take charge of were unknown to him, and he had watched Murtagh go over the matter he submitted, striking out page after page, saying curtly, "We've had this," "This is only worth a line or two," or, "This belongs in 'County Notes,'" with a sinking heart. His duties were so mechanical and commonplace, after what he had conceived an editor's functions to be, that his ineptitude was doubly humiliating.

Then there was this dreadful proof-reading failure. Murtagh had given him the sample proof-sheet in the back of the dictionary to copy his marks from—and he had copied them with such scrupulous efforts after exactness that the printers couldn't understand them. These printers—he could see them through the windows opposite, standing pensively over their tall cases, and moving their right arms between the frames and their sticks with the monotonous regularity of an engine's piston-rod—seemed a very sarcastic and disagreeable body of men, to judge by the messages of criticism on his system of marking which the inky boy had delivered for them with such fidelity and enjoyment during the day. He had eaten nothing since the early breakfast, and felt faint and tired. The rain outside, beating dismally on the window and the tin roof beyond, added to his gloom, and the ceaseless drumming of

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the presses below increased his headache.

The other men seemed to have nothing to do now save to talk, but he turned wearily to the great mound of exchanges from which Murtagh had directed him to extract "Society Jottings" and "Art, Music and the Drama," after the paper went to press.

He spent a few despairing minutes on the threshold of the task—enough to see clearly that it was beyond his strength. Society was Syriac to him, and he had never seen a play acted, beyond an occasional presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "The Octoroon," by strolling tenth-rate mummers in the tiny hall at Thessaly. How could he select matter for such departments? He wavered for a time, from a disinclination to confront men who had just condemned his work so unsparingly, but at last he got up from the table where he had been pinned all day, and went over to the farther end of the room.

There was a sort of conclave about Tyler's table. Both he and Samboye reclined in tipped-back chairs, with their feet upon it; Watts sat on the table swinging his legs, his straw hat still on the back of his head, and Murtagh was perched in the window-seat. Their conversation, which had been flowing freely, stopped as Seth approached. He had expected to be introduced to his editor, Mr. Samboye, but no one seemed to think of it, and that gentleman himself relieved him of the embarrassment by nodding, not uncourteously but with formality.

"Mr. Fairchild," he said, with impressive slowness, "in the pursuit of a high career you will be powerfully aided by keeping in recollection the fact that the sixteenth President of the United States was named Lincoln, and not Sinclair. We have a prejudice too, weak as it may seem, in favor of spelling 'interval' with a 'v' rather than an 'n.'"

Seth did not find it so difficult to address this great man as he had anticipated. He said simply that he was very sorry, but the work was utterly new to him, it was his first day; he hoped to learn soon, etc. Emboldened by the sound of his own voice, he added his doubts about being able to satisfactorily preside over such exacting columns as "Society Jottings" and "Art, Music and the Drama"—and gave reasons.

"By George!" cried Watts, "I envy you! Just fancy a man who has never seen anything but 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—and not even that with real Siberian bloodhounds. You shall begin going to-night. I'll take you to 'Muldoon's Picnic.'"

"Well, at any rate," remarked Mr. Tyler, "you can do 'Agricultural.' You must know that right down to the ground."

"Yes," assented Seth, "I think I ought to manage that. The truth is, most of the stuff the papers print for farmers is nonsense—pure rubbish."

"I suppose it is. I know that Dent—he is a New York City boy, who doesn't know clover from cabbage—once put in a paragraph about the importance of feeding chickens on rock salt, and an old farmer from Boltus came in early one morning and whaled the book-keeper out of his boots because he had followed the advice and killed all his hens. There must be some funny man out West somewhere who makes up these bad agricultural paragraphs, and of course they get copied. How can fellows like Dent, for instance, tell which are good and which are not? But they can't fool you, and that'll be an advantage. Then there's 'Religious.' You can do that easily enough, I should think."

"Yes," interposed Murtagh, "all you have to do is to lay for the Obago *Evening Mercury*. Every Saturday that has a column of 'Religious.' Alec Watson, a fellow in that office, has fifty-two of these columns, extracts from Thomas à Kempis and Wesley and Spurgeon, and that sort of thing, which have been running in the *Mercury* since before the war. When New Year's comes he starts 'em going again, round and round. Nobody knows the difference. Well, their columns are longer than ours, so each week you can run about half their paragraphs—the shortest ones—and then fill in with some news notes, statistics, you know, about how many churches the Moravians have now, and that sort of thing. You can pick those up during the week anywhere."

"Then there ought to be some orig-

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inality about it too," said Tom Watts. "It is just as well to sling in some items of your own, I think, such as 'There is a growing desire among the Baptists to have Bishops, like other people,' or, 'It is understood that at the coming Consistory the Pope will create seven new American Cardinals.' That last is a particularly good point. Every once in a while predict more cardinals. It doesn't hurt anybody, and it makes you solid when the thing does happen. There's nothing like original news to show the influence of journalism. One morning, after the cakes had been bad for a week —heavy, sour, or something else—I said to my landlady that I believed the fault must be in the buckwheat. She said no, she didn't think so, for the flour looked very nice indeed. I put a line in 'Local Glimpses' that day saying that unfortunately the buckwheat this year was of inferior quality, and the very next morning she apologized to me: said I was right; the buckwheat *was* bad; she had read so in the *Chronicle*. Can you imagine a nobler illustration of the power of the press?"

Seth looked attentively at the speaker, to see if he was joking, but there was no more evidence of mirth in his thin face than in the serious tone of his voice. None of the others laughed.

Mr. Samboye said some of the most remarkable things, at once humorous and highly original, and put in an elaborate frame of big, unusual words. He was a huge man in frame, with an enormous head, bushy eyebrows, heavy whiskers, a ponderous manner, a tremendous voice—in fact seemed to Seth precisely the kind of man from whom delicate wit and soft shading of phrases were not to be expected. He happened for the nonce to be in a complaisant mood, and was relaxing himself in the company of "his young men," as he liked to call his colleagues. But ordinarily he was overbearing and arbitrary, and this had rankled so deeply in their minds that they listened with apathy, unresponsive, to his choicest sallies, and Watts even combated him, with scant courtesy it seemed to Seth.

To him this monologue of the editor's was a revelation. He had never heard such brilliant talk, such a wonderful mastery of words, such delicious humor. He drank it all in eagerly, and laughed aloud at its broader points—the more heartily, perhaps, because no one else smiled. This display of appreciation bore fruit after its kind. Before Mr. Samboye went he spoke some decidedly gracious words to Seth, saying among other things:

"However harshly we may be tempted by momentary stress of emotion to speak, always remember that we unitedly feel your fresh bucolic interest in things, your virginal capacity for admiration, and your pristine flush of enthusiasm for your work to be distinct acquisitions to the paper," which Seth felt to be somewhat nonsensical, but still was grateful for.

After Mr. Samboye had gone, Tom Watts took occasion to warn him in an aside:

"Be careful how you appear to curry favor with Samboye before the other fellows. Oh, I know you didn't think of it—but don't laugh at his jokes. They'll think you're trying to climb over them, and they'll be unpleasant to you, perhaps."

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

III.

ST. JOHN'S PARK and Hudson Street, and all well-bred New York, for that matter, had its fill of the Dolph hospitality the next winter. It was dinner and ball and rout and merry-making of one sort or another, the season through. The great family sleighs and the little bachelor sleighs whirred and jingled up to the Dolph door surely two, and sometimes four evenings in every week, and whirred and jingled away again at intensely fashionable hours, such as plain folk used for sleeping.

They woke up Abram Van Riper, did the revellers northward bound to country houses on the riverside, and, lying deep in his feather-bed, he directed his rumbling imprecations at the panes of glass, that sparkled with frost in the mild moonlight.

> Oh, come, maidens, come o'er the blue, rolling wave,
> The lovely should still be the care of the brave—
> Trancadillo, trancadillo, trancadillo, dillo, dillo, dillo!

sang the misguided slaves of fashion, as they sped out of hearing.

"Trancadillo!" rumbled Mr. Van Riper. "I'd like to trancadillo them, consume 'em!" and then he cursed his old friend's social circle for a parcel of trumpery fools; and Mrs. Van Riper, lying by his side, sighed softly with chastened regret and hopeless aspiration.

But everybody else—everybody who was anybody—blessed the Dolphs, and the Dolphs' cellar, and their man-servant, and their maid-servant, and their roasted ox and their saddle of venison, and the distinguished stranger who was within their gates; and young Mrs. Dolph was made as welcome as she made others.

For the little girl with the great dark eyes took to all this giddiness as naturally as possible—after her quiet fashion. The dark eyes sparkled with subdued pleasure that had no mean pride in it when she sat at the head of her great mahogany table and smiled at the double row of bright faces that hemmed in the gorgeous display of the Dolph silver and china and fine linen. And it was wonderful how charming were the famous Des Anges manners, when they were softened and sweetened by so much grace and beauty.

"Who would have thought she had it in her?" said the young ladies down in St. John's Park. "You remember her, don't you, what a shy little slip of a thing she was when we were at old Dumesnil's together? Who was it used to say that she had had the life grandmothered out of her?"

"Fine little creature, that wife of Dolph's," said the young men, as they strolled about in Niblo's Garden. "Dolph wouldn't have had the road all to himself if that old dragon of a grandmother had given the girl half a chance. 'Gad, she's an old grenadier! They say that Dolph had to put her to her facings the day after he was married, and that he did it in uncommon fine style, too."

"He's a lucky devil, that Dolph," the younger ones would sigh. "Nothing to do, all the money he wants, pretty wife, and the best wine in New York! I wish my old man would cut the shop and try to get an education in wine."

Their devotion to the frivolities of fashion notwithstanding, the young Dolphs were a loving, and, in a way, a domestic couple. Of course, everybody they knew had to give them a dinner or a ball, or pay them some such social tribute, and there were a myriad calls to be received and returned; but they found time for retired communings, even for long drives in the sleigh which, many a time in young Jacob Dolph's bachelor

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days, had borne the young man and a female companion—not always the same companion, either—up the Bloomingdale Road. And in the confidences of those early days young Jacob learned what his gentle little wife told him—without herself realizing the pathos of it—the story

of her crushed, unchildlike youth, loveless till he came, her prince, her deliverer. Dolph understood it; he had known, of course, that she could not have been happy under the régime of Madam Des Anges; but when he heard the simple tale in all its monotonous detail, and saw spread out before him this poor young life, with its thousand little disappointments, submissions, abnegations, and undeserved punishments and needless restrictions, a generous rage glowed in his heart, and perhaps sprang once in a while to his indiscreet lips; and out of this grew a deeper and maturer tenderness than his honeymoon love for the sweet little soul that he had at first sought only for the dark eyes through which it looked out upon its joyless world.

It is unwise to speak in profane language, it is injudicious to speak disrespectfully of old age, yet the Recording Angel, if he did not see fit to let a tear fall upon the page, perchance found it convenient to be mending his pen when young Jacob Dolph once uttered certain words that made his wife cry out:

"Oh, Jacob, don't, *please* don't. She didn't mean it!"

This is only a supposition. Perhaps Madam Des Anges really had meant well. But oh, how much happier this world would be if all the people who "mean

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well" and do ill would only take to meaning ill and doing well!

. . . . .

Jacob Dolph the elder took but a doubtful part in all the festivities. The cloud that had hung dimly over him had begun to show little rifts; but the dark masses between the rifts were thicker and heavier than ever. It was the last brief convulsive struggle of the patient against the power of the anæsthetic, when the nervous hand goes up to put the cloth away from the mouth, just before the work is done and consciousness slips utterly away, and life is no more for the sufferer, though his heart beat and the breath be warm between his lips.

When he was bright he was almost like his old self, and these delusive periods came oftenest when he met some old friend, or in quiet morning hours when his daughter—so he always called her—sat at his feet in the sunny breakfast-room, and sewed and listened, or perhaps read to him from Scott's latest novel.

He may have had some faint sub-consciousness of his condition, for although he took the deepest interest in the balls and the dinners, he would never appear before his son's guests except when he was at his best and brightest. But he loved to sit, withdrawn in a corner, watching the young life that fluttered through the great rooms, smiling to himself, and gently pleased if some old crony sought him out and talked of old times—the older the times were, the better he remembered them. Indeed, he now recalled some things that he had not thought of since his far-off boyhood.

In truth, the younger Dolphs often had small heart in their festal doings. But the medical science of the day, positive, self-satisfied, and blinded by all manner of tradition, gave them, through its ministers, cruelly false hopes of the old man's ultimate recovery. Besides, they could not well order things otherwise. The extravagant hospitality of the day demanded such ceremonial, and to have abated any part of it would only have served to grieve and to alarm the object of their care.

The whole business was a constant pride and joy to old Mr. Jacob Dolph. When there was a dinner to be given, he would follow Aline as she went about the house superintending the preparations of her servants, in her flowered apron of black silk, with her bunch of keys—honest keys, those, a good four inches long, with tongues as big as a domino—jingling at her side. He would himself overlook the making ready of the wines, and give oft-repeated instructions as to the proper temperature for the port, and see that the champagne was put on ice in the huge octagonal cellaret in the dining-room corner. And when all was ready, as like as not he would kiss Aline on the forehead, and say:

"I have a headache to-night, my dear, and I think I shall take my dinner in my room."

And he would go feebly upstairs, and when old Julius, who always waited upon him, brought up his tray, he would ask:

"Is it a fine dinner, Julius? Did everybody come?"

And Julius would invariably reply, with profound African dignity:

"Mons'us gran' dinneh, seh! 'E fines' dinneh I eveh witness', seh! I have stood behin' you' chai', seh, this thutty y'ah, an' I neveh see no such a gran' dinneh, Misteh Do'ph, seh!"

"Except the dinner we gave Mr. Hamilton, in State Street, Julius," the old man would put in.

"*Excep'* that, seh," Julius would gravely reply: "*that* was a pol-litical dinneh, seh; an', *of* co'se, a pol-litical dinneh—" an expressive pause—"but this he' is sho'ly a mons'us fine dinneh, seh."

. . . . .

His bodily vigor was unimpaired, however, and except that his times of entire mental clearness grew fewer and briefer as the months went on, there was little change in the old gentleman when the spring of 1829 came. He was not insane, he was not idiotic, even at the worst. It seemed to be simply a premature old age that clouded his faculties. He forgot many things, he was weakly absent-minded, often he did not recognize a familiar face, and he seemed ever more and more disinclined to think and to talk. He liked best to sit in si-

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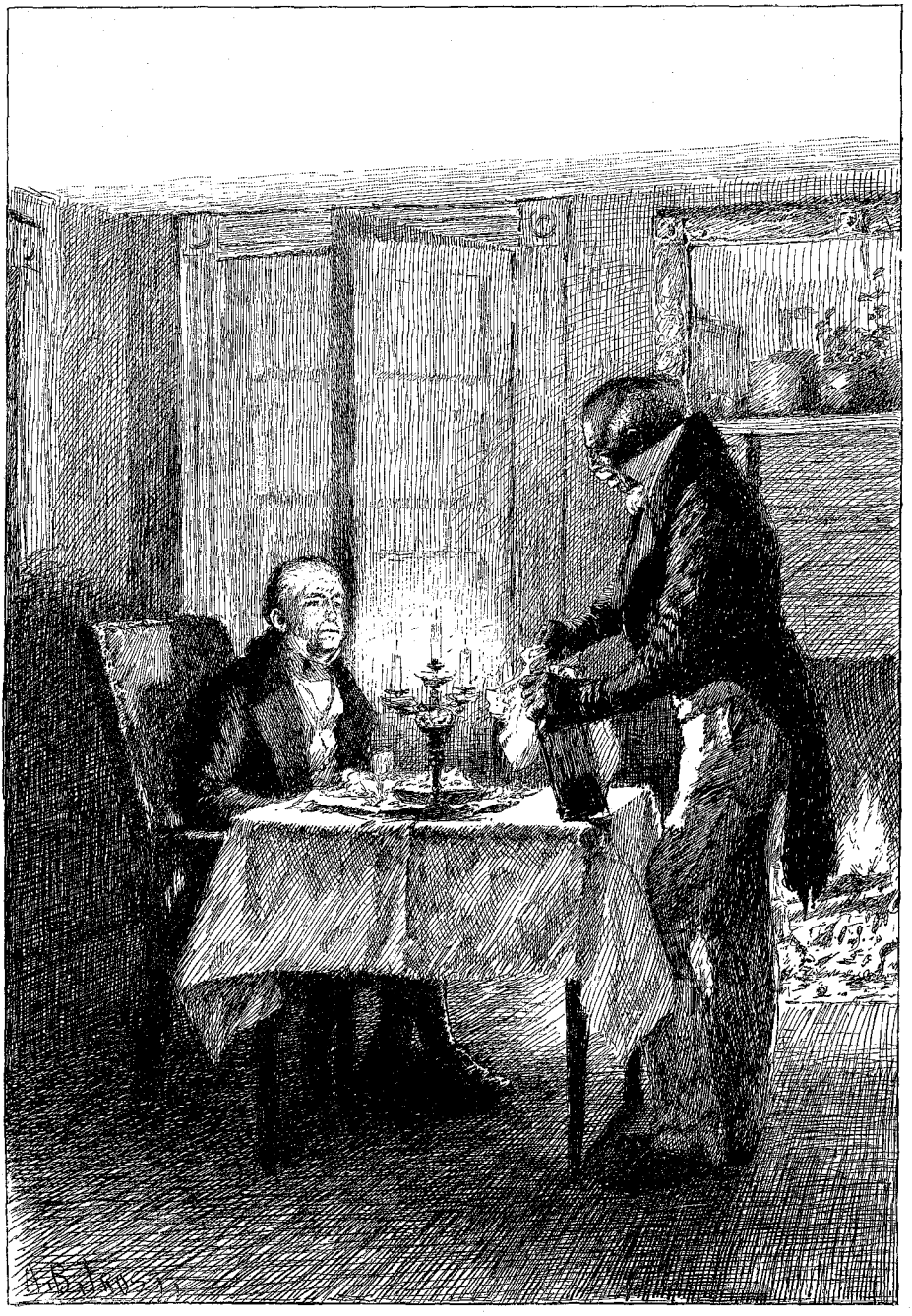

"Mons'us gran' dinneh, Seh!"

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lence, seemingly unconscious of the world about him; and if he was aroused from his dreamy trance, his wandering speech would show that his last thought —and it might have entered his mind hours before, at the suggestion of some special event—was so far back in the past that it dealt with matters beyond his son's knowledge.

He was allowed to do as he pleased, for in the common affairs of daily life he seemed to be able to care for himself, and he plaintively resented anything that looked like guardianship. So he kept up his custom of walking down into the city, at least as far as St. Paul's. It was thought to be safe enough, for he was a familiar figure in the town, and had friends at every turn.

But one afternoon he did not return in time for dinner. Young Jacob was out for his afternoon ride, which that day had taken him in the direction of the good doctor's house. And when he had reached the house, he found the doctor likewise mounted for a ride. The doctor was going up to Bond Street—the Dolphs' quarter was growing fashionable already—to look at a house near Broadway that he had some thoughts of buying, for he was to be married the coming winter. So they had ridden back together, and, after a long examination of the house, young Jacob had ridden off for a gallop through the country lanes; and it was five o'clock, and dinner was on the table, when he came to his father's house and learned from tearful Aline that his father was missing.

The horse was at the stable-door when young Jacob mounted him once more and galloped off to Bond Street, where he found the doctor just ready to turn down the Bowery; and they joined forces and hurried back, and down Broadway, inquiring of the people who sat on their front stoops—it was a late spring evening, warm and fair—if they had seen old Mr. Dolph that day.

Many had seen him as he went down; but no one could remember that the old gentleman had come back over his accustomed path. At St. Paul's, the sexton thought that Mr. Dolph had prolonged his walk down the street. Further on, some boys had seen him, still going southward. The searchers stopped at one or two of the houses where he might have called; but there was no trace of him. It was long since old Jacob Dolph had made a formal call.

But at Bowling Green they were hailed by Mr, Philip Waters, who came toward them with more excitement in his mien than a young man of good society often exhibited.

"I was going for a carriage, Dolph," he said: "Your father is down there in the Battery Park, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid he's had a stroke of paralysis."

They hurried down, and found him lying on the grass, his head on the lap of a dark-skinned, ear-ringed Spanish sailor. He had been seen to fall from the bench near by, another maritime man in the crowd about him explained.

"It was only a minute or two ago," said the honest seafarer, swelled with the importance that belongs to the narrator of a tale of accident and disaster: "He was a-setting there, had been for two hours 'most, just a-staring at them houses over there, and all of a sudden, chuck forward he went, right on his face. And then a man came along that knowed him, and said he'd go for a kerridge, or I'd 'a' took him on my sloop—she's a-layin' here now, with onions from Weathersfield—and treated him well—I see he wa'n't no disrespectable character. Here, Pedro, them's the old man's folks—let 'em take him. A-setting there nigh on two hours, he was, just a-studying them houses. B'long near here?"

Young Jacob had no words for the Connecticut captain. Waters had arrived, with somebody's carriage, confiscated on the highway, and they gently lifted up the old gentleman and set off homeward. They were just in time, for Waters had been the earliest of the evening promenaders to reach the Battery. It was dinner hour—or supper hour for many—and the Park was given up to the lounging sailors from the riverside streets.

The doctor's face was dark.

"No, it is not paralysis," he said: "Let us proceed at once to your own home, Mr. Dolph. In view of what I am now inclined to consider his condition, I think it would be the most advisable course."

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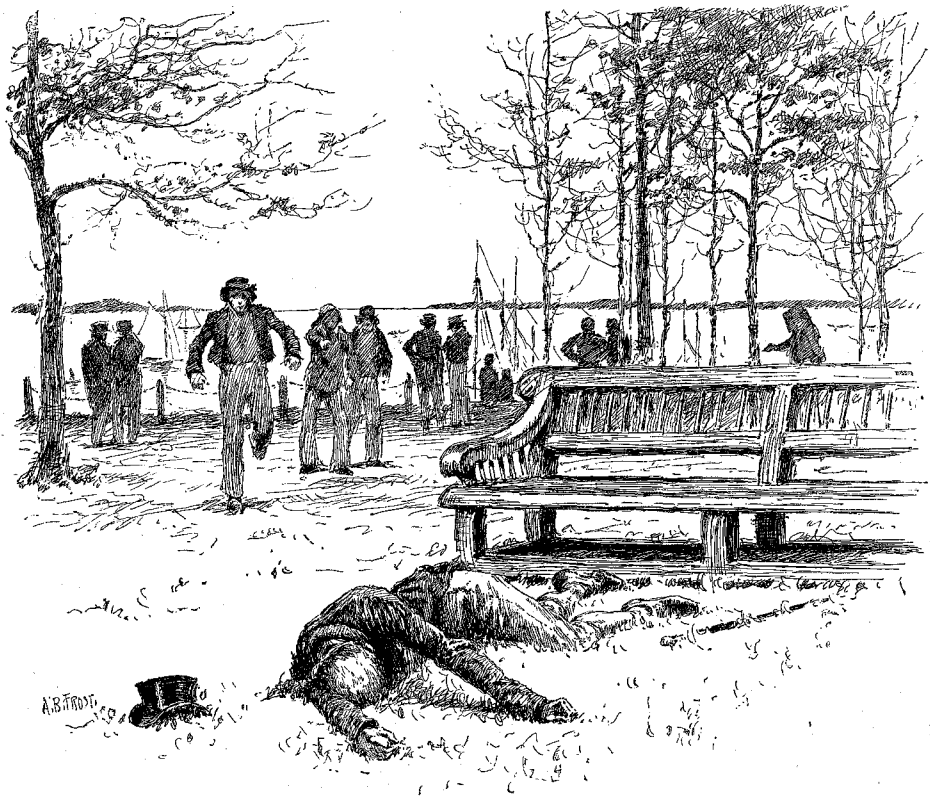
He was as precise and exact in his speech, even then, as he was later on, when years had given an innocent, genial pomposity to his delivery of his rounded sentences.

They put old Jacob Dolph to bed in the room which he had always occupied, in his married as in his widowed days. He never spoke again; that day, indeed, he hardly moved. But on the next he stirred uneasily, as though he were striving to change his position. The doctor bled him, and they shifted him as best they could, but he seemed no more comfortable. So the doctor bled him again; and even that did no good.



About sunset, Aline, who had watched over him with hardly a moment's rest, left the room for a quarter of an hour, to listen to what the doctors had to say—there were four of them in the drawing-room below. When she and her husband entered the sick-room again, the old man had moved in his bed. He was lying on his side, his face to the windows that looked southward, and he had raised himself a little on his arm. There was a troubled gaze in his eyes, as of one who strains to see something that is unaccountably missing from his sight. He turned his head a little, as though to listen. Thus gazing, with an inward and spiritual vision only, at the bay that his eyes might never again see, and listening to the waves whose cadence he should hear no more, the troubled look faded into one of inscrutable peace, and he sank back into the hollow of his son's arm and passed away.

. . . . .

The next time that the doctor was in the house it was of a snowy night a few days after New Year's Day. It was half-past two o'clock in the morning, and Jacob Dolph—no longer Jacob Dolph the younger—had been pacing furiously up and down the long dining-room—that being the longest room in the house—when the doctor came downstairs, and

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addressed him with his usual unruffled precision:

"I will request of you, Dolph, a large glass of port. I need not suggest to you that it is unnecessary to stint the measure, for the hospitality of this house is——"

"How is she, doctor? For God's sake, tell me—is she—is she——"

"The hospitality of this house is prover—," the precise doctor recommenced.

"Damn the hospitality!" cried Jacob Dolph: "I mean—oh, doctor—tell me—is anything wrong?"

"Should I request of you the cup of amity and geniality, Mr. Dolph, were there cause for anything save rejoicing in this house?" demanded the physician, with amiable severity. "I had thought that my words would have conveyed——"

"It's all over?"

"And bravely over!" And the doctor nodded his head with a dignified cheerfulness.

"And may I go to her?"

"You may, sir, after you have given me my glass of port. But remember, sir——"

Dolph turned to the sideboard, grasped a bottle and a glass, and thrust them into the doctor's hands, and started for the door.

"But remember, sir," went on the unperturbed physician, "you must not agitate or excite her. A gentle step, a tranquil tone, and a cheerful and encouraging address, brief and affectionate, will be all that is permitted."

Dolph listened in mad impatience, and was over the threshold before the doctor's peremptory call brought him back.

"What is it now?" he demanded, impatiently.

The doctor looked at him with a gaze of wonder and reproach.

"It is a male child, sir," he said.

Jacob Dolph crept up the stairs on tiptoe. As he paused for a moment in front of a door at the head, he heard the weak, spasmodic wail of another Dolph.

. . . . .

"There's no help for it—I've got to do it," said Jacob Dolph.

It was another wintry morning, just after breakfast. The snow was on the ground, and the sleigh-bells up in Broadway sent down a faint jingling. Ten winters had come and gone, and Mr. Dolph was as comfortably stout as a man should be who is well fed and forty. He stood with his back to the fire, pulling at his whiskers, which formed what was earlier known as a Newgate collar, with his right thumb and forefinger. His left thumb was stuck in the armhole of his flowered satin waistcoat, black and shiny.

Opposite him sat a man of his own age, clean-shaven and sharp-featured. He had calm, somewhat cold, gray eyes, a deliberate, self-contained manner of speaking, and a pallid, dry complexion that suited with his thin features. His dress was plain, although it was thoroughly neat. He had no flowered satin waistcoat; but something in his bearing told you that he was a man who had no anxiety about the narrow things of the counting-room; who had no need to ask himself how much money was coming in to-morrow. And at the same time you felt that every cent of whatever might be to-morrow's dues would find its way to his hands as surely as the representative figures stood on his ledger's page. It was young Mr. Van Riper—but he, too, had lost his right to that title, not only because of his years, but because in the garret of the house in Greenwich Village, a cobweb stretched from one of the low beams to the head of old Abram Van Riper's great walking-stick, which stood in the corner where it had been placed, with other rubbish, the day after Abram Van Riper's funeral.

"I should not advise it, Dolph, if it can be helped," Mr. Van Riper observed, thoughtfully.

"It can't be helped."

"I can give you your price, of course," Van Riper went on, with deliberation; "but equally of course, it won't be anything like what the property will bring in the course of a few years."

Dolph kicked at the hearth-rug, as he answered, somewhat testily:

"I'm not making a speculation of it."

Mr. Van Riper was unmoved.

"And I'm not making a speculation of you, either," he said, calmly; "I am speaking only for your own benefit, Dolph."

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Mr. Dolph put his hands in his pockets, strode to the window and back again, and then said, with an uneasy little laugh:

"I beg your pardon, Van Riper; you're quite right, of course. The fact is, I've got to do it. I must have the money, and I must have it now."

Mr. Van Riper stroked his sharp chin.

"Is it necessary to raise the money in that particular way? You are temporarily embarrassed. I don't wish to be intrusive—but why not borrow what you need, and give me a mortgage on the house?"

Ten years had given Jacob Dolph a certain floridity; but at this he blushed a hot red.

"Mortgage on the house? No, sir," he said, with emphasis.

"Well, any other security, then," was Van Riper's indifferent amendment.

Again Jacob Dolph strode to the window and back again, staring hard at the carpet, and knitting his brows.

Mr. Van Riper waited in undisturbed calm until his friend spoke once more.

"I might as well tell you the truth, Van Riper," he said, at last; "I've made a fool of myself. I've lost money, and I've got to pocket the loss. As to borrowing, I've borrowed all I ought to borrow. I *won't* mortgage the house. This sale simply represents the hole in my capital."

Something like a look of surprise came into Mr. Van Riper's wintry eyes.

"It's none of my business, of course," he observed; "but if you haven't any objection to telling me——"

"What did it? What does for everybody nowadays? Western lands and Wall Street—that's about the whole story. Oh, yes, I know—I ought to have kept out of it. But I didn't. I was nothing better than a fool at such business. I'm properly punished."

He sighed as he stood on the hearth-rug, his hands under his coat-tails, and his head hanging down. He looked as though many other thoughts were going through his mind than those which he expressed.

"I wish," he began again, "that my poor old father had brought me up to

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business ways. I might have kept out of it all. College is a good thing for a man, of course; but college doesn't teach you how to buy lots in Western cities—especially when the Western cities aren't built."

"College teaches you a good many other things, though," said Van Riper, frowning slightly, as he put the tips of his long fingers together; "I wish I'd had your chance, Dolph. *My* boy shall go to Columbia, that's certain."

"*Your* boy?" queried Dolph, raising his eyebrows.

Van Riper smiled.

"Yes," he said, "my boy. You didn't know I had a boy, did you? He's nearly a year old."

This made Mr. Jacob Dolph kick at the rug once more, and scowl a little.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very neighborly, Van Riper—," he began; but the other interrupted him, smiling good-naturedly.

"You and I go different ways, Dolph," he said. "We're plain folks over in Greenwich village, and you—you're a man of fashion."

Jacob Dolph smiled—not very mirthfully. Van Riper's gaze travelled around the room, quietly curious.

"It costs money to be a man of fashion, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dolph, "it does."

There was silence for a minute, which Van Riper broke.

"If you've got to sell, Dolph, why, it's a pity; but I'll take it. I'll see Ogden to-day, and we can finish the business whenever you wish. But, in my opinion, you'd do better to borrow."

Dolph shook his head.

"I've been quite enough of a fool," he replied.

"Well," said Mr. Van Riper, rising, "I must get to the office. You'll hear from Ogden to-morrow. I'm sorry you've got in such a snarl; but—" his lips stretched into something like a smile—"I suppose you'll know better next time. Good-day."

. . . . .

After Mr. Dolph had bowed his guest to the door, Mrs. Dolph slipped down the stairs and into the drawing-room.

"Did he take it?" she asked.

"Of course he took it," Dolph answered, bitterly, "at *that* price."

"Did he say anything," she inquired again, "about its being hard for us to—to sell it?"

"He said we had better not sell it now—that it would bring more a few years hence."

"He doesn't understand," said Mrs. Dolph.

"He *couldn't* understand," said Mr. Dolph.

Then she went over to him and kissed him.

"It's only selling the garden, after all," she said; "it isn't like selling our home."

He put his arm about her waist, and they walked into the breakfast-room, and looked out on the garden which to-morrow would be theirs no longer, and in a few months would not be a garden at all.

High walls hemmed it in—the walls of the houses which had grown up around them. A few stalks stood up out of the snow, the stalks of old-fashioned flowers—hollyhock, and larkspur, and Job's-tears, and the like—and the lines of the beds were defined by the tiny hedges of box, with the white snow-powder sifted into their dark, shiny green. The bare rose-bushes were there, with their spikes of thorns, and little mounds of snow showed where the glories of the poppy-bed had bloomed.

Jacob Dolph, looking out, saw the clear summer sunlight lying where the snow lay now. He saw his mother moving about the paths, cutting a flower here and a bud there. He saw himself, a little boy in brave breeches, following her about, and looking for the harmless toads, and working each one into one of the wonderful legends which he had heard from the old German gardener across the way. He saw his father, too, pacing those paths, of summer evenings, when the hollyhocks nodded their pink heads, and glancing up, from time to time, at his mother as she sat knitting at that very window. And, last of all in the line, yet first in his mind, he saw his wife tripping out in the fresh morning to smile on the flowers she loved, to linger lovingly over the beds of verbena, and to pick the little nosegay that stood by the side of the tall coffee-urn at every summer morning breakfast.

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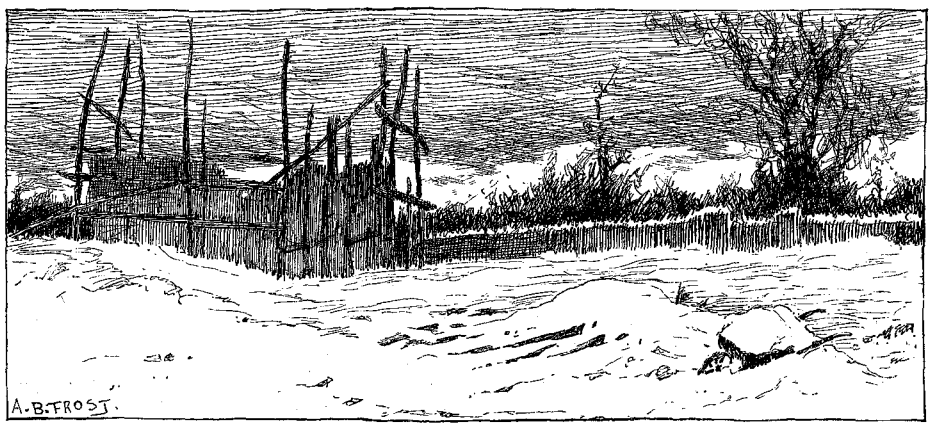
And the wife, looking out by his side, saw that splendid boy of theirs running over path and bed, glad of the flowers and the air and the freedom, full of young life and boyish sprightliness, his long hair floating behind him, the light of hope and youth in his bright face.

And to-morrow it would be Van Riper's; and very soon there would be houses there, to close up the friendly window which had seen so much, which had let so much innocent joy and gladness into the old breakfast-room; and there would be an end of flower-bordered paths and nodding hollyhocks. She put her face upon her husband's shoulder, and cried a little, though he pretended not to know it. When she lifted it, somehow she had got her eyes dry, though they were painfully bright and large.

"It isn't like selling our house," she said.



AN INTERLUDE.

By R. Armytage.

SIGHING, she spoke, and leaning clasped her knees;—
"Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,
Of fair deeds done, and far lands visited.
Sing now of things more marvellous than these!
Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,
Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,
Of that dim shore where no man's foot may tread,
Of strangest skies, and unbeholden seas!

Full many a golden web our longings spin,
And days are fair, and sleep is over-sweet;
But passing sweet those moments rare and fleet,
When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,
Makes quick the pulses with tumultuous beat
For meadows never won, or wandered in."

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PLOUGHING AND SOWING. THE SLINGER.

Scenes from the Border of the Tapestry.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

By Edward J. Lowell.

AMONG the curiosities that are scattered through the collections and galleries of Europe, there is no single one, perhaps, so interesting to all persons who care for the past as that long piece of embroidery which is known as the "Bayeux tapestry." It will, I think, be easiest to appreciate its importance by means of a comparison. Let us suppose, then, that in the course of time the inhabitants of this continent should lose almost all the records of the late civil war; that almost every contemporary account of that great struggle should be destroyed; that a few meagre chronicles, in prose or rhyme, some of them written long after the events had occurred, and far from the scene where they happened, should be the most trustworthy sources of information concerning a contest so important to our country. And let us then suppose that in some old church library a scrap-book should be discovered, containing the pictures published by one of our weekly newspapers during the course of the war; without other letter-press, it is true, than the title of each picture, but complete from the election of Lincoln to the battles about Petersburg; from sketches drawn perhaps by an eye-witness of some of the scenes represented, and certainly by a contemporary. With what care would such pictures be studied by all who were interested in the history of their country.

A little more than eight hundred years ago a series of events took place which have influenced the condition of all men living in Great Britain and Ireland, and of all their descendants from that day to this. If William of Normandy had not conquered England, we who live in America should to-day speak a different language from that which we now speak, and be governed by different laws and customs from those which we now observe. And, moreover, there are probably few readers of this magazine some of whose direct ancestors did not fight on one side or the other in the great battle near Hastings. Of that battle, and of the events which preceded it, the Bayeux tapestry is the most interesting record, for it tells not only those great events which historians and chroniclers think worthy of their

Harold takes leave of King Edward the Confessor.

[Beginning of the Tapestry.]

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trouble, but a multitude of details concerning the daily life of the two nations whose mixed descendants are Englishmen and Americans.

The term "Bayeux tapestry," although universally adopted, is not strictly correct. The object we are considering is an embroidery on linen cloth. The strip on which it is worked is two hundred and thirty feet, nine and one-third inches long, and nineteen and two-third inches wide. The linen was probably unbleached, and time and dust have brought it to the shade of brown Holland. It is divided by horizontal lines into a centre and two borders, the centre being a little more than thirteen inches wide. It is in this central part that the action of the piece takes place, over-running at times into the borders. Over the greater part of the tapestry these last are merely ornamental, being cut by diagonal lines into sections only a few inches in length, which are filled with beasts, birds, and fishes, centaurs and dragons. At times, however, little pictures from life are given, or illustrations of Æsop's fables. Men are seen ploughing and harrowing, the fowler uses his sling, the fox flatters the crow who drops her cheese into his mouth. In general the border would seem to be more uneven in merit, both as to imagination and as to execution, than the central part of the tapestry.

In the whole composition are represented more than six hundred and twenty persons, one hundred and eighty horses, and five hundred and fifty other animals, besides ships, boats, buildings, trees, weapons, tools, and other objects. These figures are drawn and colored *flat*, without any attempt at shading, and in their spirited uncouthness remind us of the work of a clever child. The faces, hands, and legs of the human figures, when bare, are merely indicated by a line of stitches. Yet it is an instance of the durability of frail things that these faces and hands have, in many cases, retained for eight hundred years a decided expression. In the colored portions of the embroidery, where the linen ground is covered with long worsted stitches, little attempt is made to imitate the hues of nature. There is nothing improbable, it is true, in the colors of the clothing, but those of the animals are not such as are found in the common varieties. In the absence of shading and perspective, an attempt is made to supply their place by varying the color arbitrarily on the different parts of the same animal. Thus a light-blue horse may have his two legs which are farthest from the spectator colored red, his ears green, and his mane yellow. The hoofs on his blue legs may be red, and those on his red legs green. In spite of this grotesqueness, the general effect is good; and time, which will usually bring colors which lie near each other into harmony, however discordant

Harold and Guy.

Aelgyva.

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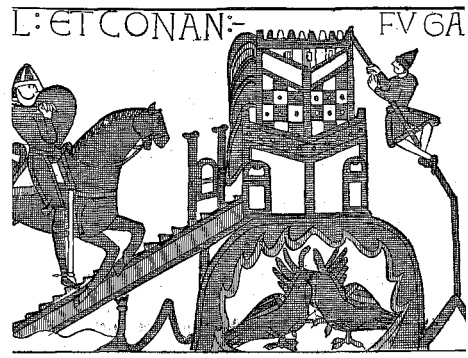
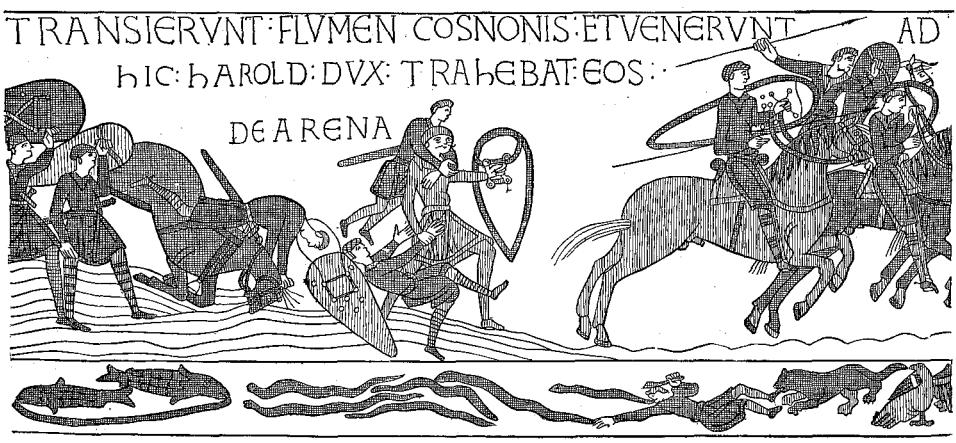
they may have been at first, has mellowed and softened the whole.

There has been some controversy as to the maker of the tapestry, and as to its exact date. It is attributed by popular tradition to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who is supposed to have worked it, with her ladies, to commemorate the glories of her husband. Some writers suppose it to have been made at a somewhat later date than that of her lifetime. Mr. Freeman, however, probably the best authority on the subject, assigns the work to a period little after that of the conquest, but does not attribute its manufacture to the queen. The tapestry was worked, as he thinks, for Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William on the mother's side. There are some reasons to suppose that English workmen were employed. Odo appears at least four times in the tapestry, and several of his vassals, otherwise almost unknown men, are represented. The tapestry itself was exhibited in the cathedral of Bayeux down to the time of the French Revolution, being stretched round the nave on certain feast days. During the eight centuries which have



The Siege of Dol.

poléon, to fire the French heart for a new conquest of England. On being returned to Bayeux the tapestry was wound on two cylinders or windlasses in the town-hall, and rolled from one to the other for the inspection of the curious. By this process it became somewhat frayed, especially near the ends. It was not until 1842 that the priceless relic was displayed to students and the public, under glass, in a special museum of its own. Thence it was again removed, in 1871, on the approach of the Prussian invaders. It was soon brought back,



Harold saves the Normans from the Quicksands.

elapsed since its completion it has escaped many dangers. The church was burned in 1106. It was pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562. In 1792 the tapestry narrowly escaped being cut up into coverings for carts for the French Revolutionary army. In 1803 it was carried to Paris and exhibited in the Musée Na-

however, and stretched again in its museum, where it has been carefully copied several times.*

* An excellent series of colored engravings of the tapestry was published by the Society of Antiquaries, of London, in their *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. vi., in 1823; a complete series of photographs, with valuable notes, by Frank Rede Fowke (London, Arundel Society, 1875). In these photographs the reproduction is between four and a half and five inches wide. A set of colored lithographs, reduced

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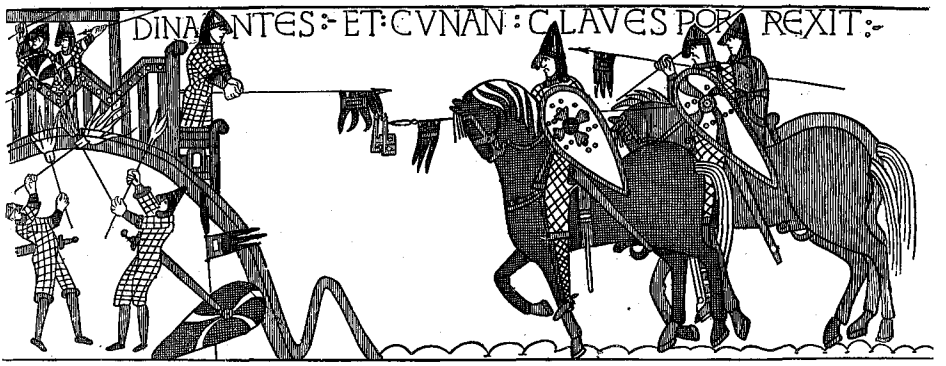

The Surrender of Dinan.

The design of the central portion of the tapestry is divided into scenes or compartments, the separation between them being usually made by trees or buildings. But one scene sometimes runs into another in a way to make any count uncertain. A Latin inscription, placed generally near the top of each division, tells its story in a few words. Thus the tapestry is a history of the conquest, told from the Norman side. But more valuable than the record it bears of important events is its testimony concerning the little affairs of daily life—the clothing, armor, and weapons, the food, manners, and fashions—of our ancestors.

In the first compartment King Edward the Confessor is seen, seated on a cushioned throne. His crown is on his head, his sceptre in his hand. He wears the full beard, which was then going out of fashion both in England and France. His long white hands, mentioned by William of Malmesbury, are clearly shown, as he raises a finger in admonition. Beside him stand two figures in short tunics and long hose, with mantles (a distinction of nobility) draped about them. The young men wear moustaches only, as was usual among Englishmen, the Normans being clean-shaven. These men are probably Earl Harold and a companion, taking leave of the king before their journey to France. In the next scene they ride to the sea-coast. Harold goes first, with his hawk on his hand and his dogs running before him. Although these dogs are colored blue and green, they are drawn with much life and spirit. Before sailing, Harold goes into a church, and afterward partakes of a banquet. The latter is enjoyed in a hall supported by round arches and covered by a tiled roof. Some of the guests drink from round cups, some from carved ox-horns.

William arming Harold.

When the meal is over they come down a flight of steps to the water, and, having taken off their long hose, wade out to the ship, carrying their dogs under their arms. They then step their mast and push off from the shore. The ac-

from the *Vetusta Monumenta*, and rather roughly executed, elucidated by Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.S.A., was published in 1856. They are about two inches wide. (London, John Russell Smith.) Articles on the tapestry are printed in the 17th and 19th volumes of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries of London; a treatise "on the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry, and some of the earliest heraldic charges, by Gilbert J. French," was reprinted from the Journal of the Archæological Association of Great Britain and Ireland, for July, 1857. (London, T. Richards.) Edward A. Freeman has an appendix on the tapestry in the third volume of his "History of the Norman Conquest," and there are many references to it in the history itself. The *Roman de Rou*, written by Robert Wace, about a century after the battle, has been much used in the preparation of this article. It was very carefully published by Dr. Hugo Andresen, Heilbronn, 1877. Many works on arms and armor have been consulted, and especially the fifth volume of the *Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français*, by Viollet le Duc. Paris, 1874.

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tion of the men shoving with poles is well given.

The ships are long galleys, propelled by sails and by oars. The bows and sterns are high, and in many instances capped with a carved head. The sails hang from a long yard, which keeps a horizontal position, not holding one end much higher than the other, as do the lateen sails of the Lake of Geneva, or the Nile. Along the gunwale of each galley the shields of the warriors are displayed, lapping over each other to form a bulwark.

Soon land is seen from the mast-head, and presently the ship is run on a beach and an anchor set out to keep her firm. Here Harold is seized by Wido, or Guy, Count of Ponthieu, and taken off as a prisoner to Beaurain le Château, whence he is finally ransomed by William, Duke of Normandy. The whole incident is characteristic of the manners of the time. Whether it was by mistake or by stress of weather that Harold landed in the count's dominions we do not know. But in either case he became the lawful spoil of the lord of the land. The claim is undisputed, and William, although he is Count Guy's overlord, does not think of demanding the prisoner without ransom. The adventure has its value, moreover, in the story of the conquest of England. Harold, ransomed by William for a great price, is put under a heavy obligation to him.

Harold's Oath.

The Duke of Normandy takes the English earl to Rouen, where he gives him solemn audience in a great hall surmounted by an arcade of seventeen Romanesque arches. Harold, the only Englishman present, seems to expostulate with William. The story at this point presents a mystery. The scene immediately following the interview between the duke and the earl at Rouen represents a woman, against whose face a tonsured man is laying his hand. The inscription, apparently mutilated, or intentionally left incomplete (for there are no stitch-marks), reads, in Latin, "where a clerk and Aelgyva." Mr. Fowke, in his excellent notes accompanying the photograph of the tapestry, has made a guess at the meaning of this picture, which, although incapable of proof, seems to bring it into the general course and story of the work. He surmises that Aelgyva was a noble English lady (as, indeed, is shown by her name); that she was possibly even the sister of Harold; that this lady was insulted or outraged by a member of the clergy; that this may have taken place at the Breton town of Dol; and that Harold entreated William to assist him in obtaining revenge. Thereupon we see, in the next compartment, the expedition into Brittany; the flight of the culprit, who lets himself down from the walls of Dol by a rope and escapes to Dinan; the siege and capitulation of that place. This theory, however, is contradicted by the fact, mentioned by William of Poitiers, that William's expedition to Dol was made for the purpose of raising the siege of the town, which was attacked by Conan, Duke of Brittany. Indeed, the flight of Conan from before the walls of Dol is shown in the tapestry; it is he that surrenders Dinan; and if Aelgyva's clerical lover were of the party, his affair had been lost sight of by the artist. The scandal is eight centuries old, after all, and no one but an archæologist can be expected to care much about it.

Some incidents of the Breton expedition, however, deserve notice. Passing by Mont St. Michel, the army crossed the great sandy beach which surrounds that picturesque fortress. Here the river Couesnon flows into the sea,

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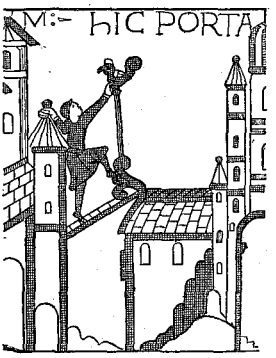
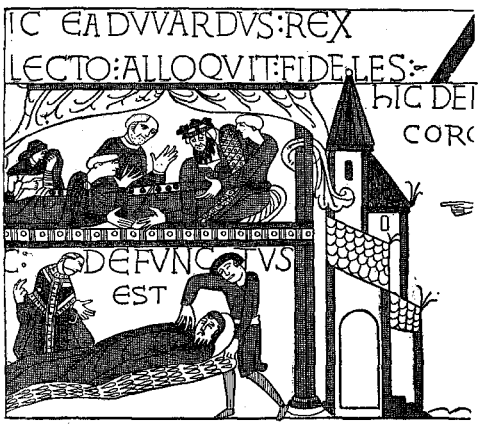
through dangerous quicksands. Caught among these we see the Norman army. The men carry their shields above their heads to keep them from the salt water; a horse and his rider are floundering. Harold, by his personal strength, is saving two Normans from the sands. One he carries pickapack, and the other he pulls by the wrist. Below, in the border, are eels and fishes devouring those who have been lost.



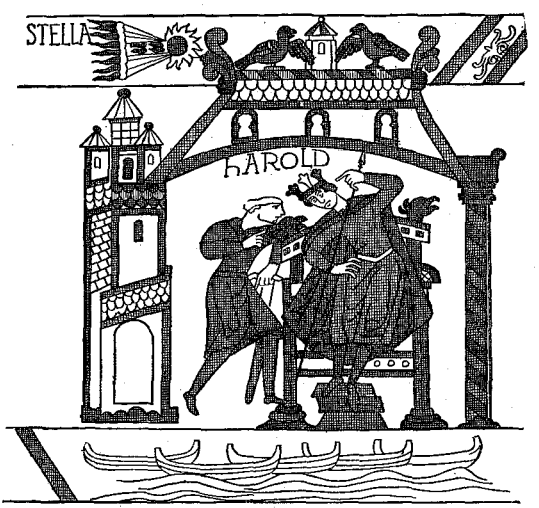
Completion of Westminster Abbey.

After chasing Conan from before Dol the Normans lay siege to Dinan. We see them on horseback and in armor advance toward the outer defences of the place. Javelins are thrown from both sides. Meanwhile two knights on foot, leaving their pennoned lances stuck in the ground, and their shields leaning against them, advance boldly to the palisade and set fire to it with torches. On the other side of the picture, Conan gives over the keys of the town. He reaches them, on a lance, from the walls to an officer (probably Duke William), who receives them in the same manner.



The Death of King Edward the Confessor.

Immediately after the surrender of Dinan we have a scene with the inscription, "*Here William gave arms to Harold.*" It is probable, however, that something more than a present of the spoils of Dinan is intended. Both warriors are clad in armor. Harold holds a lance with a pennon in his left hand. William's left hand rests on Harold's helmet; his right is raised, as in earnest speech. The scene is perhaps that of conferring knighthood, a ceremony which took place, according to Wace, between the duke and the earl at Avranches. There are difficulties, however, in so considering it. Knighthood was conferred among the Normans by a ceremony on horseback. Among the Saxons it was conferred by a priest and according to a religious ritual. Here it is a layman who gives the honor, and both he and the recipient are on foot.



Bad News brought to Harold.

The campaign was now ended, and the Normans returned to Bayeux. It was here that, before sending Harold back to England, William exacted from him an oath. The nature and extent of the promise is not absolutely certain, but there is nothing positively to contradict the story told by a Norman poet a century later. Harold, he says, first proposed to give over the kingdom of England to William on King Edward's death, and to take to wife Ele, William's daughter. This Harold offered to swear to,

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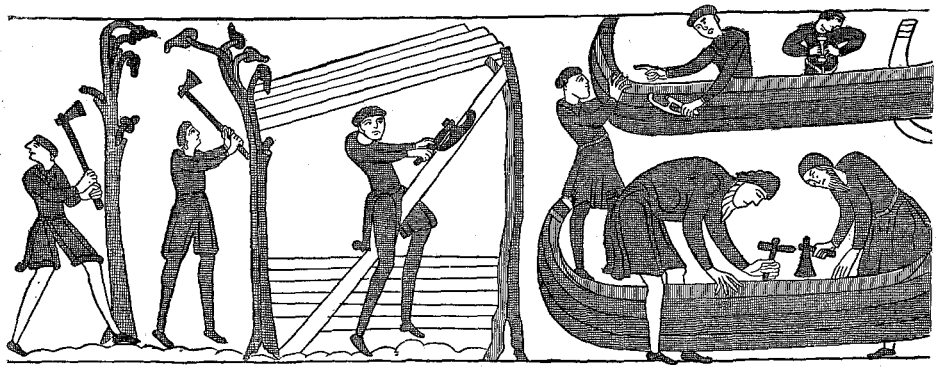
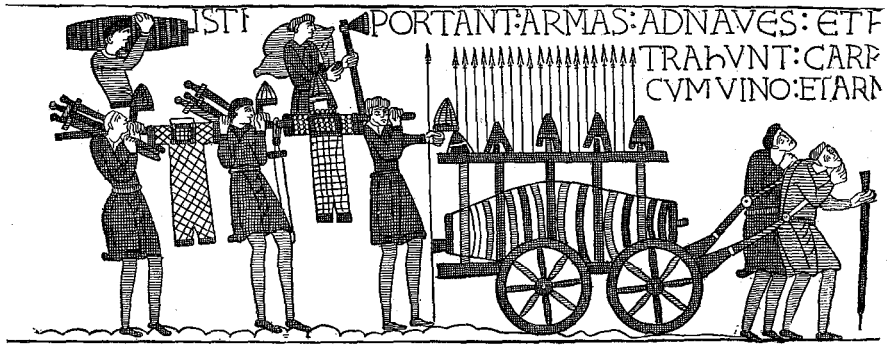
and William assembled a great council at Bayeux to hear the oath. The duke then got together all the relics he could find—the bodies of the saints—and filled



Building the Ships.

a tub with them. Over the tub was thrown a silken cloth, so that Harold neither knew nor saw what it contained. On the cloth was laid a reliquary, the best that could be had and the most precious; it was called the ox-eye. When Harold stretched his hand over



Arms and Provisions.

it, his hand trembled and his flesh crept. Then he swore and pledged himself, as was dictated to him, to marry Ele, the duke's daughter, and to give up England to the duke, to the best of his power, after Edward's death, if he himself should be alive, so help him God, and the holy relics that were there. And several of those present said, "God grant it!" When Harold had kissed the relics and had risen to his feet, the duke led him to the tub and took off the silken cloth which had covered it, and showed Harold what was within and on what relics he had sworn. Harold was indeed aghast at what he saw.

This story, with its curious primitive notion of cheating your prisoner and taking liberties with the saints, and enlisting the powers of heaven against your enemy by tempting him to offer them an unintended insult, is neither conclusively affirmed nor denied by the evidence of the tapestry. Harold stands between two altars, one apparently permanent and the other movable. The front of each is concealed by drapery, and on each stands an ornamental box, or reliquary, of elaborate architectural design, such as the bones of saints are kept in to this day. On top of one of these boxes is a projection, terminating in a ball or knob, which may well be the "ox-eye" mentioned by the old poet. Toward each Harold extends a hand. It is clearly the intention of the artist to show that the English earl

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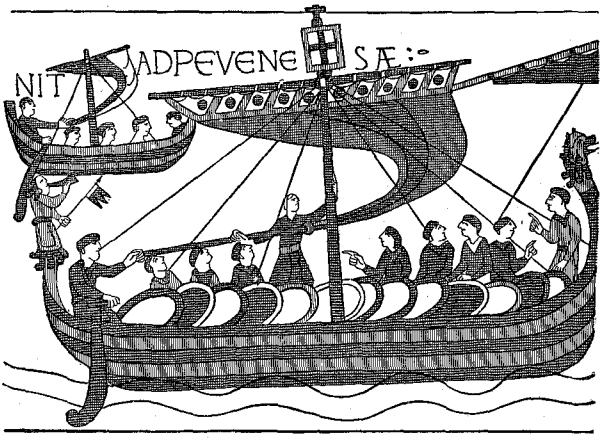
swore on many relics ; else why the two reliquaries. If the story of the pious fraud be true, it may not have suited the bishop, or his patron, to publish it, but rather to intimate that Harold swore with full knowledge of what he was doing. On the other hand, if the story were notorious, the draped altars would suggest the hidden tub. The objection afterward raised to this oath by Harold was not fraud, but duress ; he said that he was William's prisoner when he took it. Moreover, the exact nature of the oath taken is as doubtful as the story of the tubful of relics. That some solemn promise was actually made, or some solemn act of fealty performed, there can be little doubt.



The Mora.

After taking the oath Harold returns to England. We see his boat on the channel, which may here well be called "the narrow seas," for while her stern almost overhangs the coast of France her bow is within half a lance's length of England. From the terrace of a castle a watchman, shading his eyes with his hand, looks for the coming sail. Harold and a companion ride to London, and present themselves before King Edward.

As the best authorities are quite uncertain as to the exact date of the incidents hitherto narrated, it is impossible to say how long an interval of time should be supposed to have elapsed between the scene last mentioned and that which occurs next in the tapestry. We see Westminster Abbey, whose building had been the principal interest of King Edward the Confessor's later years, and whose completion he survived but a few days. The church was consecrated three days after Christmas, 1065, although Edward was too ill to be present, and on the 6th of January, 1066, the king died. He was buried the next day, in his own abbey church, the most interesting spot on English soil. The building has since his time been almost entirely renewed and rebuilt; but in its choir, in the place corresponding to that where the high altar of most cathedrals stands, is the wooden tomb of Edward, the work of a later age ; while around this cluster the monuments of kings and heroes, and above hangs the armor of an English monarch who won on French soil a battle as brilliant, if not as important, as that of Hastings.* The original building, in which the body of the Confessor was first laid, was neither small nor mean. A long nave of round arches, a central tower or lantern, an apse, and transepts (the last perhaps unfinished) are shown in the tapestry. On the roof

Norman Cooks.

* The saddle, helmet, and shield used by Henry V., at the battle of Agincourt, hang in the chapel of King Edward the Confessor.

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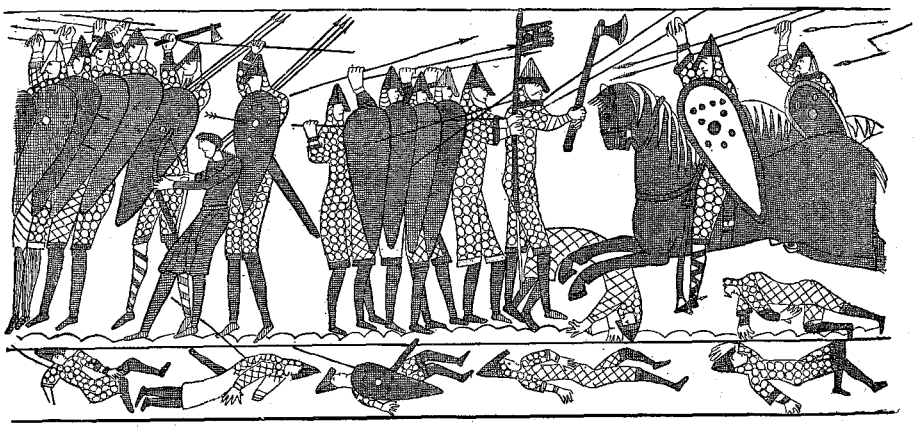
a workman is setting up a weather-cock — the cock that crowed to Peter on Saint Peter's Church.

Toward this stately edifice Edward's funeral is advancing. The bier is borne by eight laymen, and a party of the clergy follows it. One carries a bishop's crook; others have books. Beside the bier two boys are carrying bells, one in each hand. The body is seen wrapped in a shroud and shaded by a canopy.

The Banquet.

The artist goes back a step and shows us the last scene in Edward's life. A contemporary chronicler has preserved the names of the group of stiffly drawn but expressive figures that cluster round the bed of the dying man. The cushion that supports his head and shoulders is in the hands of Wymarc, one of the great officers of his household. On the further side of the couch stands Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, easily recognized by his embroidered robe and his tonsure. At the king's feet sits his queen, Eadgyth, and wipes her eyes. Nearest the spectator is a kneeling figure in the cloak of a nobleman. To him the dying man appears to speak, even in this tapestry made for a Norman bishop. For this is Harold, the hero of the great tragedy, the man destined to be the last English king of England until the nation shall have conquered and absorbed its conquerors. King Edward named him as his successor, but the nomination was preceded by a prophecy of woe. Two holy monks, known to him in his youth, said the dying monarch, had lately appeared to him in a vision. The great men of the kingdom, they had told him, were not what they seemed. Earls, bishops, abbots, and men in holy orders —they were ministers of the fiend. Within a year and a day the whole land would be a prey to devils. Thus with prophecy and injunction the old king passed away.

The great council of the nation was at that time assembled at Westminster. Without delay it elected Harold to the royal office. In the tapestry two noblemen are seen offering him the crown. Edward had died childless, and there was no male descendant of the royal house living and grown to manhood.



The First Attack.

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The crown, moreover, was elective; although it was usual to choose a member of the royal family, if an available member were forthcoming. Harold accepted the crown in spite of his oath to William. The considerations—that it had been taken under duress, and that he had had no right in any case to dispose of the crown of England—were reasons strong enough for his ambition. Yet the oath itself, and the tubful of relics, may well have weighed on his conscience.

In the tapestry the funeral of King Edward and the coronation of King Harold are separated by the compartments representing the death of the former king. But in reality one ceremony followed closely on the other. On the morning of the day following that of his death the body of the Confessor was laid in the tomb, in his new church; and on the same day, and perhaps in the same building, Harold was crowned king in his stead. In times like those, it would not have been safe to run the risks of an interregnum. We see Harold on his throne, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his right hand, and an orb in his left. On one side of him are two nobles, one of whom carries the sword of state. On the other is Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is some doubt whether Stigand really officiated at the coronation. His position in the church was not unquestioned, and an office performed by him might not have been considered valid. We consequently find Norman accounts, including this one, asserting that it was he who crowned Harold. The English writers, on the other hand, say that the ceremony was performed by Ealdred, the Archbishop of York. The crowd, placed in an adjoining compartment (or an antechamber), raise their hands and bend eagerly forward toward the new monarch. But another group, farther from the presence, in a vestibule or under a cloister, are turned away from the throne. They point toward the sky, where blazes a comet, most elaborately represented. From chroniclers we learn that this portent was generally supposed by contemporaries all over Western Europe to be connected with the crisis in England, and to prefigure the misfortunes of that country. Later scientific researches have established the probability that it was Halley's comet which so disturbed our ancestors. In a building, over whose roof the flaming star is shining, we see Harold again. The new king, wearing his crown, but holding a spear in his hand, listens, with bent head and troubled face, to a messenger of bad tidings. In the border below is a rough representation of boats dancing on the waves, the sight which a king of England, fearing invasion, might well see before his troubled eyes.

The realization of Harold's fears is shown in the compartments which follow: An English ship crosses the seas to Normandy. Duke William sits in his palace. He has heard the news and he prepares for war. By his side sits his half-brother Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux. A carpenter, carrying a broad-axe, receives the duke's orders. On the other side of the duke a Norman gentleman gesticulates violently, but receives little attention. We next see the workmen felling trees, shaping planks, and building boats. The tools employed are axes, broad-axes, hatchets, hammers, and a boring instrument with an elaborate but rather awkward handle. The ships are long and low, rising at the bow and stern. Indeed, this type is never departed from in the tapestry, whether for large vessels or small boats. I do not think any of the ships were decked. William's fleet, hastily constructed, was not intended for long or difficult navigation. In fact, he waited for weeks for a fair south wind before embarking his army. We see in the tapestry how the boats are launched and the arms and provisions put aboard—swords, helmets, and coats of armor, shields and spears, casks of wine, and carcasses of pork.

The principal garment worn in battle at this time by both Normans and Englishmen who were rich or powerful (for the ordinary people fought in their everyday clothes) was so shaped as to cover the arms to the elbow and the legs to the knee. It was made of leather or strong cloth, on which were sewed small plates or rings of metal. It was probably also wadded, as an additional protection. Sometimes, instead of the plates or rings, a trellis-work of leather was made and strengthened with studs. The

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garment had a square opening in the breast, to enable the wearer to struggle into it, first his legs, then one arm, then the other. When he was in, a flap was buckled or buttoned across the opening. A hood, of the same material as this body garment, covered the head and shoulders. On top of the hood was placed a helmet of iron and bronze, conical or nearly so in shape, and fitting round the head like a hat. A piece of iron came down from the rim in front, protecting the nose, and partially masking the face. There was sometimes a similar piece to cover the back of the head and the nape of the neck. These helmets must have been both heavy and uncomfortable, as the whole weight rested on the head, and a perfect fit must have been difficult to obtain. William and one or two of his greatest nobles wore hose protected by plates or rings, like their coats; but most men, noble and simple, relied in battle on an elaborate arrangement of straps reaching from the knee to the ankle, and recalling that worn to-day by the peasants of the Roman Campagna. On their left arms the warriors carried almond-shaped shields, three or four feet long. For these the English sometimes substituted round or oval shields. The shield was probably made of wood, covered with leather, and having a border of metal and a projection, or boss, of metal in the widest part. The studs which held the straps by which the shield was carried also appeared on the outside. The surface, slightly curved and generally of one plain color with a border, was sometimes decorated with colored lines, a cross, or the figure of a dragon. Armorial bearings did not appear on shields until a later date.

A Part of the Battle.

The weapons in use were swords, axes, lances, darts, bows and arrows. The swords appear to have been sharp on both edges, and blunt at the point, intended to cut and not to stab; their guards were simple cross-pieces. The axe was the national weapon of the English. With it King Harold is said to have been able to strike down horse and man at one blow. It was also considered appropriate for ceremonial occasions; thus, when the crown is first presented to Harold both he and the man who presents it carry axes. It has been noticed that the blades of both these axes are turned toward the newly chosen king. I believe, however, that this is accidental. The designers of the tapestry were not given to allegory, and the attempt to attach hidden meanings to their plain pictures is fanciful. It may be noted that the axe carried in war differs entirely in shape from that used for felling trees. The former has a broad curved edge, and becomes very narrow at the back; the latter approaches our modern shape. In one of the *mêlées* of the battle of Hastings, however, a man is seen fighting with a workman's axe. It is known that some of Harold's forces were the hastily armed levies of the neighborhood of the field of battle; but as the man wielding this axe is dressed in armor, the appearance of the common axe in his hands is probably due to carelessness in the embroiderer.

The lance was used both by the Normans and the English. It was not held under the shoulder when charging, like the heavier lance of a later date, but carried free in the hand, which was often raised beside the head. When not in use it rested in the stirrup. The wood was about eight or nine feet long; the head varied in form, being oftenest leaf-shaped or barbed. The principal knights carried a pennon on their lances. The devices on these pennons are interesting as coming singularly near the beginning of the science of heraldry.

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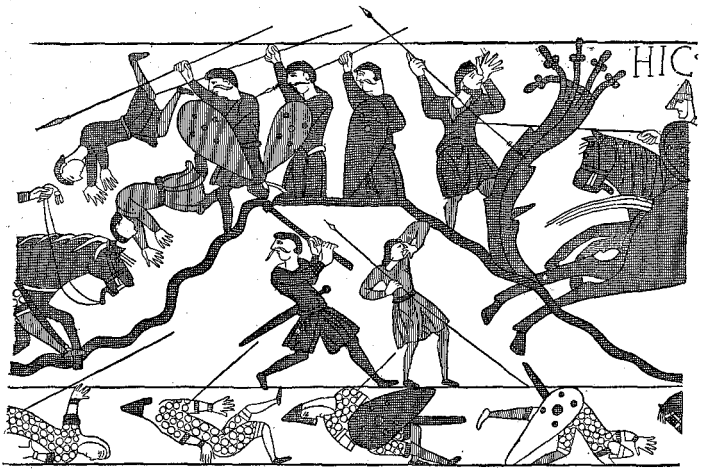
They consist of stripes and bands of various colors, and in most cases the pennon ends in three points. When any more elaborate device is attempted, it usually takes the form of a cross or of two or more circles. I think that the lance generally passed through the hem of the pennon, but this is sometimes doubtful. One of the banners pictured in the tapestry would, if we could surely recognize it, deserve peculiar attention. It is on record that Pope Alexander II. sent a consecrated banner to Duke William, and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter. The ring is not to be found on the duke's finger in the tapestry, nor can the banner be identified with absolute certainty. A distinguished antiquary, however, has pitched on one particular pennon, which bears a yellow or golden cross on a white ground surrounded by a blue border, as the papal gift;* and it is noticeable that this device is almost identical with that on the flag carried at William's masthead in the ship Mora, which bore him to England.



The English Churls.

Only once is a figure more elaborate than a simple cross shown on a Norman banner in the tapestry. This is the representation of a bird on a semicircular banner with nine small streamers. This bird has been thought by some scholars to be the holy Dove, by others to be a raven, the standard of a band of Danish origin. The small size of the figure makes its identification impossible.

Two other standards, more curious than any Norman pennon, even though sent by a pope to encourage an invader, are to be seen in the tapestry. These are dragons, not embroidered on cloth, but made solid, either of metal or wood (for a stuffed dragon is hardly to be supposed), and carried on spears. The dragon was the ensign of Wessex, but King Harold's own standard was the "fighting man." This last, which is not shown in the tapestry, would appear to have been an embroidered figure. The dragon, however, made solid, and taking the place of a flag, can hardly have been an invention of the designer of the tapestry, to whom flags of cloth were familiar. It is probable, therefore, that the dragon standard was indeed solid, like the eagle of the Roman legion or the French regiment, and like those figures of dragons which are represented on Trajan's column at Rome.

Duke William spent the summer of 1066 in building and collecting a fleet. His half-brothers, Bishop Odo and Count Robert of Mortain, gave one hundred and one hundred and twenty ships respectively. Other vessels were sent in from all sides, and the builders were kept busy. The whole fleet numbered six hundred and ninety-six sail by the lowest reckoning, while the highest credible figure is above three thousand. But the largest of these vessels, the Mora herself, the gift of the Duchess Matilda, which bore the great duke to the conquest of a kingdom, was but an open boat with one mast, easily unstepped. Into such boats men and horses were crowded. The numbers of the army are variously estimated at from fourteen to sixty thousand.

Long they waited for a fair wind, in-

* Viollet-le-Duc, Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français, vol. v., p. 171.

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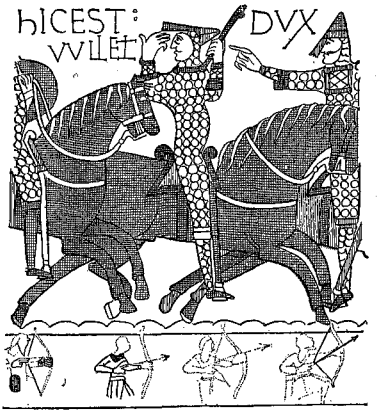
voking the saints. At last the relics of St. Valery were brought from their church and laid in a field, on a carpet. The pious warriors crowded around them to pray, and covered the body of the saint with the pile of their offerings. The powers of heaven were appeased, as they believed, and on the 27th of September the south wind blew fair for England. The day was spent in embarking; the night, in sailing over the channel; in the morning they approached the white cliffs of England. We see in the tapestry the long lapstreak hulls, painted in bright lines; the colored sails, that remind us of Venice; the row of bucklers along the gunwale; the heads of men and horses looking out over the rolling water. We see the landing; the horses taken from the ships; the scouts galloping over the country; the foragers bringing in cattle and provisions. A house is burned, and we see the mistress going forth leading a child by the hand. From other sources we learn that the country all about Hastings was so plundered that after twenty years it still showed marks of the Norman pillage. For a time the invading army remained undisturbed. King Harold was away in the north, where, three days before the landing of William, he had defeated another host of invaders under his own brother Tostig and Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. So William was left to land unopposed at Pevensey, to march unhindered to Hastings, and to fortify his camp there. Nor was the time spent without feasting. In one of the most curious scenes of the whole tapestry we see the pot hanging over the fire; we see a head cook taking dainties from a portable oven. He balances a dish on his left hand; in his right he holds a curious double hook, perhaps a hawk's claw on the end of a stick, with which he lifts—can it be a croquette?—and arranges his dish with French taste. We see the chickens on the spits. A sideboard is hastily made of shields laid on a trestle; but the dinner-table, which is very curious, must have been brought among the baggage. It is shaped like a horseshoe, and the guests sit only on the outer side; while on the inner a servant, on one knee and with a napkin over his arm, presents a dish. There is no cloth on the table, but there are dishes, knives, and cups; yet we see fish laid on the bare board. Odo, the bishop, is blessing the food and drink. He holds a bowl in his left hand and stretches three fingers over it. But the hunger of the other guests will hardly be restrained. Two appear to be pledging each other; one seizes a cake; another raises a morsel to his lips.



William shows his Face to his Friends.

I had hoped, and at one time believed, that of Odo, at least, the tapestry had preserved a portrait. We see him in the scene above mentioned, and in the next, where he is holding council with his brothers, with a round face, large eyes, and a mouth of the type called cherubic. But I find him in another part of the tapestry with sunken cheeks. In fact, if the artist ever attempted portraiture, which is not impossible, as the size of the heads admits it (a face can be amply covered with a silver dollar), time and winding on windlasses have destroyed the portraits, except as to such obvious features as moustaches and beards. William is usually represented as a tall man, but I do not think that this means much. There is a tendency, even in artistic representations much more advanced than those of the tapestry, to give size to the most important figure. In fact, a great man does look big to those who see him.

After the feast the tapestry is occupied with the preparations for the battle. On the afternoon of the 13th of October, 1066, the English army, advancing from London, was drawn up on a hill called Senlac, about seven miles

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from Hastings. The position itself was strong and well chosen. Harold fortified it with a ditch and a palisade, and the shields of the warriors themselves, resting with one end upon the ground, formed a wall. All Englishmen at that time fought on foot, using their horses only to carry them to the field, while the chief strength of the Normans was in their cavalry. The hill of Senlac is long and narrow facing the south. On the middle of the hill King Harold took his place, beside the standards of the dragon and the fighting man. Around him were his brothers and his personal followers, the flower of the English army; the men of Kent, and the citizens of London. They were armed with lances, javelins, and swords, and with the terrible axe. On the flanks were the raw levies, mostly without defensive armor, and carrying anything to strike with, from a lance to a pitchfork, and even the stone hatchets of an earlier civilization.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, Duke William led out his army to attack the English position. It was composed of his own subjects of Normandy, and of adventurers from all France. Indeed, it is noticeable that the person who superintended the making of the tapestry, presumably a Norman, calls the invaders *Franci*, and not *Normanni*. The duke was mounted on a noble charger, the gift of a Spanish king. Three horses were killed under him that day, says a chronicler.

Near the duke rode his two half-brothers, Odo and Robert. Neither Odo nor William used their swords that day, but each was armed with a club. On the part of the bishop this was made necessary by a rule of the Church of Rome, which forbade her shepherds to shed the blood of the sheep. The shepherds might, however, knock the sheep on the head. By the duke the club must have been carried from choice. Some later generals have preferred to go into battle armed only with a stick, but in the duke's hands the stick was a formidable weapon.

The tapestry shows William's army on its march from Hastings. One Vital, a follower of Odo, announces the neighborhood of the English; while at about the same time Harold hears of the approach of the French. The duke exhorts his men to prepare for the battle with manliness and wisdom. The knights flourish their lances, the archers draw their bows. The horsemen charge the British square, and arrows, bolts, and javelins whistle through the air. Which of these gallant gentlemen is Taillefer, the minstrel, who rode first to the battle, throwing his sword into the air and catching it by the handle, while he sang the song of Roland at Roncesvalles? * One Englishman he pierced with his lance; another he struck down with his sword; then he fell beneath an English stroke. If this obscure warrior cannot be recognized in the tapestry, we are more fortunate in the case of the brothers of King Harold. Both of these were killed early in the day, Leofwine struck by a spear under the arm as he swung his mighty axe; Gyrth, the brave and prudent, falling, like him, in single combat with a mounted knight. Some of the old chroniclers attribute his death to the hand of the great duke himself, but the tapestry does not confirm this story.

The battle grows more furious. Frenchmen and Englishmen are falling at once, the axe and the sword doing their work. The lower border of the tapestry is full of dead men and horses. We see the English churls on their hill, without armor, fighting manfully. It is reported among the Normans that the duke had fallen; but William and Odo rally the fugitives. We see the Duke of Normandy rising in his stirrups and tilting back his helmet so that the nose-piece may not hide his face from his soldiers' eyes. On the other hand, to translate the quaint Latin of the tapestry, "Here Odo, the bishop, holding a club, comforts the boys." The Normans return to the charge. Meanwhile the French archers are ordered to fire in the air. The storm of arrows falls in the English faces, as when the wind drives the rain. The English lift their shields to cover their heads; the French swords find room to strike. The veterans who, in the centre of the English line, surround the standards and the

* The *Chanson de Roland* has been admirably translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, London, C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1880.

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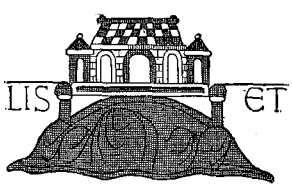
The Death of Harold.

king fall one by one. An arrow struck Harold in the right eye; and soon afterward he was despatched by a Norman sword. We see him fall, the axe dropping from his nerveless grasp. One standard was taken; another trampled under foot. In the tapestry both are figured as dragons, and the one that is stricken down seems to bite at a Norman horse's hoof. It was twilight when the English churls turned and fled, some of them on foot, some on the horses that had brought their lords to the field of battle. But the men of Kent and the citizens of London; the personal followers of the king, neither asked nor received quarter, nor yet did they fly, while axe could split shield. Of the disciplined soldiers who, on the day before, had accompanied King Harold from London, none escaped alive from the field of battle save those few who, stricken down among the wounded, were revived by the cool night air and wandered away in the darkness. And even those who fled did not lose a chance to deal a last blow at their conquerors. The eastern end of the hill of Senlac falls off abruptly on the northern side to a marshy ravine. In the ardor of pursuit, and misled by the increasing darkness, many of the Norman riders plunged headlong down the steep bank, and were either smothered in the morass or despatched by the English fugitives. The place long kept the name of the *Malfosse*. Thus ended the most important battle ever fought on English soil, perhaps the most important battle in its results to all who now speak the English tongue that ever was fought at all. The Bayeux tapestry carries us through the fight, to the last resistance of the English soldiers and the flight of the English peasants. In this account I have followed mainly the order of the tapestry, taking its authority as final on those details concerning which chroniclers and historians have differed, but getting what light I could from other sources. Few histories or chronicles can surpass it in authority; none can have a more heroic theme.



Mont St. Michel.

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THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART SECOND: THE CODICIL.

I. An Iroquois in Trouville.

From Liverpool Austin May went to London; from London to Paris; from Paris by the special mail to Constantinople; thence to Athens and Alexandria; and thence to Bombay and Calcutta and Hong Kong; and the impetus of his flight had almost carried him over the Pacific and back to America again, but that he held back on the shore of Japan. He travelled in that country, then in Thibet or in Turkestan. Three years were spent by him in the acquisition of strange drugs, curious pipes, and embroideries, wild songs, and odd languages. He lived in Damascus, Samarcand, Morocco, possibly in Timbuctoo. History records not nor does May Austin, how often he wrote to her. But the summer of 1879 saw him alight at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris. The heat and solitude of that city were equally oppressive, and he fled to the nearest coast. That evening he was seated, robed in soft cloth and starched linen, on the wide veranda of the great *Hôtel des Rochers Noirs*, at Trouville.

No one who pines for outdoor life, primitive conditions, and barbarism—and May was one of the wildest of these—but must admit that the trammels, conventions, and commodities which so annoy him are, after all, the result of infinite experiments of the human race, conducted through all time; and as such, presumably, each one was deemed successful when made, and adopted accordingly. No question but that men had flannel shirts before starched linen, women flowing robes and sandals before corsets and high-heeled shoes; and the prehistoric "masher" knocked down his lady-love with a club before he learned to court her with a monocle and a bunch of unseasonable roses. But all these changes were, at the time, deemed improvements; and one who has lived three years in Thibet or Crim-Tartary, and arrives suddenly at Trouville, is in a fair position to judge impartially. And it is not to be denied that May was conscious of a certain Capuan comfort, of an unmanly, hot-house luxury, as he sat before the little table with his carafe of ice, brandy, and seltzer, felt the cool stiffness of his linen shirt, smoked his pressed *regalia*, and watched the ladies with their crisp and colored dresses and their neat and silken ankles as they mounted in their landaus for their evening drive. A full string-orchestra was stationed among the electric lights near by, which dispensed, with much verve, the light-hearted rhythms of the latest opera bouffe; and beyond the planes and lindens shone the moonlit sea, as if it also were highly civilized, and part of the decoration of the place. May knocked the ashes from his cigar as who should say, "I, too, am a Parisian of the nineteenth century;" quaffed a few sparkles from the iced carafe and bottle, and pretended to be interested in the latest Faits-Paris of *Figaro*. He was beginning to realize the delights of youth and riches and free travel; he had been nothing but a school-boy in America, and a sort of wild man since.

And as he so sat, there came to a table next him two people, and sat down. One was a middle-aged man, with an iron-gray imperial, a tight white waistcoat, and the rosette of the legion of honor at his button-hole. The other was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was dressed in the most delicate and languorous cloud of violet and gray, strengthened here and there by black lace; no ribbon, jewel, or flower was on her lustrous black hair, or about the soft and creamy neck; and she was

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evidently much absorbed in what her companion was saying, for May could see that she clinched her fan in her hand that was beneath the table until the delicate ivory broke. They talked very rapidly, in French; but May, whose acquaintance with unknown oriental dialects was so manifold and various, knew hardly French enough "to last him over night."

Whatever they were saying, they were reiterating it with continually increasing force. The man in the tight frock-coat began hissing it between his pointed teeth, and the pretty woman crushed the last fragment of the fan to ivory slivers on the floor. At last, the gentleman rose, and with a *pardieu* which even May's untrained ear could recognize, upset a champagne glass, and strode hastily away; the lady eyed him until he disappeared, and then drooped her long lashes, and hid her eyes in her pretty hand. Her bosom rose and fell convulsively, and May's chivalric heart beat sympathetically in the same time. Suddenly her deep eyes opened, and opened full on Austin May's.

"Sir," said she, in English, "you are a gentleman—save me!" Save her? Aye, Austin May would have saved her from the devil or the deep sea, and with no thought of salvage. All he said was, "Why, certainly." It afterward occurred to him that he should have said, "Pray, command me, madam." But this seemed to satisfy her, for she unbosomed herself directly.

"I know I may trust an American," said she. "Listen—I will confide to you my true name. That man—that *mouchard*—with whom you saw me, sinks I am ze Comtesse Polacca de Valska. Well, I am ze Comtesse Polacca de Valska. Now you know all."

Unfortunately, Austin May knew very little. But evidently the Comtesse Polacca de Valska was a personage of European reputation. He bowed.

"What can I do?" said he, earnestly. "Madam de Valska has but to command." (This was better.)

"Hist!" said she, mysteriously. "Polacca de Valska—never mention ze name. It is a spell, in Poland; even now my noble Polacco languishes in Siberia; but in France, in Russia—it is a doom. Say zat I—say zat I am your compatriot—Mrs. Walkers—anysing." And the nerve which the unhappy countess had shown throughout the interview suddenly collapsed. She burst into tears. As she dissolved, the American congealed, all the blue blood of Boston rigid in his veins. When the little Frenchman appeared, May offered his arm to the countess; and together they swept proudly to the door of the hotel.

"*Arrêtez,*" cried the Frenchman. "*Connaissez-vous*—do you know, sare, who it is?"

"It is my friend—my friend, Mrs. Peter Faneuil, of Boston," said May, with a readiness that charmed him at the time.

"*Mais, monsieur*——"

"Do you dare, sir, to ——"

May glared at him for a moment, and the latter recoiled, like any Frenchman, before his Anglo-Saxon attitude. They entered the hall of the hotel; the countess pressed his arm convulsively in her gratitude, her heart too full for words. "*Merci, chevalier,*" said she, simply. May's heart bounded at the compliment, and with satisfaction that he understood her French. "I have a carriage here," said she; and they found the elegant landau still at the door.

"Where shall we go?"

"I will tell you later," said she.

May got in, and a footman closed the door of the carriage. The liveried coachman whipped up the horses, and the pair rolled forth into the darkness of the summer night.

At this point in his recollections, May replenished his glass of claret and lit another cigar; and though he did not know it, this was precisely the course of action that had been adopted at the time by the Frenchman with the rosette. He drew his chair up to the table where the countess had been sitting, with a slight shrug of his padded shoulders, and more imperturbability of manner than would have flattered the valiant defender of oppressed beauty, had he been there to see it.

But at this period May was whirling along in the countess's carriage, through the darkness of the night, close by the sea-beach and the pale shining of the long, slow surf.

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II. Theseus and Ariadne.

The next morning May rose after a sleepless night, and wandered pensively along the beach. His head was full of the Comtesse Polacca de Valska; perhaps a drop or two of that charming personage had brimmed over from his head into his heart. Their romantic drive had ended in no more romantic a locality than the railroad station; there he had parted from her, perhaps forever. For she had assured him that after her meeting with the rosetted Frenchman the air of Trouville would not be good for her, and she had taken the night mail for Paris. Her maid was to follow on the next day with luggage. As soon as she was safely established, and had, at least temporarily, thrown the enemies of her unhappy country off her track, she was to let May (her deliverer, as she entitled him) know, and he could see her again. But, alas! as she tearfully remarked, that might never be. The French republic was now seeking to curry favor with the despotism of the Czar, and even Prince Obstropski had had to leave Paris for Geneva. Austin wanted to kiss her hand as she departed, but feared lest this trivial homage should jar upon a heroine like her. The bell rang, the guard cried out; one last glance of her dark eyes, and all was over. She was gone, and May felt that perhaps the most romantic episode of his life was ended.

He went back to the hotel, but, unfortunately, none of the famous Eclipse claret was at hand. So he contented himself with brandy and soda. Visions of nihilistic fair ones, of Polish patriots and *Italia irredenta* kept him wakeful through the night. For the Comtesse had told him of her Italian descent, of her alliance with the great patriot Milanese house, the Castiglioni dei Cascadegli. And the Count Polacco de Valsko was immured for life in the Siberian mines. Poor devil! May cut another cigar, and reflected upon the Count's unhappy condition.

In a few days, he received a letter from the countess. It was a mere line, incidentally telling him that she had not established herself at Paris, but at Baden-Baden; but it was principally filled with pretty thanks for his "heroic chivalry." The expression seemed a trifle too strong, even to Austin May.

But when he arrived at Baden-Baden, and saw how charming the countess was in her now elaborate *entourage*, he made allowances. Man is generous by nature, especially to beautiful heroines with husbands in Siberian mines. May had been much exercised in mind how to explain his sudden trip to Baden-Baden, and had devised many plausible reasons for going, all of which proved superfluous. The countess did not seem in the least surprised. He found her weeping over a letter. "See," said she, "it is from Serge."

"Really?" said May.

The countess folded the letter, kissed it, and replaced it in her bosom.

"Shall we go for a drive?" said she, at last.

"Delighted," said Austin May.

The drives about Baden-Baden are charming. You wind for miles upon the brows of castle-crowned hills, overhanging the gay little valley; and then you plunge into the ancient gloom of the Black Forest, and the eerie pines, and a delicious shiver of wildness and solitude, all the time with the feeling that the Kursaal and its band are close at hand, should the silence grow oppressive. The countess drove two little cream-colored ponies, and encouraged May to smoke his cigarette most charmingly. . . . Bah! why go on with it? Even now, over the Eclipse claret, May could not but admit that he had spent in Baden-Baden three of the most charming weeks of his life. He would not mind passing three such weeks again, could he be sure they would be *just* three such weeks, and that they would end at the same time. And May nervously glanced at the window, as he thought he heard the sound of carriage-wheels again. He had smoked too much strong tobacco, probably; but, after all, it was even now only the middle of the afternoon—not sunset, or near it. He might have to come to stronger drugs than tobacco, to stronger deeds than tobacco-smoke, ere the evening was over.

Well, to cut it short, he fell in love with her. Of course he did. He adored her. Possible! He wanted to marry

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her. He was barely twenty-four, and she—well, she was older than he was. And she had a husband in the Siberian mines. But, after all, it was her patriotism that first attracted him—her heroism, her devotion to her unhappy cause, or causes. Italia irredenta! Poland! Nihilism! For May was not quite clear which one or more of these was chief in her mind; and nihilism was a new word then, but it sounded dangerous and attractive. Could he not be her chevalier, her lieutenant, her esquire? It was no more than Byron had done for Greece, after all. He was free, independent (for the next eight years)—broken-hearted, he was going to add, but stopped. After all, May Austin had not refused to marry him; and three of the eleven years were gone. At all events, there was nothing to prevent his attaching himself to a forlorn hope, if he chose. He lay awake many nights thinking of these things, and at last he was emboldened to speak of them to her.

How well he remembered the day he did so! The day—but no, it was evening. They had driven out after dinner, and the scene was a moonlit glade in the Black Forest. The two ponies stood motionless; but their fair owner was much moved as he poured into her delicate ear his desires and devotions. It was so noble of him, she said, and was moved to tears. And then his devotion to her unhappy country! and she wiped away another tear for Poland or Italia irredenta. How she wished Serge could have met him, and could know of this! And she wiped away another tear for Serge. But no, my noble American—noble citizen of a free country! It could never be. Poland and she must bear their woes alone. They could never consent to drag down a brave young Bostonian in their wreck. And then, how could she ever reward him? With her friendship, said Austin. But the Comtesse seemed to think her friendship would be inadequate.

The scene was becoming somewhat oppressive; and May, at least, was conscious of a certain difficulty in providing for it a proper termination. In the excitement of the occasion, he had felt emboldened to take one of her hands, which he still retained; the other was holding the reins of the two cream-colored ponies. He could hardly simply drop it—the hand and the conversation—without more; and yet what suitable catastrophe could there be for the situation? Might he kiss it, and cut the conversation? It were a mere act of courtesy, no breach of respect to the absent Serge. As a boy of twenty-two he had never dared; but as a man of twenty-five——

She did not seem in the least surprised. Possibly she had thought him older than twenty-five. But May, after that little ceremony, had dropped the hand most unmistakably; and she turned the ponies' heads away. May gave a last look to the forest-glade, as they drove out from it, and reflected that the place would be impressed upon his memory forever.

A restless week followed. He saw the Countess de Valska every day; but there was something uncomfortable in their relations—a certain savor of an unaccepted sacrifice, of an offering burned in vain.

The countess would not let him seek the Austrian foe on her own behalf, nor yet bedew the soil of Poland with his blood; and it was very difficult to say what he was to do for her in Baden-Baden, or, for matter of that, what the noble Polacco de Valsko could do in Siberia. Poor Serge!

Yes, poor Serge! On the eighth day, Austin May, calling on the countess, found her in a lovely *nêgligé*, dissolved in tears. (He had been refused her door, at first, but finally, after a little pressing, had been admitted.) The conntess did not look up when he entered; and Austin stood there, twisting his hat in sympathy, and looking at her. Suddenly she lifted her head, and transfixed his blue eyes with her dewy black ones.

"Dead!" said she.

"What?" responded May, anxiously. "Poland? Ital——"

"No, no!" she cried. "Serge—Serge!"

"Your husband?" cried he—"the Count Polacco——"

The countess dropped her lovely head in a shower of tears, as when a thick-leaved tree is shaken by the wind, just

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after rain. "He has been dead a year and a half," she moaned.

"A year and a half?"

"Nineteen months. He died on the 23d of February, 1877—three weeks after the last letter that I ever got from him."

"But how—but how did you never know?" said May, wildly.

"Was it not cruel? The despotism of the White Czar! Sometimes they would keep his letters for a year, sometimes they would let them come directly. They would not let me know for fear that I—ah, God!" She sprang to her feet with a sweep of her long robe, and shook her jewelled finger at the chandelier.

"Can you blame us that we kill and die for such a despotism, such a tyranny, as that?" Then suddenly, as she crossed by a sofa, she straightened up to her full height, like a wave cresting, poised a brief second, then fell in a heap—a graceful heap—her head resting on the sofa in her hands.

Then the young man had to seek, not to console her, but to calm her, to lift her from the floor, to bring her ice-water, a fan, a feather, pour oil and salt upon the wound, toilet-vinegar, or other salads. May never knew exactly what he did; but it was like consoling an equinoctial gale. Hardly had she got fairly calm, and sobbing comfortably, and sitting in a chair, and he beside her—and he remembered patting her clasped hands, as one does a spoiled child's—when she would dash upright, upsetting the chair, and swear her vengeance on the cruel Czar. . . . And at this point in his reminiscences May winced a little, and took another glass of the Eclipse claret; for he had by no means a distinct recollection that he had not sworn his vengeance on the Czar with hers. And when you come to think of it, the Czar's injuries to Mr. May cried not as yet for deeds of blood.

III. Dido and Æneas.

May repeated his visit of condolence every day for several weeks. At the end of that time the season at Baden-Baden was drawing to a close, and it became necessary that the countess should betake herself and her sorrowing heart to some other refuge. May knew this, and it troubled him.

For he now felt that he not only admired Mme. de Valska as a patriot, but that he loved her as an exceedingly beautiful and fascinating woman. Surely, here was the heroine of his youthful dreams—a life that were a poet's ideal.

To link himself with her and her noble aims, to be a Byron without the loneliness, to combine fame in future history with present domestic bliss—what a career!

He loved the countess, he adored her; and he fancied that she deigned to be not indifferent to his devotion, to his sympathy. But—there was the shadow of the late count.

And the countess seemed much broken by his death. True, she no longer gave way to wild bursts of passion; she never wept; in fact, in Austin's presence, she rarely mentioned him. But there was a sadness, a weak and lonely way about her, as if she could not live without her Serge's protecting arm. It must have been a moral support, as he could have done but little from his Siberian mine; but, whereas she used to be brave, enterprising, facing the world alone, now she seemed helpless, confiding, less heroic, perhaps, but still more womanly. Austin only loved her the more for that. And it emboldened him a little. After all, her husband had been dead a year and a half, though she had only known of it a few weeks. He determined to speak. Why should his life's happiness—possibly hers—be wrecked upon a mere scruple of etiquette?

He took his opportunity, one day, when she spoke of Italy. (Now, that the count was dead, she seemed to think less of unhappy Poland, and more of unredeemed Italy; as was natural, she being a Cascadegli.) He took her hands at the same time, and begged that she would redeem him with Italy. His life, his fortune, were at her service, should she but give him the right to protect her, and fight her battles for her always. "I know," he added earnestly, "how your heart still bleeds for your noble husband. But your duty is

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to your country, to yourself. And remember, though you heard of it but yesterday, the Count Polacco has been dead a year and a half.

"Nineteen months," sighed the countess, with a sob. And before he left the room they were engaged. He did not go to bed that night; but wandered in the moonlight, treading as on clouds. Favored young man!

In the morning, he noticed with delight that she had laid aside her long crape veil. Already, said she, her country called for her; she must recommence her labors, and the deep mourning would attract too much notice. May had vaguely fancied she would start at once for Milan or Warsaw, and after a few months' delay he would meet her, and they would have a quiet marriage ceremony. But she explained to him that the true arena of her labors was in Paris. Here was the focus of conspiracies; here she must live and have a *salon*, and call together her devoted countrymen. Here she would need his protection, and, with his American passport, he could safely visit her oppressed fatherland, when events required action on the spot.

Obviously, as he recognized with joy, this plan made it necessary for them to be married immediately. But then he must speak to her of his uncle's will. Not that it mattered much; he was quite ready to renounce fortune, even life, for her; but she must know that they would not be rich. It was a mere formality; but it must be done. So he told her of the curious will; and how, if he married before August the fourteenth, 1886, he was to lose all his uncle's property, even to what remained of the celebrated Eclipse claret. But then, what was money? Particularly to them, who had no other aims than love and patriotism; both commodities not to be bought, or measured in sterling exchange or napoleons. But the countess seemed to attach much weight to May's communication.

Money, alas! was in these sordid times necessary, even for patriotic revolutions. The wheels must be greased, even when Bucephalus drew the chariot. Still, this was not the essential. She was quite willing to share her small fortune with the man whom she loved; but how could she bear to ruin him—to make her alliance his sacrifice? Suppose he should ever repent his action? And here May began to make his oaths eternal; but she stopped him. Was there no other way? Could there be no escape, no legal device? Lawyers would do almost anything, if paid enough. But May shook his head, and pressed again her hand to his lips; and her dark eyes brimmed with tears.

She, for herself, would be willing to suffer him as her adorer, to trust him as her knight, her follower, as he once had proposed before. But what would the world say—the cold and heartless world? And she looked at May imploringly, as if for advice.

And May had to admit, in answer, that the world would be likely to make itself as disagreeable as usual under similar circumstances—particularly, now that the unhappy count was dead, and could no longer defend his heroic consort from the spite of petty spirits. May had true Boston reverence for what the world said; and it never occurred to him that even a heroine, who had braved two emperors, might brave its verdict.

For some moments neither spoke. What was there to say? But the silence grew oppressive; and at last she broke it with a cry.

"Farewell, then," said she.

But at this May broke out with a round oath. Farewell it should never be. What cared he for his uncle's fortune, or for the estate in Brookline, when his future lay in Poland? He would have a little left; he could win more by his own exertions. For a moment his impetuosity almost overbore her resistance. But then the Paris *salon* was a necessity; and half of her own estate and all of poor Polacco's had been seized by foreign despots. She would think it over. She would give him an answer that night. And then there came a lover's parting; and May went back to his hotel, not wholly desperate, and got the engagement-ring he had ordered, and sent it to her. It was of small diamonds; but then there was a necklace, sent from Paris, of perfect Oriental pearls.

And he had gone back that evening,

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and he had found a letter. The countess had gone, leaving the note behind her. It was edged with deep black; and May took it now from his pocket-book, yellow and worn, with a smile that would have been cynical had it not been slightly nervous.

"*Très-cher!*" it began, "I cannot bear" (it was all in French, but we will make clumsy English of the countess's delicate phrase, as did May, when he read it now) "that your love for me should be your ruin. It is too late for me to deny that you also have my heart; I can only fly. Otherwise my woman's weakness would destroy either you or myself. If you do not wish to betray me, seek not my refuge out. I shall keep the ring as a pledge" (she says nothing about the necklace, it occurred to May, at this late date)—"a pledge that I shall be faithful to you, as, I hope, you to me. For what are six or seven years?" (At her age! thought May, with a shudder.) "I will devote them to my unhappy countrymen." (*Compatriotes* was the original.) "But wait for me until you are free; and perhaps, who knows? my Italy redeemed! I will join you, and be one with you forever. Meantime you will travel, possibly forget me! But on the fourteenth of August, 1886, you will be at home. *On that day you will hear from me!*"

May laid the letter down. This was most unquestionably the fourteenth day of August in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six. He looked nervously at the door of the pavilion, and then through the blinds, in the direction of the house. His face grew fixed and rigid; and the countess's note fell unheeded to the floor.

A carriage was standing before the front door, and beside it stood a footman in livery.

BALLADE OF THE PENITENTS.

By Andrew Lang.

"Le repentir de leur premier choix les rend des *Pénitens du Diable*, comme dit Tertullien."—PASCAL, "Pensées," 1672, p. 178.

"OH, who be ye that doubtful tread
And listless through the glad array?
With languid look, with drooping head,
In all this rout of ladies gay?
Ye walk with them, but not as they,
Ye tarry sadly in their tents,
Why fare ye thus half-hearted, say?"—
"We are St. Satan's Penitents!

"A straiter path we once would tread,
Through wilds that knew not of the May,
The loads that weighed on us like lead,
We bore through thorns and sloughs of clay.
No time had we to pause or play
With music of glad instruments,
But still we clambered: Well-a-day!
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

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"'The path is over steep,' we said,
'The rueful skies are ashen gray,
And over harshly are we sped,
Still upward! Ne'er a stop nor stay!'
We cast our burdens all away,
We fled adown the steep ascents,
We were aweary of that way;
We are St. Satan's Penitents."

ENVOY.

Fair is the path, and bright the day,
Where now we whisper our laments;
With backward glance we go astray,
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

WHAT IS AN INSTINCT?

By William James.

INSTINCT is usually defined as the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance. That instincts, as thus defined, exist on an enormous scale in the animal kingdom needs no proof. They are the functional correlatives of structure. With the presence of a certain organ goes, one may say, almost always a native aptitude for its use. "Has the bird a gland for the secretion of oil? She knows instinctively how to press the oil from the gland, and apply it to the feather. Has the rattlesnake the grooved tooth and gland of poison? He knows without instruction how to make both structure and function most effective against his enemies. Has the silk-worm the function of secreting the fluid silk? At the proper time she winds the cocoon such as she has never seen, as thousands before have done; and thus without instruction, pattern, or experience, forms a safe abode for herself in the period of transformation. Has the hawk talons? She knows by instinct how to wield them effectively against the helpless quarry."*

A very common way of talking about these admirably definite tendencies to act is by naming abstractly the purpose they subserve, such as self-preservation, or defence, or care for eggs and young—and saying the animal has an instinctive fear of death or love of life, or that she has an instinct of self-preservation, or an instinct of maternity and the like. But this represents the animal as obeying abstractions which, not once in a million cases is it possible it can have framed. The strict physiological way of interpreting the facts leads to far clearer results. The actions we call instinctive all conform to the general reflex type; they are called forth by determinate sensory stimuli in contact with the animal's body, or at a distance in his environment. The cat runs after the mouse, runs or shows fight before the dog, avoids falling from walls and trees, shuns fire and water, etc., not because he has any notion either of life or of death, or of self, or of preservation. He has probably attained to no one of these conceptions in such a way as to react definitely upon it. He acts in each case separately, and simply because he cannot help it; being so framed that when that particular running thing called a mouse appears in his field of vision he *must* pursue; that when that particular barking

*P. A. Chadbourne: Instinct, p. 28. New York, 1872.

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and obstreperous thing called a dog appears there he *must* retire, if at a distance, and scratch if close by; that he *must* withdraw his feet from water and his face from flame, etc. His nervous system is to a great extent a preorganized bundle of such reactions—they are as fatal as sneezing, and as exactly correlated to their special excitants as it is to its own. Although the naturalist may, for his own convenience, class these reactions under general heads, he must not forget that in the animal it is a particular sensation or perception or image which calls them forth.

At first this view astounds us by the enormous number of special adjustments it supposes animals to possess ready-made in anticipation of the outer things among which they are to dwell. *Can* mutual dependence be so intricate and go so far? Is each thing born fitted to particular other things, and to them exclusively, as locks are fitted to their keys? Undoubtedly, this must be believed to be so. Each nook and cranny of creation, down to our very skin and entrails, has its living inhabitants, with organs suited to the place, to devour and digest the food it harbors and to meet the dangers it conceals; and the minuteness of adaptation, thus shown in the way of *structure*, knows no bounds. Even so are there no bounds to the minuteness of adaptation in the way of *conduct* which the several inhabitants display.

The older writings on instinct are ineffectual wastes of words, because their authors never came down to this definite and simple point of view, but smothered everything in vague wonder at the clairvoyant and prophetic power of the animals—so superior to anything in man—and at the beneficence of God in endowing them with such a gift. But God's beneficence endows them, first of all, with a nervous system; and, turning our attention to this, makes instinct immediately appear neither more nor less wonderful than all the other facts of life.

Every instinct is an *impulse*. Whether we shall call such impulses as blushing, sneezing, coughing, smiling, or dodging, or keeping time to music, instincts or not, is a mere matter of terminology. The process is the same throughout. In his delightfully fresh and interesting work, "Der Thierische Wille," Herr G. H. Schneider subdivides impulses (*Triebe*) into sensation-impulses, perception-impulses, and idea-impulses. To crouch from cold is a sensation-impulse; to turn and follow, if we see people running one way, is a perception-impulse; to cast about for cover, if it begins to blow and rain, is an imagination-impulse. A single complex instinctive action may involve successively the awakening of impulses of all three classes. Thus a hungry lion starts to *seek* prey by the awakening in him of imagination coupled with desire; he begins to *stalk* it when, on eye, ear, or nostril, he gets an impression of its presence at a certain distance; he *springs* upon it, either when the booty takes alarm and flees, or when the distance is sufficiently reduced; he proceeds to *tear* and *devour* it the moment he gets a sensation of its contact with his claws and fangs. Seeking, stalking, springing, and devouring are just so many different kinds of muscular contraction, and neither kind is called forth by the stimulus appropriate to the other.

Schneider says of the hamster, which stores corn in its hole: "If we analyze the propensity of storing, we find that it consists of three impulses: First, an impulse to *pick up* the nutritious object, due to perception; second, an impulse to *carry it off* into the dwelling-place, due to the idea of this latter; and third, an impulse to *lay it down* there, due to the sight of the place. It lies in the nature of the hamster that it should never see a full ear of corn without feeling a desire to strip it; it lies in its nature to feel, as soon as its cheek-pouches are filled, an irresistible desire to hurry to its home; and finally, it lies it its nature that the sight of the store-house should awaken the impulse to empty the cheeks" (p. 208). In certain animals of a low order the feeling of having executed one impulsive step is such an indispensable part of the stimulus of the next one, that the animal cannot make any variation in the order of its performance.

Now, why do the various animals do what seem to us such strange things, in

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the presence of such outlandish stimuli? Why does the hen, for example, submit herself to the tedium of incubating such a fearfully uninteresting set of objects as a nestful of eggs, unless she have some sort of a prophetic inkling of the result? The only answer is *ad hominem*. We can only interpret the instincts of brutes by what we know of instincts in ourselves. Why do men always lie down, when they can, on soft beds rather than on hard floors? Why do they sit round the stove on a cold day? Why, in a room, do they place themselves, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, with their faces toward its middle rather than to the wall? Why do they prefer saddle of mutton and champagne to hard-tack and ditch-water? Why does the maiden interest the youth so that everything about her seems more important and significant than anything else in the world? Nothing more can be said than that these are human ways, and that every creature *likes* its own ways, and takes to the following them as a matter of course. Science may come and consider these ways, and find that most of them are useful. But it is not for the sake of their utility that they are followed, but because at the moment of following them we feel that that is the only appropriate and natural thing to do. Not one man in a billion, when taking his dinner ever thinks of utility. He eats because the food tastes good and makes him want more. If you ask him *why* he should want to eat more of what tastes like that, instead of revering you as a philosopher he will probably laugh at you for a fool. The connection between the savory sensation and the act it awakens is for him absolute and *selbstverständlich*, an "*a priori* synthesis" of the most perfect sort, needing no proof but its own evidence. It takes, in short, what Berkeley calls a mind debauched by learning to carry the process of making the natural seem strange so far as to ask for the *why* of any instinctive human act. To the metaphysician alone can such questions occur as: Why do we smile, when pleased, and not scowl? Why are we unable to talk to a crowd as we talk to a single friend? Why does a particular maiden turn our wits so upside down? The common man can only say, "*of course* we smile, *of course* our heart palpitates at the sight of the crowd, *of course* we love the maiden, that beautiful soul clad in that perfect form, so palpably and flagrantly made from all eternity to be loved!"

And so probably does each animal feel about the particular things it tends to do in presence of particular objects. They, too, are *a priori* syntheses. To the lion it is the lioness which is made to be loved; to the bear, the she-bear. To the broody hen the notion would probably seem monstrous that there should be a creature in the world to whom a nestful of eggs was not the utterly fascinating and precious and never-to-be-too-much-sat-upon object which it is to her.*

Thus we may be sure that, however mysterious some animals' instincts may appear to us, our instincts will appear no less mysterious to them. And we may conclude that, to the animal which obeys it, every impulse and every step of every instinct shines with its own sufficient light, and seems at the moment the only eternally right and proper thing to do. It is done for its own sake exclusively. What voluptuous thrill may not shake a fly, when she at last discovers the one particular leaf, or carrion, or bit of dung, that out of all the world can stimulate her ovipositor to its discharge? Does not the discharge then seem to her the only fitting thing? And need she care or know anything about the future maggot and its food?

Since the egg-laying instincts are simple examples to consider, a few quotations about them from Schneider may be serviceable:

"The phenomenon so often talked about, so variously interpreted, so sur-

* "It would be very simple-minded to suppose that bees follow their queen, and protect her and care for her, because they are aware that without her the hive would become extinct. The odor or the aspect of their queen is manifestly agreeable to the bees—that is why they love her so. Does not all true love base itself on agreeable perceptions much more than on representations of utility?" Schneider: Thierische Wille, p. 187. *A priori*, there is no reason to suppose that *any* sensation might not in *some* animal cause *any* emotion and *any* impulse. To us it seems unnatural that an odor should directly excite anger or fear; or a color, lust. Yet there are creatures to which some smells are quite as frightful as any sounds, and very likely others to which color is as much a sexual irritant as form.

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rounded with mystification, that an insect should always lay her eggs in a spot appropriate to the nourishment of her young, is no more marvellous than the phenomenon that every animal pairs with a mate capable of bearing posterity, or feeds on materials capable of affording him nourishment. . . . Not only the choice of a place for laying the eggs, but all the various acts for depositing and protecting them, are occasioned by the perception of the proper object, and the relation of this perception to the various stages of maternal impulse. When the burying beetle perceives a carrion, she is not only impelled to approach it and lodge her eggs in it, but also to go through the movements requisite for burying it; just as a bird who sees his hen-bird is impelled to caress her, to strut around her, dance before her, or in some other way to woo her; just as a tiger, when he sees an antelope, is impelled to stalk it, to pounce upon it, and to strangle it. When the tailor-bee cuts out pieces of rose-leaf, bends them, carries them into a caterpillar or mouse hole in trees or in the earth, covers their seams again with other pieces, and so makes a thimble-shaped case—when she fills this with honey and lays an egg in it, all these various appropriate expressions of her will are to be explained by supposing that at the time when the eggs are ripe within her the appearance of a suitable caterpillar or mouse hole and the perception of rose-leaves are so correlated in the insect with the several impulses in question that the performances follow as a matter of course when the perceptions take place." . . .

"The perception of the empty nest, or of a single egg, seems in birds to stand in such a close relation to the physiological functions of oviparation, that it serves as a direct stimulus to these functions, while the perception of a sufficient number of eggs has just the opposite effect. It is well known that hens and ducks lay more eggs if we keep removing them than if we leave them in the nest. The impulse to sit arises, as a rule, when the bird sees a certain number of eggs in her nest. If this number is not yet to be seen there, the ducks continue to lay, although they perhaps have laid twice as many eggs as they are accustomed to sit upon. . . . That sitting, also, is independent of any idea of purpose and is a pure perception-impulse is evident, among other things, from the fact that many birds, *e.g.*, wild ducks, steal eggs from each other. . . . The bodily disposition to sit is, it is true, one condition [since broody hens will sit where there are no eggs], but the perception of the eggs is the other condition of the activity of the incubating impulse. The propensity of the cuckoo and of the cow-bird to lay their eggs in the nests of other species must also be interpreted as a pure perception-impulse. These birds have no bodily disposition to become broody, and there is therefore in them no connection between the perception of an egg and the impulse to sit upon it. Eggs ripen, however, in their oviducts, and the body tends to get rid of them. And since the two birds just named do not drop their eggs anywhere on the ground, but in nests, which are the only places where they may preserve the species, it might easily appear that such preservation of the species was what they had in view, and that they acted with full consciousness of the purpose. But this is not so. . . . The cuckoo is simply excited by the perception of quite determinate sorts of nest, which already contain eggs, to drop her own into them and throw the others out, because this perception is a direct stimulus to these acts. It is impossible that she should have any notion of the other bird coming and sitting on her egg." *

Remember that nothing is said yet of the origin of instincts, but only of the constitution of those that exist fully formed. How stands it with the instincts of mankind?

Nothing is commoner than the remark that Man differs from lower creatures by the almost total absence of instincts, and the assumption of their work in him by "reason." A fruitless discussion might be waged on this point by two theorizers who were careful not to define their terms. "Reason" might be used, as it often has been used since Kant, not as the mere power of "inferring," but also as a name for the *tendency*

* Der Thierische Wille.

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to obey impulses of a certain lofty sort, such as duty, or universal ends. And "instinct" might have its significance so broadened as to cover all impulses whatever, even the impulse to act from the idea of a distant fact, as well as the impulse to act from a present sensation. Were the word instinct used in this broad way, it would of course be impossible to restrict it, as we began by doing, to actions done with no prevision of an end. We must of course avoid a quarrel about words, and the facts of the case are really tolerably plain! Man has a far greater variety of *impulses* than any lower animal; and any one of these impulses, taken in itself, is as "blind" as the lowest instinct can be; but, owing to man's memory, power of reflection, and power of inference, they come each one to be felt by him, after he has once yielded to them and experienced their results, in connection with a *foresight* of those results. In this condition an impulse acted out may be said to be acted out, in part at least, *for the sake* of its results. It is obvious that every instinctive act, in an animal with memory, must cease to be "blind" after being once repeated, and must be accompanied with foresight of its "end" just so far as that end may have fallen under the animal's cognizance. An insect that lays her eggs in a place where she never sees them hatch must always do so "blindly;" but a hen who has already hatched a brood can hardly be assumed to sit with perfect "blindness" on her second nest. Some expectation of consequences must in every case like this be aroused; and this expectation, according as it is that of something desired or of something disliked, must necessarily either re-enforce or inhibit the mere impulse. The hen's idea of the chickens would probably encourage her to sit; a rat's memory, on the other hand, of a former escape from a trap would neutralize his impulse to take bait from anything that reminded him of that trap. If a boy sees a fat hopping-toad, he probably has incontinently an impulse (especially if with other boys) to smash the creature with a stone, which impulse we may suppose him blindly to obey. But something in the expression of the dying toad's clasped hands suggests the meanness of the act, or reminds him of sayings he has heard about the sufferings of animals being like his own; so that, when next he is tempted *by a toad*, an idea arises which, far from spurring him again to the torment, prompts kindly actions, and may even make him the toad's champion against less reflecting boys.

It is plain then that, no matter how well endowed an animal may originally be in the way of instincts, his resultant *actions* will be much modified if the instincts *combine* with experience, if in addition to impulses he have memories, associations, inferences, and expectations, on any considerable scale. An object O, on which he has an instinctive impulse to react in the manner A, would *directly* provoke him to that reaction. But O has meantime become for him a *sign* of the nearness of P, on which he has an equally strong impulse to react in the manner B, quite unlike A. So that when he meets O the immediate impulse A and the remote impulse B struggle in his breast for the mastery. The fatality and uniformity said to be characteristic of instinctive actions are so little manifest, that one might be tempted to deny to him altogether the possession of any instinct about the object O. Yet how false this judgment would be! The instinct about O is there; only by the complication of the mental machinery it has come into conflict with another instinct about P.

Here we immediately reap the good fruits of our simple physiological conception of what an instinct is. If it be a mere excito-motor impulse, due to the pre-existence of a certain "reflex-arc" in the nerve-centres of the creature, of course it must follow the law of all such reflex-arcs. One liability of such arcs is to have their activity "inhibited" by other processes going on at the same time. It makes no difference whether the arc be organized at birth, or ripen spontaneously later, or be due to acquired habit, it must take its chances with all the other arcs, and sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail, in draughting off the currents through itself. The mystical view of an instinct would make it invariable. The physiological view would require it to show occasional ir-

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regularities in any animal in whom the number of separate instincts, and the possible entrance of the same stimulus into several of them, were great. And such irregularities are what every superior animal's instincts do show in abundance.*

Wherever the mind is elevated enough to discriminate; wherever several distinct sensory elements must combine to discharge the reflex-arc; wherever, instead of plumping into action instantly at the first rough intimation of what *sort* of a thing is there, the agent waits to see which *one* of its kind it is and what the *circumstances* are of its appearance; wherever different individuals and different circumstances can impel him in different ways; wherever these are the conditions—we have a masking of the elementary constitution of the instinctive life. The whole story of our dealings with the lower wild animals is the history of our taking advantage of the way in which they judge of everything by its mere label, as it were, so as to ensnare or kill them. Nature, in them, has left matters in this rough way, and made them act *always* in the manner which would be *oftenest* right. There are more worms unattached to hooks than impaled upon them; therefore, on the whole, says Nature to her fishy children, bite at *every* worm and take your chances. But as her children get higher, and their lives more precious, she reduces the risks. Since what seems to be the same object may be now a genuine food and now a bait; since in gregarious species each individual may prove to be either the friend or the rival, according to the circumstances, of another; since any entirely unknown object may be fraught with weal or woe, Nature implants *contrary* impulses to act on many classes of things, and leaves it to slight alterations in the conditions of the individual case to decide which impulse shall carry the day. Thus, greediness and suspicion, curiosity and timidity, coyness and desire, bashfulness and vanity, sociability and pugnacity, seem to shoot over into each other as quickly, and to remain in as unstable equilibrium in the higher birds and mammals as in man. They are all impulses, congenital, blind at first, and productive of motor reactions of a rigorously determinate sort. Each one of them, then, is an instinct, as instincts are commonly defined. But they contradict each other—"experience" in each particular opportunity of application usually deciding the issue. The animal that exhibits them loses the "instinctive" demeanor and appears to lead a life of hesitation and choice, an intellectual life; not, however, because he has no instincts—rather because he has so many that they block each other's path.

Thus, then, without troubling ourselves about the words instinct and reason, we may confidently say that however uncertain man's reactions upon his environment may sometimes seem in comparison with those of lower creatures, the uncertainty is probably not due to their possession of any principles of action which he lacks, but to his possessing all the impulses that they have, and a great many more besides. In other words, there is no material antagonism between instinct and reason. Reason, *per se*, can inhibit no impulses; the only thing that can neutralize an impulse is an impulse the other way. Reason may, however, make an *inference which will set loose* the impulse the other way; and thus, though the animal richest in reason might be also the animal richest in instinctive impulses too, he would never seem the fatal automaton which a *merely* instinctive animal would be.

Let us now turn to human impulses with a little more detail. All we have ascertained so far is that impulses of an originally instinctive character may exist, and yet not betray themselves by automatic fatality of conduct. But in man what impulses do exist? In the light of what has been said, it is obvious that an existing impulse may not always be superficially apparent even when its

* In the instincts of mammals, and even of lower creatures, the uniformity and infallibility which, a generation ago, were considered as essential characters do not exist. The minuter study of recent years has found continuity, transition, variation, and mistake, wherever it has looked for them, and decided that what is called an instinct is usually only a tendency to act in a way of which the *average* is pretty constant, but which need not be mathematically "true." Cf. on this point, Darwin's Origin of Species; Romanes's Mental Evol., chaps. xi. to xvi., incl., and Appendix; Lindsay's Mind in Lower Animals, vol. i., 133-141—ii., chaps. v., xx.; and Semper's Conditions of Existence in Animals, where a great many instances will be found.

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object is there. And we shall see that some impulses may be masked by causes of which we have not yet spoken.

Were one devising an abstract scheme, nothing would be easier than to discover from an animal's actions just how many instincts he possessed. He would react in one way only upon each class of objects with which his life had to deal; he would react in identically the same way upon every specimen of a class; and he would react invariably during his whole life. There would be no gaps among his instincts; all would come to light without perversion or disguise. But there are no such abstract animals, and nowhere does the instinctive life display itself in such a way. Not only, as we have seen, may objects of the same class arouse reactions of opposite sorts in consequence of slight changes in the circumstances in the individual object or in the agent's inward condition; but two other principles, of which we have not yet spoken, may come into play and produce results so striking that observers as eminent as Messrs. D. A. Spalding and Romanes do not hesitate to call them "derangements of the mental constitution," and to conclude that the instinctive machinery has got out of gear.

These principles are those of the *inhibition of instincts by habits* and of the *transitoriness of instincts*. Taken in conjunction with the two former principles —that an object may excite ambiguous impulses, or *suggest* an impulse different from that which it *excites*, by suggesting a remote object—they explain any amount of departure from uniformity of conduct, without implying any getting out of gear of the elementary impulses from which the conduct flows.

Take first the inhibition of instincts by habits. The law is this: When objects of a certain class elicit from an animal a certain sort of reaction, it often happens that the animal becomes *partial* to the first specimen of the class on which it has reacted, and will not afterward react on any other specimen.

The selection of a particular hole to live in, of a particular mate, of a particular feeding-ground, a particular variety of diet, a particular anything, in short, out of a possible multitude, is a very wide-spread tendency among animals, even those low down in the scale. The limpet will return to the same sticking-place in its rock, and the lobster to its favorite nook on the sea-bottom. The rabbit will deposit its dung in the same corner; the bird makes its nest on the same bough. But each of these preferences carries with it an insensibility to *other* opportunities and occasions—an insensibility which can only be described physiologically as an inhibition of new impulses by the habit of old ones already formed. The possession of homes and wives of our own makes us strangely insensible to the charms of those of other people. Few of us are adventurous in the matter of food; in fact, most of us think there is something disgusting in a bill of fare to which we are unused. Strangers, we are apt to think, cannot be worth knowing, especially if they come from distant cities, etc. The original impulse which got us homes, wives, dietaries, and friends, at all, seems to exhaust itself in its first achievements and to leave no surplus energy for reacting on new cases. And so it comes about that, witnessing this torpor, an observer of mankind might say that no *instinctive* propensity toward certain objects existed at all. It existed, but it existed *miscellaneously*, or as an instinct pure and simple only, before habit was formed. A habit, once grafted on an instinctive tendency, restricts the range of the tendency itself, and keeps us from reacting on any but the habitual objects, although other objects might just as well have been chosen had they been the first comers.

Another sort of arrest of instinct by habit is where the same class of objects awakens contrary instinctive impulses. Here the impulse first followed toward a given individual of the class is apt to keep him from ever awakening the opposite impulse in us. In fact, the whole class may be protected by this individual specimen from the application to it of the other impulse. Animals, for example, awaken in a child the opposite impulses of fearing and fondling. But if a child, in his first attempts to pat a dog, gets snapped at or bitten, so that the impulse of fear is strongly aroused,

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if may be that for years to come no dog will excite in him the impulse to fondle again. On the other hand, the greatest natural enemies, if carefully introduced to each other when young and guided at the outset by superior authority, settle down into those "happy families" of friends which we see in our menageries. Young animals, immediately after birth, have no instinct of fear, but show their dependence by allowing themselves to be freely handled. Later, however, they grow "wild," and, if left to themselves, will not let man approach them. I am told by farmers in the Adirondack wilderness that it is a very serious matter if a cow wanders off and calves in the woods and is not found for a week or more. The calf, by that time, is as wild and almost as fleet as a deer, and hard to capture without violence. But calves rarely show any particular wildness to the men who have been in contact with them during the first days of their life, when the instinct to attach themselves is uppermost, nor do they dread strangers as they would if brought up wild.

Chickens give a curious illustration of the same law. Mr. Spalding's wonderful article on instinct shall supply us with the facts. These little creatures show opposite instincts of attachment and fear, either of which may be aroused by the same object, man. If a chick is born in the absence of the hen, it "will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck or a human being. Unreflecting lookers-on, when they saw chickens a day old running after me," says Mr. Spalding, "and older ones following me for miles, and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures: whereas I had simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and the ear, prior to experience, attaches them to the right object." * But if a man presents himself for the first time when the instinct of *fear* is strong, the phenomena are altogether reversed. Mr. Spalding kept three chickens hooded until they were nearly four days old, and thus describes their behavior:

"Each of them, on being unhooded, evinced the greatest terror to me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the window like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and, squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organizations." *

Their case was precisely analogous to that of the Adirondack calves. The two opposite instincts relative to the same object ripen in succession. If the first one engenders a habit, that habit will inhibit the application of the second instinct to that object. All animals are tame during some phase of their infancy. Habits formed then limit the effects of whatever instincts of wildness may later be evolved.

Mr. Romanes gives some very curious examples of the way in which instinctive tendencies may be altered by the habits to which their first "objects" have given rise. The cases are a little more complicated than those mentioned in the text, inasmuch as the object reacted on not only starts a habit which inhibits other kinds of impulse toward it (although such other kinds might be natural), but even modifies by its own peculiar conduct the constitution of the impulse it actually awakens.

Two of the instances in question are those of hens who hatched out broods of chicks after having (in three previous years) hatched ducks. They strove to coax or to compel their new progeny to enter the water, and seemed much perplexed at their unwillingness. Another hen adopted a brood of young ferrets which, having lost their mother, were put under her. During all the time they were

* Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 289.

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left with her she had to sit on the nest, for they could not wander like young chicks. She obeyed their hoarse growling as she would have obeyed her chickens' peep. She combed out their hair with her bill, and "used frequently to stop and look with one eye at the wriggling nestful, with an inquiring gaze, expressive of astonishment." At other times she would fly up with a loud scream, doubtless because the orphans had nipped her in their search for teats. Finally, a Brahma hen nursed a young peacock during the enormous period of *eighteen months*, and never laid any eggs during all this time. The abnormal degree of pride which she showed in her wonderful chicken is described by Dr. Romanes as ludicrous.*

This leads us to the law of transitoriness, which is this: That *many instincts ripen at a certain age and then fade away.* A consequence of this law is that if, during the time of such an instinct's vivacity, objects adequate to arouse it are met with, a *habit* of acting on them is formed, which remains when the original instinct has passed away; but that if no such objects are met with, then no habit will be formed; and, later on in life, when the animal meets the objects, he will altogether fail to react, as at the earlier epoch he would instinctively have done.

No doubt such a law is restricted. Some instincts are far less transient than others—those connected with feeding and "self-preservation" may hardly be transient at all, and some, after fading out for a time, recur as strong as ever, *e.g.*, the instincts of pairing and rearing young. The law, however, though not absolute, is certainly very wide-spread, and a few examples will illustrate just what it means.

In the chickens and calves above mentioned, it is obvious that the instinct to follow and become attached fades out after a few days, and that the instinct of flight then takes its place, the conduct of the creature toward man being decided by the formation or non-formation of a certain habit during those days. The transiency of the chicken's instinct to follow is also proved by its conduct toward the hen. Mr. Spalding kept some chickens shut up till they were comparatively old, and, speaking of these, he says: "A chicken that has not heard the call of the mother till until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it and tried to entice it in every way; still, it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times and, indeed, cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning."

The instinct of sucking is ripe in all mammals at birth, and leads to that habit of taking the breast which, in the human infant, may be prolonged by daily exercise long beyond its usual term of a year or a year and a half. But the instinct itself is transient, in the sense that if, for any reason, the child be fed by spoon during the first few days of its life and not put to the breast, it may be no easy matter after that to make it suck at all. So of calves. If their mother die, or be dry, or refuse to let them suck for a day or two, so that they are fed by hand, it becomes hard to get them to suck at all when a new nurse is provided. The ease with which sucking creatures are weaned, by simply breaking the habit and giving them food in a new way, shows that the instinct, purely as such, must be entirely extinct.

Assuredly the simple fact that instincts are transient, and that the effect of later ones may be altered by the habits which earlier ones have left behind, is a far more philosophical explanation than the notion of an instinctive constitution vaguely "deranged" or "thrown out of gear."

I have observed a Scotch terrier, born on the floor of a stable in December, and transferred six weeks later to a carpeted house, make, when he was less than four months old, a very elaborate pretence of burying things, such

* For the cases in full, see Mental Evolution in Animals, pp. 213–217.

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as gloves, etc., which he had played with till he was tired. He scratched the carpet with his forefeet, dropped the object from his mouth upon the spot, and then scratched all about it (with both fore and hind feet, if I remember rightly), and finally went away and let it lie. Of course, the act was entirely useless. I saw him perform it at that age, some four or five times, and never again in his life. The conditions were not present to fix a habit which could last when the prompting instinct died away. But suppose meat instead of a glove, earth instead of a carpet, hunger pangs instead of a fresh supper a few hours later, and it is easy to see how this dog might have got into a habit of burying superfluous food, which might have lasted all his life. Who can swear that the strictly instinctive part of the food-burying propensity in the wild *Canidæ* may not be as short-lived as it was in this terrier?

A similar instance is given by Dr. H. D. Schmidt,* of New Orleans.

"I may cite the example of a young squirrel which I had tamed, a number of years ago, when serving in the army, and when I had sufficient leisure and opportunity to study the habits of animals. In the autumn, before the winter sets in, adult squirrels bury as many nuts as they can collect, separately, in the ground. Holding the nut firmly between their teeth, they first scratch a hole in the ground, and, after pointing their ears in all directions to convince themselves that no enemy is near, they ram—the head, with the nut still between the front teeth, serving as a sledge-hammer—the nut into the ground, and then fill up the hole by means of their paws. The whole process is executed with great rapidity, and, as it appeared to me, always with exactly the same movements; in fact, it is done so well that I could never discover the traces of the burial-ground. Now, as regards the young squirrel, which, of course, never had been present at the burial of a nut, I observed that, after having eaten a number of hickory nuts to appease its appetite, it would take one between its teeth, then sit upright and listen in all directions. Finding all right, it would scratch upon the smooth blanket on which I was playing with it as if to make a hole, then hammer with the nut between its teeth upon the blanket, and finally perform all the motions required to fill up a hole—*in the air;* after which it would jump away, leaving the nut, of course, uncovered."

The anecdote, of course, illustrates beautifully the close relation of instinct to reflex action—a particular perception calls forth particular movements, and that is all. Dr. Schmidt tells me that the squirrel in question soon passed away from his observation. It may fairly be presumed that, if he had been long retained prisoner in a cage, he would soon have forgotten his gesticulations over the hickory-nuts.

One might, indeed, go still further with safety, and expect that, if such a captive squirrel were then set free, he would never afterward acquire this peculiar instinct of his tribe.*

Leaving lower animals aside, and turning to human instincts, we see the law of transiency corroborated on the widest scale by the alternation of different interests and passions as human life goes on. With the child, life is all play and fairy-tales and learning the external properties of "things;" with the youth, it is bodily exercises of a more systematic sort, novels of the real world, boon-fellowship and song, friendship and love, nature, travel and adventure, science and philosophy; with the man, ambition and policy, acquisitiveness, responsibility to others, and the selfish zest of the battle of life. If a boy grows up alone at the age of games and sports, and learns neither to play ball, nor row, nor sail, nor ride, nor skate, nor fish, nor shoot, probably he will be sedentary to the end of his days; and, though the best of opportunities be afforded him for learning these things later, it is a hundred to one but he will

* Transactions of American Neurological Association, vol. i., p. 129, 1875.

* "Mr. Spalding," says Mr. Lewes (Problems of Life and Mind, Prob. I., chap., ii., § 22, note), "tells me of a friend of his who reared a gosling in the kitchen, away from all water; when this bird was some months old, and was taken to a pond, it not only refused to go into the water, but when thrown in scrambled out again, as a hen would have done. Here was an instinct entirely suppressed." See a similar observation on ducklings in T. R. R. Spedding: Essays on Darwinism, 1871, p. 73. London.

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pass them by and shrink back from the effort of taking those necessary first steps the prospect of which, at an earlier age, would have filled him with eager delight. The sexual passion expires after a protracted reign; but it is well known that its peculiar manifestations in a given individual depend almost entirely on the habits he may form during the early period of its activity. Exposure to bad company then makes him a loose liver all his days; chastity kept at first makes the same easy later on. In all pedagogy the great thing is to strike the iron while hot, and to seize the wave of the pupil's interest in each successive subject before its ebb has come, so that knowledge may be got and a habit of skill acquired—a headway of interest, in short, secured, on which afterward the individual may float. There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors in natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists; then for initiating them into the harmonies of mechanics and the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn; and, last of all, the drama of human affairs and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. In each of us a saturation-point is soon reached in all these things; the impetus of our purely intellectual zeal expires, and unless the topic be one associated with some urgent personal need that keeps our wits constantly whetted about it, we settle into an equilibrium, and live on what we learned when our interest was fresh and instinctive, without adding to the store. Outside of their own business, the ideas gained by men before they are twenty-five are practically the only ideas they shall have in their lives. They *cannot* get anything new. Disinterested curiosity is past, the mental grooves and channels set, the power of assimilation gone. If by chance we ever do learn anything about some entirely new topic we are afflicted with a strange sense of insecurity, and we fear to advance a resolute opinion. But, with things learned in the plastic days of instinctive curiosity we never lose entirely our sense of being at home. There remains a kinship, a sentiment of intimate acquaintance, which, even when we know we have failed to keep abreast of the subject, flatters us with a sense of power over it, and makes us feel not altogether out of the pale.

Whatever individual exceptions might be cited to this are of the sort that "prove the rule."

To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator. As for the pupils, it would probably lead to a more earnest temper on the part of college students if they had less belief in their unlimited future intellectual potentialities, and could be brought to realize that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy they are now acquiring are, for better or worse, the physics and political economy and philosophy that will have to serve them to the end.

The natural conclusion to draw from this transiency of instincts is that most of them are implanted for the sake of giving rise to habits, and that, this purpose once accomplished, the instincts themselves, as such, have no *raison d'être* in the psychical economy, and consequently fade away. That occasionally an instinct should fade before circumstances permit of a habit being formed, or that, if the habit be formed, other factors than the pure instinct should modify its course, need not surprise us. Life is full of the imperfect adjustment to individual cases, of arrangements which, taking the species as a whole, are quite orderly and regular. Instinct cannot be expected to escape this general rule.

The most interesting thing possible now would be to test our principles by going through the human instincts in detail. But as I have already exceeded my allotted space, that must be reserved for another opportunity.

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FATHER ANDREI;

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

By Robert Gordon Butler.

I.

All day long on that Russian January day, more than twenty-five years ago, the snow had been falling, but as evening came on the flakes had stopped. They did not lie quietly, though, for the wind had risen, and was driving them in furious clouds. Against August Hummel's new house, quite at the end of the village, the wind seemed to have an especial grudge. It drove the snow in mighty drifts around the corners until only in front of the house was there a sheltered place, a triangular patch of whiteness, walled in on one side by the house, and on the other sides by the drifting flakes. If a person leaving August Hummel's house had turned to his left, he would have disappeared instantly into the snow-wall without leaving a footprint behind. But if he had turned to his right, he would not have reached the snow-wall until he had walked in front of the house, and in the snow lying quiet beneath its eaves his footprints would remain for hours.

Outside the house everything was in cold, white confusion; within all was warm and bright. August Hummel was no Russian, to be contented with a warm stove to lie on and plenty of vodki to drink. He was a German, and though now he liked vodki almost as much as he had once liked the beer of his fatherland, he had not left behind him all his German ideas of comfort. So in his new house, to which he had brought his pretty Russian wife just in time to have their baby born there, he had things that no Russian in his rank of life would have dreamed of owning. The one large room in Peter Karaloff's old house August had made into two smaller rooms. Opposite the stove, in the outer room, was the great dresser, made by August in imitation of still greater dressers in Germany. On one side of the stove was the doorway into the inner room, so close to the stove that the door touched it whenever it was opened wide, and made with it and the wall a little triangular space, where August Hummel kept his sticks and his gun.

Seated with his back to the stove that night when the wind was blowing so furiously outside, with his outstretched arms lying idly on the table, was Father Andrei, the pope of the little village. Standing opposite to him was the owner of the new house, August Hummel, a good-looking young German with yellow beard and hair, his ordinarily rather heavy features lit up with eagerness. Before him on the table was a small parcel.

"You—recollect—father—how—the—wolves—came—down—on—you—last win—ter?" asked August, his words interrupted by the necessity he was under of using his teeth on a stubborn knot.

"I remember," said the priest, with a grimace.

"Well, I thought a pistol would be a good thing for you; so I got one with seven barrels to it."

"Seven barrels?" echoed the priest, incredulously.

"Yes," said August, with pride. "And here it is," he added, as he drew from its wrappings a box in which lay a revolver. The priest took it out, and examined it carefully.

"I thank you," he said at last. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "Anfissa will be horribly frightened." August laughed softly.

"Now, father," he continued, "here is your ramrod to load it with;" and sitting down opposite the priest, the two men were soon busily engaged in exploring the mysteries of the new-fangled invention, the revolver.

"Now that I know how to load the little gun," said the priest, "I am going to put one or two little leaden balls into it, so that if I find any four-legged visitor at my house to-night, I shall be

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ready for him." Then with August watching intently, Father Andrei loaded his new pistol carefully, not stopping when he had loaded one or two chambers, but, with a half-apologetic glance at August, continuing till the revolver was fully charged.

A knock at the door made both men turn. August opened the door.

"Who is it?" he asked. Then as the light fell on the face of the snow-covered figure outside, he exclaimed angrily, "Ivan Ivanovitch! What do you want of me?"

"Is the priest here?" asked Ivan Ivanovitch, in a surly tone, without making a move to enter the house.

"I am here," said the priest, stepping toward the door. "Do you want me?"

"Come you inside," said August; and he stood aside to let Ivan pass him. The latter entered. He was a tall young Russian, darker than most of his country-people, about as old as August Hummel himself. There was a look of habitual sullenness on his face, however, that marred his otherwise good looks.

"What do you want of me?" asked the priest at last. He had resumed his seat, but August stood leaning against the dresser, looking angrily at Ivan.

"I want you, father, to appoint me organist again," began Ivan. The priest looked up at him curiously.

"I have already made my appointment," he said, coolly. "I dismissed you for being drunk so often——"

"I will be drunk no more," cried Ivan, eagerly. "At least, not in the organ-loft."

"I have already appointed August Hummel," remarked the priest.

"August Hummel?" repeated Ivan, glancing toward his unwilling host with a look of hatred fully returned by the latter. The priest nodded.

Ivan's anger and disappointment broke forth:

"You always hated me," he cried. "Now you've put this man in my place simply because I was drunk and played the wrong tune in church. No one knew I was wrong except yourself, and you knew I wouldn't have made the mistake if I had been sober. You all think he is so good and great just because he's not like the rest of us. He did not dare to do it while I was here, but waited until I was away from home to marry Marfa Mikhailovna, and now he has waited until I was drunk in church to get my organ away from me."

"You cursed liar!" shouted August, darting around the table at Ivan. The priest as quickly opposed himself to the young German, and endeavored to quiet him. Ivan stepped back before August's onslaught, but still continued his taunts. The priest's opposition increased August's rage. He seized him by the collar, trying to throw him off, while Father Andrei, on his part, resisted to his utmost.

Just then the door into the inner room opened, and Marfa Hummel appeared in the doorway. She stood dismayed at the struggle. Her sudden appearance startled both August and the priest; like two school-boys surprised by their master in a fight, the two men dropped their hands, and looked at each other almost sheepishly.

"Quarrelling with Father Andrei, August? For shame!" cried Marfa. "Why should you quarrel?" she continued, suddenly, looking around the room. August looked toward Ivan—but Ivan had vanished.

"You must not quarrel!" cried Marfa; and then, as a baby-cry was heard in the inner room, "August meant no harm, Father Andrei—you will forgive him," and she was gone.

Father Andrei drew a long breath of relief.

"I was afraid she would see that drunken fellow Ivan," he said in an undertone, as he closed the door after Marfa Hummel. In the little gun-corner behind it stood Ivan.

"You had, then, some sense of shame, Ivan Ivanovitch," said the priest, sternly. "It is a good thing, and unexpected in you, that you do not dare to face Marfa Mikhailovna."

"I am not afraid," said Ivan, with a swagger, laying his hand on the door into the inner room. Again Father Andrei interposed.

"That will do," commanded the priest. "Go out of this house at once, Ivan

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Ivanovitch! Go!" And Ivan obeyed without a word.

The priest resumed his place at the table, and finished his glass of vodki in silence.

"Cheer up, August Hummel," he said at length. "Do not think of that fellow; he was drunk to-night. But it is late—I must be going."

"It is late," said August with an effort. Then he helped Father Andrei put on his heavy coat, and went with him to the door.

"That fellow Ivan must be fond of snow," said the priest, as he stepped out of the door. "See, here are my footsteps as I came, but his are not with them. From the tracks, you might think I was the only guest you had to-night."

"The only guest, but not the only visitor," said August, gloomily. Then he slowly closed the door and returned to the table. As he turned toward the stove he saw the chair lying on the floor where he had upset it when he sprang at Ivan.

"Liar!" he said between his teeth, as he picked it up and set it fiercely on its four legs. As he did so he felt a sudden draught of wind on his back. He wheeled around.

The window at the back of the house was open, and, a dark figure in the midst of the snow that drove through it, Ivan Ivanovitch stood by the table.

August Hummel stood stock-still, but his brows knitted, and his hands clinched as he looked at his enemy. For a moment neither said a word.

"Let this teach all German dogs not to meddle with us Russian bears," said Ivan at last, picking up something bright from the table. August made a step toward him and raised his hands menacingly. But as he did so, there was a flash, a loud report; then the room was filled with smoke. Before it cleared away the light had been put out, and the room was empty.

In the inner room sat Marfa Hummel, wondering between her maternal anxieties why Father Andrei and August should have quarrelled.

Suddenly she heard a loud report in the next room, and then a heavy fall. Then, strain her ears as she might, she could hear nothing.

"August!" she cried, softly, not daring at first to move. Then, not caring whether her boy slept or waked, she moved quickly to the door, her heart seeming to stop beating as she did so.

"August!" she cried, as she opened the door. The outer room was dark. "August, speak to me." But there was no answer. Marfa laid the baby, still asleep, on the bed in the inner room, and with the lamp in her hand, returned to the outer room.

On the floor, beyond the table, by which it was half-concealed, lay the body of a man. Trembling, Marfa knelt by it, and set the lamp on the floor. Then she saw that she was looking on the face of her husband.

"August, August, my husband! speak to me!" she cried, throwing herself on her husband's body. But though the face was warm, there was no motion in the heart, and no voice answered the entreaties the woman uttered so constantly.

Suddenly, Marfa brought the light closer and looked again at her husband's face. The eyes were open, the brows knitted in rage. The hands were clinched. Against whom? Marfa rose and carried the light to the table.

"My God!" she said, very softly, as she looked over the table. Then she knelt again by her husband.

"August, August!" she cried. "Why did the priest kill you, why did the priest kill you?"

II.

Meantime Father Andrei fought his way through the snow until he had passed the little church, quite at the other end of the village, and had reached his own house beyond it. Someone had evidently been watching for him, for as he approached the house the door was flung open.

"Well," cried a harsh voice, "it is high time you were at home." But the harshness was all in the voice, for hands anything but rough took the coat from the old priest's shoulders and received his fur cap. But then the owner of the voice, a thin old woman with a long nose and high cheek-bones, looked at the priest, and began again to upbraid him.

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"It is not right for a man of your age to be out on a night like this. One would——"

"I am not very old, Anfissa," said the priest, mildly. "I am not yet sixty, while you——"

"It does not matter how old I am," retorted Anfissa, sharply. "I am older than you, I will allow; but you are old enough to know when to stay at home."

"Perhaps I did make a mistake," he said, as Anfissa placed a cup of tea at his side, and he looked doubtfully at her to see if she showed signs of relenting. But she only sniffed scornfully, and remarked, "Perhaps?"

"I only made one visit," said the priest, turning to his tea. "That was on business. Besides, I got a present when I made that visit."

"A present! what is it?" cried old Anfissa, "show it to me." The priest rose and walked to where his coat hung. One after the other of his pockets he felt, and as he did so, recollected that his old servant had a great fear of fire-arms. He walked back empty-handed to the fire, by which Anfissa was waiting impatiently.

"I have not got the present here," said Father Andrei. "I must have left it at August's."

"Did August Hummel, the German, bring you the present?" asked Anfissa.

"Yes," said the priest.

"What was it?" demanded the inexorable old woman. The priest made a gallant effort to defend himself.

"It will do you no good to know," he said, with a trace of decision. Anfissa deliberately lifted the tea-urn from its stand and made as though she would empty it. "It was—a—a pistol," surrendered the priest, rapidly passing over the name of the obnoxious thing. Anfissa put the urn down.

"Did August Hummel, the German, give you one of those things?" she asked, preparing to fill her victim's cup. The priest nodded. "Where is it?" she continued.

"It—it isn't here," said the priest, quickly. "I must have left it at August's house."

Anfissa sniffed in a way the priest did not like. "I saw the baby," he hastened to continue, and regardless of Anfissa's silence, he talked as bravely as he could about his visit to August Hummel. "The baby was asleep when I was there, so I couldn't see his eyes; but he cried with a good pair of lungs——"

"When it was asleep? Bah!" said Anfissa.

"Oh, no! It waked up. August and I woke it with the noise we made, and then it cried," explained the priest, anxious to defend his knowledge of the natural history of babies.

"What noise?" asked the wary Anfissa instantly. The priest made a partial capitulation.

"Some noise August and I made," he said, calmly. "Not very much noise."

"Were you singing songs?" asked the old woman. Father Andrei shook his head. "Then you were quarrelling." With a sigh the priest was about to surrender, when the idea of counter-irritation occurred to him.

"Anfissa," he said, with a shudder, "I did not sleep warmly enough last night. I must have another rug." At this bold attack on her housekeeping Anfissa set down her tea-cup and looked at her master. He was not joking. Touched in a vulnerable point, she rose slowly and left the room in search of the extra rug required. Almost at once there came a knock at the front door. The priest answered it.

"It is I, Ivan Ivanovitch," said the newcomer. The priest started slightly. Shaking the snow from his coat Ivan entered, and turning, faced the priest.

"Father," he said, with an effort, and speaking in the priest's ear, "I have a confession to make. Is it too late—it cannot be too late. Oh, Father Andrei, hear me, that I may go in peace."

Father Andrei looked at him steadily for a moment and then turned away.

"I will hear you," he said, and led the way into the church, and up to the little confessional near the altar. Ivan did not follow him at once.

"Where are you, Ivan, who would confess?" called the priest at last. And coming out of the darkness, seemingly from behind the altar, Ivan obeyed the call and entered the confessional.

At first there was only a low murmur. Then there was a pause, and a hurried question from the priest, and a muffled

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but triumphant answer from Ivan. Then from his place in the confessional Father Andrei tottered, his face white, his eyes standing out, his whole frame shaking. He clung to the door of the confessional to support himself, and looked in horror at Ivan as he came out from his place.

"You demon!" gasped the priest. Ivan smiled at him diabolically. "Devil! damned one! You—you—But, by God in Heaven, you shall suffer for it. I will send to Kiev to-night—I will go myself—to inform the authorities——"

"Oh, no," laughed Ivan; "I have told you everything under the seal of the confessional."

"My God, the devil speaks the truth!" cried the priest, falling upon his knees, while tears of impotent but just wrath ran down his face. Ivan looked at him a moment in silence, as though considering some question. Then he shook his head, and went out through the main door of the church, leaving the priest alone.

When at last Anfissa came in search of her master, she found him kneeling before the high altar, as if in prayer. He was so still, however, that the old woman was frightened.

"Master," she said, touching him on the shoulder. The priest sprang to his feet.

"I know nothing about it," he cried. "I can tell you nothing." Then he passed his hand over his eyes. "Oh, it's you, Anfissa," he said, in a tone of inexpressible relief.

"You must go to bed," said the old woman, leading him toward the door into the house, and Father Andrei, after looking once hastily around the church, submitted quietly to her directions. Hardly, however, had they reached the living-room, when, for the second time, there came a loud knocking at the door. Grumbling more than usual, Anfissa opened the door, and peered about to see who the new visitor might be.

Without the formality of asking permission Zakaroff, the police-officer of the village, pushed the old woman aside and entered. The priest started when he recognized his visitor, but instantly recovered himself.

"You are welcome, Anthony Dmitrivitch," he said. "What can I do for you? Tea, Anfissa." But Zakaroff raised his hand in token that he wanted no tea, and looked at Father Andrei. He seemed to find some difficulty in answering the priest's question, for he hemmed and hawed a good deal. At last he burst out:

"I am—hem—sent to bring your reverence. I—I hope your reverence won't find any fault with me for doing my duty—it's what one has to do very often, as your reverence doubtless knows——"

"Certainly, I shall not blame you," said the priest. "But what do you mean by 'duty' in this case? Who sends you here?"

"Why, your reverence," said Zakaroff, after more hesitation, "the inspector—he it is who sent me to bring you; and as I'm a police-officer, your reverence knows I must obey the inspector. So"—resuming his official tone—"you'll be kind enough to come with me to August Hummel's house."

"He's just come from there," exclaimed Anfissa. Zakaroff looked hard at the priest.

"You have just come from there?" he said, sharply. "Were you there to-night?"

"Yes, he was," snapped Anfissa. "He is not to go out of this house again to-night," she added, "Zakaroff or no Zakaroff."

"The inspector——" began Zakaroff.

"I am coming," said the priest, beginning to put on his heavy boots and coat.

"I shall go with you," announced Anfissa, and forthwith disappearing, she returned equipped for the journey through the snow, before the dazed priest had finished his preparations.

When the little party came out of the drifts into the triangular patch of snow in front of August Hummel's new house, the priest noticed that there was more light in the house than there had been an hour before; and then he saw three or four men in a little group in front of the house, just where the light shone upon them through one of the windows. Two of them were on their knees, examining something in the snow close to the door-step and a tall man stood by, watch-

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ing them. As the priest approached they stood up, and just then the tall man caught sight of the little party coming across the snow.

"Ah, Zakaroff," he said. "Is that Father Andrei?"

"Yes, captain," answered Zakaroff, saluting. And the priest, trembling violently, he knew not why, answered, too. "It is I, Captain Nikolas. Are my services needed?"

"Doubtless," answered the inspector, shortly. Then turning to the men, he said: "You two stay here, and see that those footprints are not filled up or lost. Now, Father Andrei, have the goodness to follow me." So saying, he advanced to the door, which he pushed open, himself entering first, while the man with him stood aside to let the priest pass.

In the centre of the brightly lighted room, immediately in front of the door, lay the dead body of August Hummel, the owner of the new house. On his back he lay, his head toward the door, his dead eyes staring straight up from under angry brows, his hands clinched as though in anger, in front of his breast, and a little red spot visible on the coarse white linen shirt.

For a moment the priest stood horrified, not raising his eyes from the face of his dead friend. Then, with a long sigh, he looked up. At the table where he had sat not two hours before was a clerkly-looking man, and by his side Captain Nikolas, the Inspector. By the great dresser, the pride of August Hummel's heart, stood the head man of the village, Mikhail Mikhailovitch, the father of the dead man's wife. Each of these men looked steadily at the startled priest, who returned their gaze helplessly.

Just then Anfissa touched his shoulder.

"This was the noise you made with August Hummel, was it?" she asked. For a moment Father Andrei looked now at the inspector, now at Anfissa. Suddenly the meaning of her question dawned upon him.

"My God, woman! No!" he almost shrieked. "Do you think that of me? Do you think I would kill August?"

The priest's voice was evidently recognized by someone in the inner room, for the door was flung open, and Marfa Hummel rushed into the room where her husband's body lay. Behind her followed her mother and her sister.

"You priest!" she cried, rushing up to where Father Andrei stood, "why did you kill August? Father Andrei, Father Andrei, why did you murder my husband? Oh, you evil man, to kill your best friend!" and she stepped toward him threateningly. The priest instinctively put up his hands to protect himself.

"Yes," cried Marfa, "kill me too, as you have killed my husband! Oh! August, August!" and she fell on her knees by her husband's body, rocking herself to and fro. Her mother and Anfissa ran to her assistance, and presently took her away to the inner room.

There was a long silence in the room. At length the priest looked up.

"Surely you do not think I killed that man?" he asked, huskily, looking from one to another of the men.

"Who else could have done so?" asked the inspector. The priest shuddered. "This woman accuses you to your face. She tells me that she saw you struggling with her husband when she looked into this room during the evening." The priest looked toward the door into the inner room. The inspector continued: "Only one man has been to this house this evening, and only one man left the house. Compare the priest's boots with the footprints," he suddenly ordered.

Involuntarily Father Andrei made a motion to resist; but while one held him in a chair, Zakaroff and another officer pulled off one and then the other of his boots, and followed by Mikhail Mikhailovitch, went out into the darkness.

"Release him," said the inspector at length. The priest sat still in the chair, rubbing his forehead with his hand, and gazing vacantly around the room. The inspector leaned back in his chair, the clerk held the pen in his mouth, and turned over the papers he had in front of him.

At length, after a time that seemed an hour, Zakaroff and the others returned with the priest's boots, the soles of which were moist with snow.

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"Well?" asked the inspector, sitting up straight, while the clerk dipped his pen into the ink and prepared to write.

"These boots fit the tracks in the snow," answered Zakaroff. "The man who wore these boots, and he alone, made those tracks."

III.

JUSTICE, in Russia, moved slowly at the time that August Hummel was murdered, and for many years afterward. Perhaps it moves slowly still. But if justice halted, law hurried on with rapid but unequal steps. It was only a week after the killing of the young German that Father Andrei Nikolavitch was arraigned in the criminal court in Kiev, charged with murdering him. But a week may be a long time, and the seven days seemed as many years to the old priest.

For the first two days Father Andrei sat on the wooden bench by the great stove in the hall of the jail, with head hung down, idly fingering the links of the chain that fettered his legs. Only at evening, as the sound of the chimes was carried by on the cold air, would he fall upon his knees, and his lips would move. None of the other prisoners could tell whether or not he was praying; but they thought he was, and so did not disturb him.

On the third day a change came over the old man. He stood up and stretched himself, and took a step away from the stove. Then the rattle of his chain struck on his ear, and he looked down at his feet. When he saw the chain, he smiled almost indulgently, and walked away as quickly as he could, up and down, up and down, the long room.

The next day it was the same, except that Anfissa came, bringing with her a change of clothes for her master. That day, too, Mikhail Levitsky, a fat little prisoner, came to the priest as he walked up and down.

"They will never hang you, little father," he said, looking knowingly at Father Andrei, with his head on one side. "In the first place, you're a priest, and in the second place, the fellow was only a German."

"In the only place," answered the priest, with dignity, "I did not kill August Hummel."

Alexis Napratchine, chief judge of the criminal court, was always prompt in opening court, and on Thursday was in his judicial chamber before even his assessors had arrived. He was a tall man, with a military air, and in his blue uniform, with his crosses on his breast, looked less like a judge than a general.

His two assessors stopped guiltily when they entered the room, and came forward like tardy school-boys when they saw the chief judge there before them.

"You are not late," said Alexis Napratchine, with haughty kindness. "I am early." And then the court opened.

At once Master Sergius Kubensky, the procurator, stood up, and called for Andrei Nikolavitch, charged with murdering August Hummel. A bustle among the court officers, a whisper among the waiting lawyers, and then in his clerical gown, preceded and followed by a policeman, Father Andrei Nikolavitch entered the room. He bowed toward the three judges and toward the procurator. One of the assessors leaned forward toward the dock.

"You are charged with the murder of August Hummel," he said in a harsh, grating voice, looking intently at the prisoner. "What have you to say?"

The priest passed his hand across his forehead, and looked up with a smile. "I am not guilty," he answered. The judge leaned back in his seat.

"Begin," he said in his harsh voice, nodding in the direction of Master Sergius Kubensky. In a few words the procurator explained what he expected to prove, and then began to read from a packet of law papers.

When the procurator stopped reading, the judge with the harsh voice leaned forward again, and a second time asked the priest what he had to say.

"We were not quarrelling," said the priest. "But except as to the quarrel she is right." And the judge nodded again and smiled, and the procurator continued, taking up the testimony of Anfissa Dmitrievna. Then he read the testimony of Anthony Zakaroff, who had compared the footprints in the

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snow with the boots Father Andrei had worn, and the priest looked up rather wearily, and said:

"It is quite true that I made those footprints." But when the procurator, continuing, read Zakaroff's testimony to the effect that he had searched the priest's house and the church and had found a pistol with seven barrels, and six of them loaded, behind the high altar, Father Andrei turned pale and trembled like a leaf, and clung to the railing of the dock until his knuckles were white.

When the assessor with the harsh voice spoke to him, after Master Sergius Kubensky had finished reading, the priest tried to answer, but could not, and opened his mouth like a thirsty dog. At last he spoke:

"I—I—do not know. I did not put the pistol there," he said, and shook his head again and again.

The procurator sat down, and coughed, and in a minute the youngest of the three judges leaned forward, resting his elbows on his desk, and looked at Father Andrei.

"Father Andrei Nikolavitch," began the judge; "you have said that the testimony of Marfa Mikhailovna was correct, except that you and August Hummel were not quarrelling; what, then, were you doing when Marfa Mikhailovna surprised you? Had you laid hands on him? Had he laid hands on you?" To these last questions Father Andrei had to answer, "Yes."

"Yet you say you were not quarrelling? Do you now deny that Marfa Mikhailovna surprised you struggling with August Hummel? Why, tell me now, were you struggling with August Hummel?"

The priest shook his head. He feared that he might say something to break the seal of the confession which Ivan Ivanovitch had made to him; he could not trust himself, and so he held his peace. The judge fumbled among the papers on his desk, and then held a pistol up so that the priest could see it.

"Do you know whose pistol this is?" he asked at length, watching Father Andrei steadily.

"It—it looks like mine."

The judge examined his notes, and then began his questions again.

"Your servant, Anfissa Dmitrievna, says she found you in the church, kneeling before the high altar; she spoke to you, and you sprang to your feet, crying out, 'I can say nothing, I can tell you nothing.' What did you mean by that?"

The priest turned very pale. The question he feared most had been put to him. How should he answer it. He bowed his head a moment.

"God help me," he prayed, silently. Then he raised his head and looked firmly at the chief judge.

"I will not say," he answered.

"What? You refuse to answer?" asked the chief judge after a moment. The priest nodded.

"Do you know what you are doing?" exclaimed the younger of the assessors; and again, with a prayer in his heart, the priest nodded.

Presently the chief judge leaned forward and spoke to him again.

"For the third and last time, Andrei Nikolavitch, I ask you, what did you mean by saying to Anfissa Dmitrievna, 'I can say nothing, I can tell you nothing.' Why did you say those words to her? What did you mean by them?" And the three judges looked at him earnestly.

Father Andrei trembled all over, and clung to the rail for support. He looked around the room. The public procurator was looking intently at him, the clerks at the desks below the judges, with pens dipped in their inkstands, were looking intently at him; so, too, were the few lawyers and the policemen. With a long sigh, the priest looked at the chief judge.

"I will not say," he answered, and shut his eyes, as he prayed.

There was a murmur in the room. The three judges consulted together a moment; then the chief judge began to speak to him.

"We have heard the testimony in the case against you, Andrei Nikolavitch," he said, slowly and distinctly. "We have listened to your admissions, to your explanations, and to your refusal to make explanations of damaging testimony against you. The evidence is circumstantial, it is true; but such an array of circumstantial evidence I have never before seen. Every circumstance

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points strongly at you as being the murderer of August Hummel."

"On the other side," continued the chief judge, "is your good character, and that alone is opposed to the weight of testimony against you. Unluckily for you, however, character is not evidence, and what you have in character you lack in evidence. After lengthy and thorough deliberation, therefore, we have reached a decision—that you are guilty of the crime charged against you, the murder of August Hummel. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

Leaning heavily on the rail before him, the priest began slowly to speak in a trembling, husky voice. The words sounded to him as though they did not come from himself, and his lips were so dry that he could hardly articulate.

"I have nothing to say," he said, at length, "except—that—everything—is against me—and that I did not kill August Hummel." And he bowed his head and waited silently.

"Everything in the testimony is against you, as you say," retorted the judge, quickly. Then more calmly, "You are undoubtedly the murderer of August Hummel. There seems to have been no reason for the crime; it was a wanton murder; but as it seems to have been done without premeditation, and as your character before the murder had been so excellent, we have decided to be merciful toward you. We therefore sentence you to imprisonment during the term of your natural life."

The chief judge paused, and the priest drew a long breath, while everybody in the room stared at him to see how he would receive the sentence.

"During the term of my natural life," he repeated, aloud. Then he turned to the judges and bowed. "I thank your excellencies during the term——" he caught himself up; "I thank your excellencies," he said, and left the dock.

IV.

That Colonel Ivan Kalof was brave was shown by the cross of St. George he wore on his left breast, pinned there by the Grand Duke Michael himself one day in the Russian trenches before Plevna. That he was brave was also proved by the fact that, during the Turkish war, he had served on General Skobeleff's staff. For Skobeleff chose the members of his military family for their individual bravery, and for some military instinct each possessed, rather than for any merely theoretical knowledge of the art of war. So it was that Ivan Ivanovitch, entering the Turkish war as a sergeant, came out of it a colonel, promoted and made an officer on Skobeleff's staff because of the bravery he had shown so often, because of his bull-dog ferocity and tenacity of grip. His promotion was not unexampled. In a service where princes serve enthusiastically as privates, and a carpet-general sees service with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, it is not strange if a sergeant becomes a colonel. And it was a colonel that Ivan Ivanovitch came out from the war, with scars of numerous wounds, and a reputation for great and persistent bravery.

Besides being brave, Colonel Ivan Kalof was also accomplished—at least he had been accomplished. Twenty odd years before the war his friends considered him an excellent musician, and indeed, he could play the organ in church, and the piano out of church. But for many years he had not needed to make use of his accomplishment, while his instinctive bravery had often been needed during that feverish Turkish war. But he never needed his bravery more than he did when, three years after the war, he was chief of police of the Holy City of Kiev.

Colonel Ivan Kalof was unmarried. He had loved a girl years ago; but she had married a foreigner, a young German, and though her husband had been killed in a quarrel with the village pope, leaving her a young widow, Ivan Kalof—he was not a colonel then—had never renewed his offer of marriage to her. He never talked about his disappointment, and simply remained a bachelor.

Marfa Hummel talked freely about her grief, but she remained a widow, as Colonel Kalof a bachelor. At first she lived in the new house her husband had taken her to, where her boy was born, her husband killed. But as soon as she could, she moved into the city of

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Kiev, where she lived as she imagined August would like to have her live, in a style that was neither entirely German nor entirely Russian. As her boy, August Augustovich, grew up, he went to school and finally to the University, where he was still a student when Colonel Ivan Kalof became chief of police.

The university of Kiev is one of the chief hot-beds of Nihilism in Russia, and in watching the doings of its students, Colonel Kalof spent much of his time. Generally, he was successful in his watches, and in their results. One morning, after a successful raid on a band of young Nihilists, a woman asked to see him.

"Have her searched," said the chief of police to the soldier who brought him word of the woman's presence; and he went on with his writing. There was a scuffle in the outer room, a woman's scream, and then the report of a pistol. Kalof strode to the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried, angrily. The scuffle ceased instantly.

"The pistol went off;" answered a soldier, confusedly.

"They would have searched me—" cried the woman, looking at Kalof indignantly.

"Was it your pistol?" he asked shortly. The woman looked at him defiantly and nodded.

"You have arrested my son," she said, doggedly. A trick of her voice caught his ear. He looked at her intently for a moment.

"Come in," he said at last, opening the door, and closing it behind her as she entered. "You are Marfa Mikhailovna," he added, and his voice shook a little. The woman looked at him, half terrified, half astonished.

"Who are you?" she cried, and tried in vain to recall his features. The chief of police smiled grimly.

"I am Ivan Ivanovitch—" he answered. Marfa Hummel fell on her knees before him.

"Ivan, Ivan," she cried; "save my boy—save August's boy for me—he is my only boy, my all in this world;" and she clung to his knees. He raised her to her feet, and held both her wrists tightly, as he looked into her eyes.

"Your boy is August Augustovich," he said, at last. "I did not know he was your boy. So you would have shot me—I would not have blamed her," he added, in an undertone. Then aloud: "I am glad you are come. You can save your son's life, and you only. You must persuade him to turn Crown's evidence. He will not hear me—you are his mother, and he may listen to you."

"I will do everything I can," said the unfortunate Marfa. Kalof shook his head.

"You must do more than that," he said. "You *must* persuade him."

"He has never disobeyed me," said Marfa; then, as Kalof rang the bell for a messenger, she came to his side; "I am sorry I brought the pistol," she said, humbly. Kalof looked up at her quickly, with a significant glance.

"You *must*," he said, sternly; then, as a messenger entered, he gave directions about Marfa Hummel's visit to her son, and saw her start on her errand with little expectation of success.

He was right. Not even his mother's commands or tearful entreaties could move the young Nihilist to betray his comrades; and in course of time, with four others of them, August Augustovich was condemned to death.

Usually a condemned Nihilist saw none of his family before his death, but Colonel Ivan Kalof had influence enough to procure for Marfa Hummel permission to see her boy before he was put to death. One morning, therefore, the chief of police entered Marfa Hummel's house. He went up to the widow as she sat looking into the fire, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Marfa Mikhailovna," he said, and his voice shook a little. "Marfa, do you wish to see your son?"

"My son!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Is he here?" and she looked eagerly around the room.

"He is not here," answered Kalof; "but you can see him, with me."

"Ivan, Ivan, you are very good to me," cried the widow, and in her joy at the idea of seeing her son, she embraced the tall man.

He shook her off roughly; then added, more gently, "Well, will you come?"

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It was summer, and through the open windows of the prison came the sound of many feet shuffling in the yard outside. The two great stoves in the hall were cold and dusty, and everything looked so bare and gloomy that a sight of the prisoners would have been a relief. Presently in his green student's uniform, with heavy shackles on his wrists and ankles, August Augustovich came slowly toward his mother. With a little cry, she ran toward him and led him tenderly to the bench by the cold stove.

"Sit here," she said, and Colonel Kalof rose slowly from the bench and walked away. Only two soldiers stood near at hand, watching, with looks of evident pity, the leave-taking between mother and son.

Presently, as the chief of police stood at a little distance, with his back to the unhappy Marfa, the sound of the shuffling feet came nearer and nearer, and then the prisoners began to file in from the yard. At the head of the long line of prisoners marched an old man, bent with age. His scanty hair was white, his beard was white, and his faded blue eyes looked vacantly at Colonel Kalof out of a face almost as white as his hair. The old man walked slowly to the end of the room, and then suddenly turning about, raised his hands as though in benediction. The other prisoners, however, had not waited for him, but had broken line almost at once. The appearance and action of the old man attracted Kalof's attention.

"Who is that old prisoner?" he asked one of the prisoners.

"That, little father," answered the man, with a low bow, "is old Father Andrei—at least, so we call him. We do not know his real name, but they say he was a priest once. We do not know; only, he can read and write, and I have heard him say his prayers just like the pope when he comes here."

"What is the old man here for?" asked Kalof, a sudden suspicion crossing his mind.

"We do not know, but we hear that he killed a man years ago," answered the prisoner.

"How many years?" asked Kalof, hastily, with a shudder.

"Who knows? Longer than any of us. Peter has been here eight years, and the old man was here when he came. Shall I call Peter, little father? Peter!" called the man, without waiting for an answer. But Kalof shook his head and turned away hastily. His suspicion was correct; the old prisoner was the priest, suffering the punishment for *his* crime—and such a punishment! Kalof shuddered.

Unsteadily, feeling dizzy and ill the chief of police walked up the room toward Marfa Hummel and her son. His legs bent beneath him, he staggered like a drunken man, and had not one of the soldiers guarding young August suddenly seized him, he would have fallen against the stove.

"I shall be all right in a moment," he said, unsteadily. But he sat down on a bench opposite Marfa and her boy, and gasped several times. And as he sat there, limp and dejected, he thought confusedly of the murder of August Hummel, and of the priest, and of Marfa, and then he wondered what the buzzing in his head was. It was very loud, and grew louder and louder, and just as it seemed that it couldn't grow any louder, it stopped entirely. It stopped so suddenly that Kalof looked up.

He was lying on the floor by the great stove. By his side knelt the governor of the prison, and several officers and soldiers stood near him. Back of them were some of the prisoners. Directly in front of him, looking at him with unwinking stare from under the arms of some of the officers, was the old man with the white hair and beard. A little to one side Kalof could see Marfa and her boy still together.

"Are you better?" asked the governor of the prison. Kalof began to say that he was, when his eye met that of the old prisoner, over whose face such a gleam of recognition passed that the chief of police shuddered and closed his eyes again.

"I am not well," he said. Then he struggled to his feet, and stumbled over to where Marfa was sitting.

"Marfa," he said, hoarsely. A sound like a gasp caught his ear, and he turned suddenly; but only the governor of the prison and the officers stood near him.

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Marfa Hummel looked up hurriedly. Then she threw her arms around her son's neck, and burst into tears. August Augustovich struggled to his feet, still embracing his mother.

"You would separate mother and son!" cried a voice, at which both heartbroken Marfa and agonized Kalof started. "Ivan Ivanovitch, have you not done enough?" and the old man with the white beard pushed his way through the soldiers until he stood in front of the chief of police.

"Marfa, Marfa Mikhailovna, do you not know me?" he cried. "I am Father Andrei Nikolavitch, and this man"—and he turned toward Kalof, and then crammed his fingers into his mouth, as a child does to prevent himself from telling something.

"Stand back," said the governor, grasping him by the shoulders roughly. Kalof raised his hand.

"Do not hurt him," he said.

"Hurt me!" cried the old man, breaking from the governor. "Do you say 'hurt me?' *You*, Ivan Ivanovitch? Marfa, trust him not, trust him not!"

As the old man spoke, Kalof turned ashy white, and looked around as though in mortal fear. Thrice he passed his hand across his brow, as though uncertain what to do or say. At last he spoke.

"It is quite true," he said in a loud, monotonous voice, "Father Andrei Nikolavitch had nothing to do with it. I killed August Hummel with the priest's pistol; I put it behind the high altar in the church, and then I confessed everything to the priest—ha! ha!" and he laughed a hollow laugh that made his listeners shudder and look one at another in horror. But Marfa Mikhailovna, August Hummel's widow, took her hand from Colonel Kalof's arm, and looked at him steadily, and at him alone.

"Where is the priest?" she asked.

"I am here," answered the old prisoner. Marfa looked at him.

"Is it true?" she asked. "Did he kill my husband, and are you being punished for his deed? Speak! is it true?"

The priest looked at her a moment before he answered.

"Is it true?" he repeated. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I am being punished, yes. But for his deed?—I may not say, I may not say." Then he looked at Kalof. "Speak you!" he cried. "Say, is it true, is it true?" And the old man, overcome with remembrance of his wrongs, sprang at the chief of police, seizing him by the throat and shaking him furiously, crying out the while, "Is it true, is it true?"

"O God!" cried Kalof. "He is killing me! Help!"

The governor drew his revolver and fired, once, twice, at the priest. There was an instant's hush; the two struggling, swaying figures were still a second, and then both fell heavily to the floor. Kalof was underneath.

There was a rush from all parts of the room—officers, soldiers, prisoners—but for an instant nothing could be seen through the smoke. Marfa felt herself embraced by someone.

"Hush," whispered her son's voice. "Good-by;" then she felt a kiss on her lips, and the arms which held her were withdrawn. When the smoke cleared away she could not see her son in the crowd. She felt very happy for an instant; then the governor touched her, and pointed to the floor near the stove.

On his back, his hands drawn up, lay Colonel Ivan Kalof, unwounded, but quite dead, a few drops of bright red frothy blood on his lips. By his side lay the old priest, desperately wounded, but alive. He looked at her with a smile. "I may not say, indeed, I may not say," he said, earnestly. Then he saw Kalof's body, and bent over it.

"Ivan Ivanovitch, Ivan Ivanovitch, I am sorry this has happened. You were a brave man, they say—you should have died at Plevna. Well—" then his head sank on his breast. When he raised it again, though he looked at Marfa Hummel, he did not seem to see her, and repeated a few words softly to himself. And the governor of the prison, who bent over him, said afterward that the words were, "During the term of my natural life—the term of my natural life."

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"CORDON!"

By T. R. Sullivan.

"It is a bargain, monsieur—a bargain! The rent is a mere nothing; *puisqu'il y a du confort ici,*" said the old concierge, as he threw open one of the shutters, and flooded the room with dusty sunshine.

The apartment was *au premier,* at the back of a small court numbered 59 of the rue Neuve St. Augustin. No. 59—I give it fearlessly, since even its foundation-stones have long been Haussmannized away.

The court was flooded with sunshine that was not dusty, and a great plane-tree grew in one corner, close against an ivy-covered wall. The yellow placard, À LOUER, hanging at the door, had been the bait luring me into this mouse-trap, as it certainly proved to be.

But all that comes later on. For the present, it is enough to say that the room was comfortably furnished after the old Venetian manner, and hung with Cordova leather, old too, and real; beyond, there was a salon, with a floor so highly polished that I narrowly escaped a sprained ankle in crossing it; and a chamber, commonplace enough, but for the chintz hangings with which its walls and ceiling were draped oppressively, in wide plaits that met overhead in a central rosette, somehow suggesting the interior decoration of a coffin. In spite of this untimely thought, and of the superfluous *antichambre* and *salle-à-manger,* useless incumbrances in bachelor quarters, I took the apartment for a month, to the evident delight of old Casimir, whose feather-duster twitched expressively in his palsied hand.

The tremulous eagerness of this good gentleman made me half suspect that he had not the remotest right to let the rooms at all. But he told a well-varnished tale of an old proprietor who hated women, and who passed his life in search of a country so civilized as to do without them. From this journey of desperation he returned now and then to restore his tired senses in the coffined chamber, and to gather courage for a new departure. It was midsummer; I might keep the rooms until the autumn; not an hour longer, since the patron would then be likely to pounce down upon his possessions, unannounced, at any moment. Just now, he was believed to be in Lapland.

When I moved in, that very afternoon, a guilty feeling of intrusion overcame me. The place was so luxurious, so well ordered, so unlike the four walls of lodging for which one pays. In the library of the leather hangings the patron's books were upon the shelves; his portfolio, his paper-knife upon the table; the ink in the miniature helmet of blue steel was dry, it is true; but there lay the well-worn quill beside it. The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the patron was a man of taste and well informed. I took down some of the books; here were superb bindings, old and rare editions. Upon one fly-leaf his name was written—Marius Morizot—the hand clear and fine, like a woman's. Casimir had said that he was old. Bibliophile and traveller, with the means to follow his fantastic bent, this patron would certainly be an agreeable man to meet on his own ground; that is, if one came properly introduced. All here was as if he had left it yesterday. What if the door were to open and admit him at the next moment?

Just then the door did open, but only Casimir came in, bringing firewood; for the sun had already left the little court in shadow, and there was an unseasonable chill in the waning summer day. The old man wore a black skull-cap over his thin, gray hair, and a green baize apron that swathed him nearly to the ankles. He chattered about the fire as he built and lighted it; all the time holding under his arm the eternal feather-duster, which seemed to be his badge of office. I had lately seen, at the Comédie Française, Regnier's masterpiece, the sly old servant in *La joie fait peur.* The picture of amiable senility. Here was the thing itself.

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"The patron has his treasures," I said, stroking tenderly the crushed levant that enshrined a numbered reprint of André Chénier.

Casimir looked at the shelves with a certain respect, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, but not there," he answered.

Thinking that he referred to the glittering objects of the salon, I treated myself to a complacent smile, as I quietly put up the book.

"Not there," he repeated, shuffling toward me in his loose slippers, and letting his voice die away into the important whisper that is the emphasis of a French man-of-all-work. "Ah, if monsieur knew!"

"Knew what?" I asked. "Have we a gold mine at our feet?"

He chuckled and nodded. "Better than that, monsieur. See!"

Then he pushed aside one of the hangings, and showed me that it covered a door of burnished steel.

"A safe?"

"Yes, monsieur, in the wall."

"And of such size!" I continued, for the doorway, though narrow, was higher than my head. "What can he keep there?"

"Jewels, monsieur," said Casimir, enjoying my surprise. "Jewels from the ends of the earth, laid away in little drawers, lined with velvet as soft as the down of a bird. It is a passion with him; the collection is a property in itself."

I laid my hand gently upon the shining metal; it might have been the door of a tomb. I drew back, shivering. The thought of these untold riches, hardly out of reach, disturbed me; I felt in a measure responsible for their safety.

"The door is locked, of course," said I.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; only the patron has the key." He brushed the door lightly with his feather-tips, as though he were dealing with some fragile work of art, and then dropped the curtain over it.

"Casimir! You have your master's leave to let those rooms; you are sure?"

"Oh, certainly, monsieur; monsieur need give himself no uneasiness, it is permitted at this season. In the summer-time, Monsieur Morizot always absents himself. He has been nearly two years away."

I changed the subject, though I doubted him instinctively.

"What is Monsieur Morizot like?" I asked.

"A lamb, monsieur; amiable, as one cannot be more so. Monsieur, then, has not remarked his portrait?"

The pictures were chiefly modern, and were none too well lighted; I had barely glanced at them. Casimir led me to this one, which hung in a dark corner, so high that the flame of a candle held up at arm's length but just revealed it. The face was long, thin, sharp-featured and sallow, with the prevailing moustache and imperial of the time. But the eyes were fine and friendly. On the whole, I felt happier about Monsieur Morizot. He had the gentle, high-bred look of that Van Dyck father in the long gallery of the Louvre.

"And yet he hates women. Was he never married?"

"Never, monsieur; in youth he had a disappointment, they say, and now it would be somewhat late for him to think again of that. At his age one no longer makes such plans."

His hand shook more than ever, and the melted wax of the candle ran over, one drop falling upon the floor. "He is good, the patron," he murmured, so tenderly that the drop might have been a tear from his own failing eyes.

When the old retainer had left me I dismissed all scruples, and unpacked my trunk in the little chamber, singing to myself in the happiest of moods. I was in luck, evidently. Even should Monsieur Morizot turn up, I felt sure that he would accept my explanation, supposing one to be necessary. But he would not come. I doubted Casimir no longer.

I found in the library an arm-chair covered with stamped leather like that of the walls; the arms supported by hard featured goddesses — wood-nymphs, perhaps—redundant in the matter of bust, tapering off like terminal figures into the chair-legs below. Wheeling this up to the table, I sat down for a while to do nothing and devour my brain, as the inhuman proverb puts it. In the gathering twilight the room was

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almost dark, but I saw it all, or nearly all, over the mantel in a narrow, oblong mirror, there reflected by Casimir's cheerful blaze. The first fire of the season invites contemplation, and my thoughts wandered as fitfully as the mellow light that played about the tarnished gilding of the leather. When I am alone I am apt to grow inconsequent, to a degree that would distress one who makes a labor of thinking.

Hunger is a sharp reminder, and before long I realized that I was hungry. So I hastily pulled myself together, and shutting the door upon my golden walls, strolled up the Boulevard to the Passage des Princes. I dined well at Peter's, opposite the window of innumerable meerschaums; and, after dinner, went out by the side gate of the Passage into the rue Favart. The doors of the Opéra Comique stood invitingly open, and I was tempted to cross the street and read the bill of the play: "L'Ombre," of Flotow; Gounod's "Gallia." In the first, Madame Priola. Lovely Madame Priola, long since forgotten! Do you live on, to look into your glass and sigh for those dear old days when all Paris adored you? Or have you made, in truth, your final exit into Père-la-Chaise or Montparnasse, to sleep out there a longer night than any other you have known? To one cruelty of life all a man's experience can never reconcile him: that a pretty woman may not hold her own forever.

I went in, stayed the performance out, and left the theatre somewhat dashed in spirits; the echo of Gounod's solemn music seemed to follow me like a ghostly footfall under the flaring lights, by the painted kiosk-windows. The sky was overcast; a drop or two of rain fell. The great doors of No. 59 were closed and locked, of course; at that hour I could have expected nothing else. But Casimir slept soundly; it was long before I could make him hear, though I pulled the bell till the whole place resounded. The rain came on in earnest, and I was at the despairing point, when the door gave a welcome click and swung back an inch or two. I stumbled in through the darkness, passed the lodge where I could hear Casimir swearing to himself drowsily, without a thought of challenging me; and guided myself by the hand-rail of the staircase straight to my own door. I struck a match, found the key, and went in.

The outer rooms were black and unfriendly; through them I saw a thread of light from the library door to which I groped my way. The light came from a stately *modérateur* lamp that stood upon the table, and I blessed Casimir for his forethought. But for the lamp, the room, at the first glance, seemed to be as I left it. The carved chair was drawn up before the fire, which still burned brightly. That I found a fire and not a heap of ashes, might have struck me as a curious circumstance, but I set this down to Casimir's forethought, too; all the more readily that my clothes were wet and that I needed it to dry them, as I proceeded to do.

Standing thus before the chimney with the crackling fagots at my heels, I observed a book upon the table. It lay close to the arm of the great chair—so close, in fact, that one sitting there could hardly fail to see it even at twilight. Yet it had escaped my notice until now. What book? The moment my unspoken question was answered, I felt absolutely sure that it had never before been in my hands. Its vellum covers were worn and worm-eaten; its musty leaves were yellow with age. I read the title, "The Trial of François Ravaillac for the Murder of King Henry IV. 1610." I could hardly have forgotten that book had I taken it down.

Immediately, a strange terror seized me; vague, unreasoning it was, like a child's in the dark. I dropped the book, caught up a candle and peered into the chamber; then searched the other rooms throughout. I saw no one, heard no sound. I was alone. Yet this knowledge failed to reassure me. I spoke, and was startled at my own voice. I tried to sing, but the walls gave back a mocking echo that was unendurable. And I returned to the library with the same childish dread of nothing still oppressing me, like the remembrance of a nightmare.

I can recall distinctly my struggle to conquer this feeling, and I know that I must have conquered it; for I sat

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down in the arm-chair, and began to read the trial of Ravaillac:

"The prisoner is sworn; and asked his name, age, rank, and place of abode.

"He said that his name was François Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulême, between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age."

I can see those lines now, in all their quaintness of type, as one makes a sun-picture by a sudden closing of the eyes. I remember that I read on and on, till I came to a page so stained as to be indistinct, part of which had been torn away. Then I must have fallen into a doze—a mere cat-nap of a moment only. I woke with a start, unable, at first, to recognize the surroundings.

The lamp had run down, after the provoking manner of French *modérateurs*. I knew that it only needed winding, and, leaning over the table, I gave the key a turn or two, but I was too late; the lamp went out in a long, smoky trail. Yet the room was not quite dark. The fire burned on, flickering at my feet, and making fantastic shadows in the glass.

In the glass. I looked at it, and grew numb with horror. For I saw there the reflection of a man's face, so hideous in its expression that, even in a crowd, one would have turned from it with loathing. I have never been able to describe it; in that uncertain light it had no color, I could barely trace its outline. But I should know that face, if I saw it at the top of the great pyramid, or in the plains of Arizona—anywhere, indeed, upon the instant; and I should shudder at the sight, as I do now at the thought, like a frightened animal.

For a few seconds I was helpless. My muscles refused to act; I could not even turn my head to look behind me. Thus, with all senses gone but one, I saw the face drawing nearer to my chair and looking down at it. The lines grew more distinct; a strange mark came out upon the cheek, as if the skin there had contracted. Then, with an effort that seemed like a trial of strength with some force unseen, I caught the arm of the chair, and springing to my feet, wheeled about upon the dark, silent spaces of the room, conscious only of a sudden draught of cold air that chilled me to the bone.

Darkness, there was nothing else. Yet I turned again to the glass, finding only my own figure, scarcely recognizable. Then, for the first time, I was aware that my left hand, cold and damp like a dead man's, still clasped the old book, marking my place between its leaves. I shivered, and would have laid it down; but, instead of that, I flung it from me into the fire with a shriek that set the room ringing. For the stain upon its torn page had deepened and freshened, and was oozing out upon my fingers; they were red with it. Kneeling at the hearth, I wiped away the drops with my handkerchief, and burned that, too.

Still on the hearth I crouched, and listened. If there were only something human to face and challenge! Not a sound. But again the current of cold air, as if from an open door or window. That, at least, was real. I found my candle, lighted it at the fire, and searched the room once more. To my great surprise, I discovered in the darkest corner a small door that I had never seen—one of those blind doors so common in French apartments, cunningly contrived to fit a panel of the wall. It stood ajar, moreover, as though forced open by some mischievous gust of the night wind, that had lost its way in the house and then made a frantic effort to get out again. Rejoiced to account so easily for one disturbing element at least, I pushed the door aside, and saw merely a narrow, flagged corridor, leading to a servants' stairway communicating with the floor below—the ground floor—for the house had no *entresol*. By the dim light I held, I could distinguish three steps leading down into awful blackness, like a murderous oubliette of the middle ages. I strained my eyes and listened. There was nothing more to be seen, but my ears caught a faint sound, startling at that hour, though by day I should have laughed at it—simply the noise of running water, gently falling, as if from a pipe, upon the pavement below. I went on cautiously to the stair-rail, leaned over it and looked down. No one; but under the stairs, in the dark, the water went

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splashing on intermittently, as though it fell first upon invisible hands—washing them, perhaps. The thought suggested itself instantly.

"Who is there?" I shouted, lowering the light toward the dark corner, but in vain.

The water stopped. There was no other answer.

"Who is there?" I repeated, in a voice that was not mine.

I heard a shuffling step; and there came a blast of the night air, strong enough to put out the light, if I had not drawn back, shielding the flame with my hand. A door below me quietly closed, and all was still again.

I rushed down the stairs, and found the door. It was securely bolted; the bolts were rusted; I tried one, and could not stir it.

Then, out in the court, a harsh cry rang back along the walls: "Cordon!" the familiar call to the sleeping concierge. "Cordon!" the same rough voice repeated. The heavy street-door fell into place with a dull, jarring sound. The presence, whatever it was, had escaped scot-free into the world of Paris.

Drip, drip, behind me I heard the water, falling now, drop by drop, upon the stones. There was nothing else to show that I had not been dreaming. I gave one searching look at the dismal little corner, and then fled from it and from the house forever. In less time than it takes to tell it, I had rushed through the rooms overhead, and down again by the main staircase; out into the court, and on through the falling rain, shouting to Casimir as I went: "Cordon—cordon—cordon!" I woke echoes there that drove me half mad; I beat upon the door. At last the cord was drawn, and I found myself in the street, where I recovered my senses sufficiently to put on my hat and coat, snatched up in my flight, mechanically, from the table in the *antichambre*.

I went back to my hotel, and passed a night to which that uneasy one of Clarence was as nothing. In the morning, very early, I hurried out again, laughing at my folly. The day was fine and bright, as only Paris can be; and yet I trembled upon turning into the court, where, however, I found nothing more terrible than Casimir, watering his flowers and talking to a gray cat, that rubbed itself affectionately against his shins. The old man started when he saw me, and looked from me to the window, behind which he supposed I had been sleeping.

"Monsieur rises early," said he.

"Yes. I am called away. You will be kind enough to pack my trunk and send it after me."

"Monsieur gives up the rooms?"

"Unavoidably. It does not matter; they are paid for, all the same."

Surprise made him speechless for a moment. The cat came slowly toward me, purring. I stooped and stroked it between the ears.

"He is called Chambord, monsieur; he lives upon raw meat, but he is very kind and gentle. I regret that monsieur goes away."

"Thank you. Casimir, what strange man was in the house last night?"

"Monsieur, I do not understand. There was no one."

"You let no one out, then?"

"Oh, that, of course. The house has many apartments, many lodgers. I do not count them in my sleep."

"Nevertheless," I said, with some warmth, "there was a stranger in my rooms last night. I saw him."

"Monsieur was dreaming. It is impossible."

"But I can describe him to you." And I tried to do so, making only a stammering failure of it.

Casimir shrugged his shoulders.

Then I remembered the curious mark upon the man's cheek, and put in that evidence, triumphantly.

The dull eyes opened a little wider; but he smiled, and shook his head.

"*Sapristi!* Now I know that monsieur was surely dreaming. That is the Brazilian, Cornelio, the good patron's *valet de chambre*."

"Well, then, I tell you, he has come back."

"But, monsieur——"

"I swear it to you."

"Impossible. Monsieur Morizot keeps him always at his side. They are both in Lapland."

I argued with him to no purpose. He

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grew angry, and, in his excitement, tipped over his watering-pot upon Chambord, who turned tail and disappeared. I could convince him of nothing but my own imbecility; and so I left him, muttering strange oaths among his flowers.

One rarely fails to recall a startling bit of his own experience, the first time its date comes round again. So it happened that this adventure was uppermost in my mind one midsummer night of the following year, on board the good steamer "Baron Osy," bound from London to Antwerp. We had left the White Tower just at noon, and had dropped leisurely down the overburdened Thames, threading our cautious way through larger and smaller ocean craft, in and out among tow-boats and barges, and awkward little luggers with red sails and spankers; past the big guns of Woolwich, and Greenwich Hospital with its white-haired veterans, whose reckoning leaves off where ours begins; by Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, where the great river, broadened to an estuary, stretches out its arms to greet the Medway, and the two go wandering off here and there in a tangle of green hills that know no winter, but are always green. So we had come out into yellower and wilder water; the sun had set in a bank of cool, gray clouds; the white cliffs and glimmering lights of Margate were already low on the horizon; and the long twilight crept down upon us slowly, imperceptibly.

I had seen but few passengers, all of the heaviest and most uninteresting modern Flemish pattern. But a chance remark of one of the stewards led me to think that there were others of consequence, holding themselves aloof in their cabins. One by one, those who were about me on the after-deck had gone below as the night breeze strengthened. I knew that the stars were coming out, that under the pale-green streak of western sky the English coast was fast receding. But my thoughts were hundreds of miles away. With them I was really strolling through the Passage des Princes and back along the Boulevard, humming, as I walked, the doctor's air in "L'Ombre:"

"Midi—minuit—
Le jour—la nuit!
Midi, c'est la vie,
Minuit, la mort—oui!"

And so on, through all the details of that troubled night. I lived again in Monsieur Morizot's apartment; I saw his chair at the fire, his book upon the table; nay, even the old letter-press danced before my eyes:

"The prisoner is sworn; and asked his name, age, rank, and place of abode.

"He said that his name was François Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulême——"

The sound of my voice brought me back to the deck of the "Baron Osy." I had spoken the words aloud. I turned, and saw that they must have been overheard by a passenger who stood at the rail, not ten feet away. He wore a close-fitting, pointed cap and a long dark coat, buttoned tightly under his chin, and these garments had a suggestive richness in them. A splendid jewel, too, shone upon his hand. But his eyes were fixed on me with a look in which fear and wonder mingled strangely; his face seemed white as death; and it was the face of the valet, Cornelio.

I realized an unknown power in the words which I had spoken; and without moving from my place, I finished the broken sentence from the trial of Ravaillac, then repeated it word for word from the beginning. With that, the mark upon his cheek quivered convulsively; he gave a wild cry, like some brute brought to bay, and with one appealing look, as if toward imaginary pursuers closing in upon him, he flung himself over the rail into the sea.

I rushed to the ship's side, as one of the hands, who had seen him jump, tore a life-preserver from the guards, and threw it after him. We caught sight of an arm tossed up in the foaming wake far behind. A wave swept over it. The engines were stopped, and a boat was lowered. After a long time it came back, bringing only the wet corks. The old gray sexton of the sea works quickly and well.

We found his name registered upon the list—Ramon Quizás, *rentier*, of Rio. He had no companion, and his trunks were stored somewhere on the quay at

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Antwerp. When I left the city they still remained there unclaimed.

Three years later, in one of the continental reading-rooms, I took up the *Figaro*, to divert myself with its *faits divers* and *échos de Paris*. Between the last *mot* of Madame X., and the announcement of a fête at Asnières, I found a line of reference to a matter familiar enough, as it seemed, to all but casual readers, viz., the division among the heirs-at-law of a handsome property —that of one Monsieur Morizot. The name, and the mysterious importance given it, roused my curiosity, and I wrote at once to a Parisian crony for fuller information. This was his answer:

"Have you retired from the world, that you cease to read the news of it? We are worn out with details of the life and death of Monsieur Morizot. Pardon me, then, if I recite them to you very briefly. The worthy man lived, *en garçon*, in one of those houses of the rue Neuve St. Augustin already condemned to make way for the new avenue which will be a marvel. Like you, he was a traveller, and he often remained for years an absentee, staying away, at last, longer than the code allows. He became to all intents and purposes a dead man, and his heirs demanded to share his estate, and to break up his collection of jewels, known to be of great value. Man proposes! The safe was opened, but it had been rifled, *mon ami*. They found there, instead, the owner's body, stabbed through and through. The good soul had made a hard fight of it. His hand still clutched a bit of watch-chain, identified as the property of a certain Brazilian ape of a servant who never left him. Our *haute police* is enormously cunning. Bit by bit, the case has been worked up, and this is what happened. The two arrived late one night at the Northern Railway station, where, to save time, at the servant's suggestion, their trunks were left to be claimed in the morning. Thus they installed themselves at home without stir, and unannounced. Then the man got the better of his master, and became in his turn an absentee. No one ever dreamed of the arrival or the departure, yet now it is all clear as though we saw it in a glass—the very date proved by the fragment of a journal found in the pocket of what was once Monsieur Morizot. Heed the warning, and travel no more, but marry, and let madame watch over you. Get thee a wife, *mon amour! Et voilà tout!*"

I answered my foreign correspondent in good American fashion, by asking a question. Upon what date, I prayed him, was the crime committed? His reply brought me a printed slip, fixing upon the very night of my adventure, *but in the year preceding it.* And on this point all known records of the affair obstinately agree.

That Señor Ramon Quizás and the valet, Cornelio, were one and the same, I have no manner of doubt; but that he ever could have revisited the scene of his double crime is inconceivable. Whose face, then, appeared to me in the mirror? Whose hands were washed in the running water? Who, besides myself, clamored there in the dark for release from his own haunting fears? Did I, by some strange coincidence, dream these things, one after another, in quick succession? Or did the murderer leave behind him in his flight a ghostly presence, to play his hideous part out, time and time again; while the faithful glass of Venice reflected line for line, moment for moment? I cannot answer. But now, when I walk in the Avenue de l'Opéra, I am grateful even for that dullest of improvement's dull marches, sweeping, as it does, all memory but mine of my grim lodging from the face of the earth.

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